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The SMART SET

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

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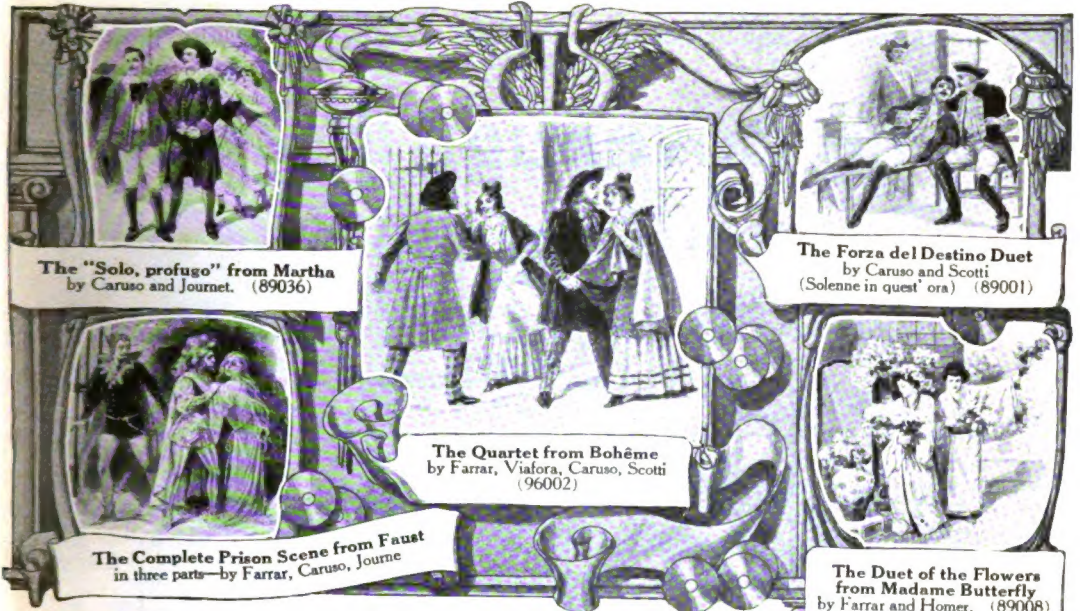
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The Autocrats of the Contents Table



EVERYBODY wants to explore behind a "no admittance" sign. It is a universal impulse. Of course the impulse is relative. A mere peep through a crack suffices in most cases. In others, notably the inner life of the studio and the stage, the thirst for intimate details knows no bounds.

Something of this keen interest attaches to the magazine business. Though writers are prone to doubt whether flesh-and-blood human beings lurk behind the phrase, "The Editors regret—" the general reading public takes it for granted that real men and women make the magazines, and is frankly curious about their personalities and their work.

It would take a series of articles to give an adequate notion of what it means to produce a magazine, but we can at least indicate in this space who's who in the editorial rooms of THE SMART SET.

BRONCO BUSTING AS AN EDITORIAL TRAINING

To begin with, every magazine that goes to press on time and in general preserves the respect of its readers must have a managing editor. The man who holds this responsible post in the SMART SET organization is Norman Boyer. A native of Maryland and, as a matter of course, an alumnus of Johns Hopkins, Mr. Boyer entered the magazine field by way of the newspaper business. Throughout his college term and for a year thereafter he was a space writer on the Baltimore *Herald*. Coming to New York in 1902, he for a time did special work for *Success*. There followed a year of knockabout life in Mexico, in which he gave signs of developing seriously the "*mañana*" habit, then two years of business before he returned to New York and *Success*, now joining the staff of that magazine. In 1908 he came to THE SMART SET and in 1909 became its managing editor. He counts his experience in arguing with peevish broncos a most valuable preparation for his present work.

LAW V.S. LETTERS

Mark Lee Luther, associate editor and treasurer of the John Adams Thayer Corporation, is a Harvard man and somewhat reticent regarding further details. He admits on cross-examination that he is a native of New York State, and though a persistent globe trotter, a loyal resident of New York City. At one time he aspired to legal eminence, serving his apprenticeship in offices once occupied by Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland. A literary microbe somehow got itself hatched in this atmosphere, however, and in 1897 he gave up the law altogether. Mr. Luther has won repute as a novelist of striking originality. "The Henchman," "The Mastery" and "The Crucible" are among the more important of his published writings, and the last named book inspired an association for the improvement of living conditions among a certain portion of our population. A new novel, "The Sovereign Power," which attracted wide attention serially, has recently been published in book form.

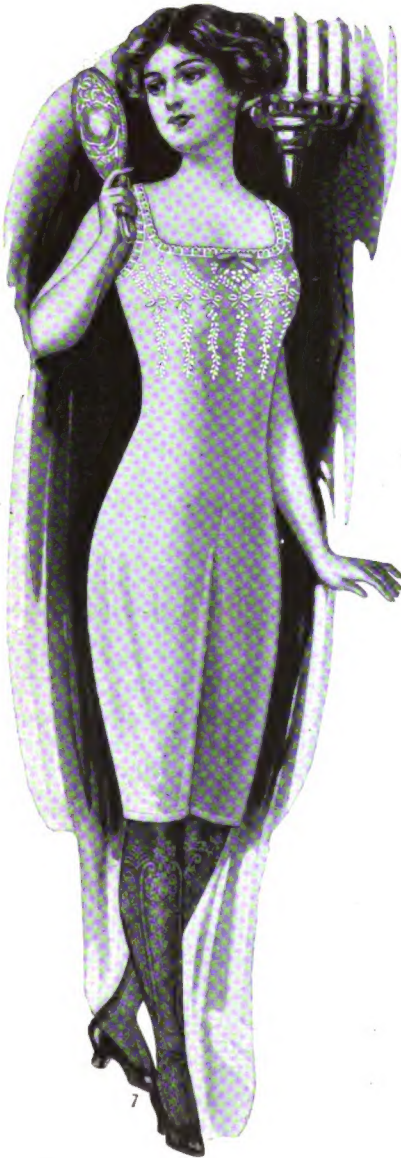
AN ACTRESS IN A NEW ROLE

Louise Closser Hale brings still another element of strength, as well as variety. As Mr. Boyer may be said to stand for the South and Mr. Luther for the East, so Mrs. Hale may be called the representative of the West upon our staff. Born in Chicago, she passed her girlhood in Indianapolis and classifies herself as a Hoosier. Her stage career, from her brilliant success in "Candida" to her recent work as a member of the New Theatre Company, is a familiar story. Not all who see her act, however, realize that she is also a well known writer. Mrs. Hale is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and is the author of three novels: "A Motor Car Divorce," "The Actress" and "The Married Miss Worth."

This sketch would be most incomplete without a reference to those "behind the guns" who bear the brunt of the steady fire of manuscripts. It is not all beer and skittles—the task of the professional reader. It requires infinite patience to detect precisely the right story, the right essay, the right verse, the right epigram for a "magazine of cleverness." And it is, alas, no joke to judge jokes.

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* * * *

*I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light
And her eyes were wild.*

* * * *

*I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.*

* * * *

*She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.*

* * * *

KEATS



LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

By Rose Cecil O'Neill. Reproduced from the original picture exhibited in the Paris Salon



WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES

By Anne Warner

Being a tale of the days of Undine and Sintram, the Fauns and Satyrs, Alice in Wonderland and their like. Bearing no relation to anything or anybody present or absent. In fact, nothing but a story of a woman and a man.

THEY were coming down the staircase, Nathalie first, Mrs. d'Yprès just behind her.

"Isn't it beautiful down there?" Nathalie remarked.

Mrs. d'Yprès put up her lorgnette and gazed over the gorgeous show beneath them. It was truly a fairy spectacle for, unlike many princely interiors in like circumstances, the wealth that had paid for it had followed, instead of leading, in its design. From the large oval sweep of the marble staircase one looked across an immense green and crystal hall, the arched ceiling of which was upborne by slender marble columns based on squares and flowering out in pure Ionic lines at the top. Long, narrow windows alternated with mirrors on two sides, and arches leading into *salles de reception* occupied the third. Two jeweled Moorish fountains played at either end; great vases of flowers broke the straight lines of pillar and drapery here and there; soft, sweet music sounded in the veiled distance, and life permeated the whole—for the scene was that of a

brilliant reception given by one of the diplomatic circle.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Nathalie repeated.

"Yes," said her friend; "it makes one wonder if anything is real except health and wealth and happiness.

"Shall we not go down?" Mrs. d'Yprès suggested after a little; the descending crowd was surging continually by them and the younger woman seemed totally oblivious to the fact that their immobility was causing inconvenience.

She came to herself at her friend's words, however.

"I had forgotten all about going down," she said. "I had forgotten everything—I was looking at that man by the pillar."

Mrs. d'Yprès's eyes moved quickly here and there and at once discovered the man. She was silent.

"Do you see whom I mean?" asked Nathalie.

"The very tall man with the black mustache, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Certainly I see him now."

There was a brief pause.

"He is the best-looking man that I have ever seen in all my life," said the younger woman.

Mrs. d'Yprès contemplated the gentleman; she was hopeless in the face of the impossibility of denial.

"I haven't the slightest desire to go down to this reception," Nathalie said after a few minutes. "I am quite happy standing here and looking at that splendid man."

Mrs. d'Yprès at once composed herself to the expectation of a long wait on the stairs.

Fate creates some women to be exactly suited to the needs of some other women, and Nathalie's friend had been born ten years before Nathalie herself expressly for the purpose of understanding and chaperoning the latter's vagaries. The beneficent gods had given Mrs. d'Yprès just enough *embonpoint* to raise her above all suspicion of really being only thirty-five years old, and had clinched the matter by prematurely whitening her hair. It followed that Nathalie, who was twenty-five, looked nineteen, while Mrs. d'Yprès, who was thirty-five, looked fifty. An even disposition, a gentle voice and manner, a tenderly maternal sympathy and a carriage that was so superb that it forbade any criticism as to anyone whom she honored by accompanying, completes the portrait of the lady who was generally too wise to speak when spoken to by one who loved to speak and rarely ever noticed the absence of response.

I hope that my reader now understands both Mrs. d'Yprès and Mrs. d'Yprès's position. As to Nathalie and Nathalie's position, the understanding of them is not only another story, but *the* story itself; and all the pages to come are to be so devoted to their exposition that any information given at this juncture would be not only a foolish waste of time but a terrific forestalling of that interest which I hope to develop more acutely with every printed period.

The older lady stood still upon the

staircase, her sables grouped around her shoulders and her face indicative of those high bred, underkept emotions to which sables ever ally themselves naturally, while her companion leaned lightly against the crystal casing of the carved balustrade and continued to contemplate the man below. In her eyes glowed a kaleidoscopic succession of many sentiments, but a sort of calm speculativeness appeared to reign supreme in the end.

"It seems so curious to think of the kind of men that most women marry, when one sees a man like that," she said after a long while.

Mrs. d'Yprès said nothing.

"I should like to have married a man like him," she continued a few minutes later.

Mrs. d'Yprès said nothing.

Then Nathalie suddenly ceased to lean against the balustrade, straightened up, and as she did so she began to unbutton the glove upon her left hand. It was a long glove of delicately hued kid, and she slipped it slowly down upon her wrist as she still kept her eyes fixed upon the tall figure by the pillar.

"I think that I should like to marry that man," she said very quietly.

Mrs. d'Yprès suppressed all evidence of surprise by catching her under lip between her fine white teeth.

"You have your little gold chatelaine with you, have you not, dear?" Nathalie was now drawing the glove from her finger tips.

"Yes," said Mrs. d'Yprès, touching a wee net of gold thread that was looped into her lorgnette's chain; "do you want it?"

"No," said the other, without moving her eyes, "I don't want it—but I don't want this either." She freed her hand of the glove as she spoke and slipped off her wedding ring. "Take it, Kathryn," holding it out, still without turning her eyes. "Drop it into your chatelaine; I don't want it any more because I am going to marry that man down there."

The conviction expressed in her words is impossible to transcribe. Mrs. d'Yprès, although she had considered

herself equal to any new outbreak of unconventionality in speech that might be served suddenly upon her, was altogether startled out of her usual composure by these words.

"My dear child," she cried in a low but urgent tone, "pray—"

"I mean to marry him," Nathalie declared, always looking straight at the man; "it's not the slightest use saying one word to me, Kathryn. Put this ring in your chatelaine and then, dear, please go down and ask his name. I'm going back to the dressing rooms myself. I want to get my wrap, and when you come we will leave at once. I don't want to talk with anyone here now."

She turned as she finished speaking and mounted the stairs so swiftly as to be almost running. Mrs. d'Yprès stood where she was left for a minute, and her teeth sank deep into her lip in a strong effort to rally her usual placidity into its usual place. Her fingers trembled somewhat, and as she opened the little golden net to receive the ring she felt her heart's blood throbbing in their tips. What would come next? What would result from this new phase of life—of Nathalie's life? And the man below, still standing impassive by the pillar—who and what might he be?

As she strove with her ebbing resolutions and her flooding sense of submersion in humanity's quicksand of the unexpected, she looked down at the man again and noted every line of his fine strength of face and figure. He stood perfectly erect and his arms were folded on his bosom. There was something startlingly impressive in his expression and in his pose.

Just then a voice spoke at her elbow:

"So glad to see you. Just come?"

She turned her face to the speaker, a pretty, delicate-featured elderly lady.

"No; we are just going. I stopped behind for one more souvenir of its loveliness."

The other smiled and put up her glass.

"Tell me," said Kathryn d'Yprès, "do you know who that gentleman by the pillar is? He looks so very interesting."

"Know him?" The elderly lady looked vaguely in the direction indicated. "Oh!" She saw suddenly who it was. "Why, of course I know him. He's a sort of distant connection of ours—Francis Mowbray, you know."

"Does he live here?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked.

"Dear me, no; he lives wherever they send him. He's an officer in the army, a captain in the X—th."

Mrs. d'Yprès's eyes moved to the man's face.

"He's good-looking, isn't he?" said his relative. "Come and take tea with me Thursday, and perhaps I can persuade him to come, too. He's really interesting if you can get him to talk. He is to be here a fortnight, I believe. Cuthbert will know. Bring Mrs. Arundel with you. How is she? Dear me, I *must* go. His name is Francis Mowbray, I said, you know. Thursday—don't forget. Good-bye."

Mrs. d'Yprès went slowly back up the stairs to Nathalie whom she found standing by a window watching the carriages come and go with eyes that saw nothing for the moment.

The eyes saw the friend readily enough, however, and brightened perceptibly.

"Oh, Kathryn, you've found out his name! I see it in your face."

"Yes, I—"

"What is it?"

"Francis Mowbray. He's—"

"Does he live here?"

"No; he—"

"Where does he live?"

"He—"

"What is he?"

"An officer in—"

"In what, Kathryn? Do speak more quickly!"

"In the X—th. He—"

"What's his rank?"

"He's a captain."

"A captain—is that a very high position?"

"I think so."

"A captain in the X—th; then I must learn all about the X—th and all about the army." Her tone became meditative. "I've not thought anything

about marrying an officer—I've not thought much about marrying anybody again; but of course now I must learn all that there is to learn." She drew a deep breath.

A maid approached with a velvet coat over her arm.

"Whom did you ask about him?" was the next question while the coat was being put on.

"Mrs. Galbraith; she came down the stairs as I was closing my chatelaine. It seems that he is a distant relative of hers."

"Did she speak of Cuthbert?"

"She only just mentioned him."

Nathalie reflected a minute while the coat was being properly hooked, and then said with an air that was half pitying and half joyful relief:

"I never would have married Cuthbert Galbraith *anyhow*, you know."

"Mrs. Galbraith asked us to come there to tea on Thursday, and possibly Captain Mowbray would come, too."

"I don't want to meet him that way the first time."

Mrs. d'Yprès was surveying herself in the mirror and now took up her muff.

"If I had wanted to meet him in that kind of way the first time, I should have gone on down and met him today."

Mrs. d'Yprès stood waiting.

"I do not believe that you realize what has happened," said the younger woman very gravely. "I mean every word that I have been saying, and I shall mean it more every hour from now till I die. It's a tremendous thing for a woman to see a man she wants to marry, and then decide to marry him, and then go on and do it. It means ever so much—and ever so much work, too. He may have very different ideas from mine, and then I shall have to make myself all over to suit him. Or he may live in some queer place, and in that case I shall have to learn to be quite content in a queer place just because he lives there."

A sudden cold steel chill fled through Mrs. d'Yprès; she recollected that she had not asked whether the captain was married or single. Her throat choked.

"Nathalie," she asked—"if he has a wife!"

Nathalie turned and looked at her.

"Oh, Kathryn," she said, almost impatiently, "how hard you do try to find something to bother about! Of course he has no wife. How *could* I marry him if he had a wife? You must be reasonable about things! Come now; we'll go to the carriage and take a nice long drive before dinner—I want to be out in the fresh air. All this has sent the blood to my head so that it almost aches."

They went down to the carriage in silence, and during the hour's drive that followed neither spoke. Mrs. d'Yprès tried to restore order to the new and unexpected chaos into which she had just been initiated, and Nathalie leaned comfortably back and contemplated with pleasure the prospect of marrying a man whose voice she had never heard and about whom she knew positively nothing except his name and rank.

Oh, yes—and she knew what he looked like. With some women that stands for a great deal, and with Nathalie it stood just now for almost everything. However, there are some few happy individuals in this world who may be judged at a glance just because their minds and bodies have developed in perfect unison and along lines equally sound and straight.

II

AFTER dinner that night Nathalie came over by her friend's chair, knelt there and laid her cheek against the other's knee. Mrs. d'Yprès put her hand caressingly upon the waves of soft brown hair that yielded so sweetly to the restraint of jeweled pin and bandeau, and for some little while neither spoke.

There was a fire of sea wood burning before them, and the prisms of its metallic glow threw strange hues over the two women and their gowns. It was as if some magic imprisoned in the ether of our incasing spiritual world was striving to leap free and impart its secret through the medium of colors half material and half hitherto unknown. Shades of the pearl mingled with those that pass with the passing of a human's breadth across polished steel, and then

both faded and the purple that presages cyclonic storms reigned for a minute until suddenly tipped with all the shooting splendors of the Aurora Borealis on a zero night.

Mrs. d'Yprès, looking downward at the face against her knee, could not distinguish the fire's play from the play of that other fire which Nathalie had that day declared to be newly lighted. The latter was unwontedly quiet—but of the two she finally spoke first. She ceased to lean as she did so, raising herself instead to a position of unsupported individuality and clasping her hands about her knees.

"Kathryn," she said, "he has already begun to make me over. He is making me see my faults and I want to cure them as quickly as I can. He looked very, very conventional; that means that he will not like anything unconventional in me. I must begin to be conventional at once. I must be conventional about meeting him." She paused and looked earnestly and inquiringly at her friend.

Mrs. d'Yprès smiled a little—a very little.

"If he does not like unconventionality, my dear—" she began, and then stopped.

"You mean that if he does not like unconventionality, he will not like me?"

"You are very unconventional, Nathalie dear."

"But I am not going to stay so; hereafter I shall be conventional—wait and see. I am going to be everything that will please him, and if that will please him I shall surely be that also."

Mrs. d'Yprès sat silent. She felt tonight that such a course was more than ever before the wisest for her to pursue. Up to five hours previous Nathalie had been a thing apart, one who dwelt in a world so utterly unlike the world of others that ordinary everyday thoughts frequently became as shapeless shadows in her mental neighborhood; now a new phase had come into being, and in the face of her readiness to make herself completely over to suit her standards of an utter stranger the suggestion that the stranger might be unworthy or lack-

ing in any degree of reciprocal interest in herself seemed curiously out of place—somewhat like applying a letter scale to heaven's promises. Mrs. d'Yprès felt that it was all absurd, but felt not the less helpless to combat the situation. She was used to struggling amid the nets and toils spread by her young friend's impulses, but she had never before been caught in the bear trap of a love affair. She felt hopelessly incapable—so she remained silent.

"Do you know, Kathryn, we really know very little about him," Nathalie said at last. "I wish that you had asked Mrs. Galbraith a great many more questions."

Mrs. d'Yprès nodded slightly.

"Where he is stationed and where he is staying while he is here—things like that."

"Yes, I wish that I had," said the friend.

"I don't like the idea of going there to tea on Thursday and having Mrs. Galbraith introduce us. I don't like to think that I shall have to remember all my life that Mrs. Galbraith introduced us. I've never been particularly fond of Mrs. Galbraith. She isn't anyone that I should dream of ever asking to a small informal wedding—you know that as well as I do."

Mrs. d'Yprès felt that whatever else she might have felt disinclined to discuss, she certainly had no views to offer as to Mrs. Galbraith's presence at the wedding of Nathalie and Captain Mowbray.

But Nathalie *had* views on the subject:

"You know that if she introduced us she would expect to be asked—you know that as well as I do. And she would cry because she would be so sorry that it was not Cuthbert—you know she is always hoping that I will marry him some day. If we go there to tea on Thursday he will be there, too, of course; and that won't be agreeable. No, I shall not go there to tea on Thursday. Don't say another word about it—I've quite decided."

There was a pause.

"But how *am* I going to meet him?"
There was a long pause after that.

"I *must* meet him, you know. And I don't want to wait too long, either."

There was a still longer pause after that.

"If I wrote a note," said Nathalie very slowly, "and addressed it to Captain Francis Mowbray, in care of the War Department, and told him frankly that I wanted to meet him and that I wanted him to come here and be met, then he would come and I could ask him where he was stationed, and it would all be quite simple. But that would be unconventional, I suppose?" She looked at Mrs. d'Yprès as she spoke.

"I am afraid that it would be unconventional," admitted Mrs. d'Yprès.

"Yes, I felt that," said Nathalie—and sighed lightly.

Then she rose from the floor and moved around behind a large low-backed chair and rested her crossed wrists upon its carving. Her eyes looked deeply and earnestly into the fire, whose shafts of blaze leapt quick to answer their appeal.

"I do not worry at all," she said after a little. "There is really nothing to worry about, because of course if I am going to marry him—and I *am* going to marry him—he will have to meet me soon some way. But I certainly wish that it weren't quite so puzzling to see how it is to be brought about."

Mrs. d'Yprès wondered whether or not to suggest leaving all to fate. After a little she decided to say it—and said it.

Nathalie looked at her in startled surprise.

"Why, then I might not meet him at all," she said. There was an undercurrent of aggrieved amazement that her friend should have entertained such an idea. "Goodness me—why, he didn't even see me! When a man hasn't even seen you you can't expect fate to do anything!"

Mrs. d'Yprès resumed her usual tactics at once; Nathalie continued to knit her brows and contemplate the fire.

"Marriages are something that can't be left to fate," she continued presently. "Fate makes a worse mess of them even than you do yourself. I've been married once by fate; this time I want to try

the law of election or the law of evolution or whatever it is that lets you choose the man to suit yourself. I've chosen to suit myself—I've chosen this man; now I want to meet him so I can get him and marry him."

Mrs. d'Yprès remained silent.

"I'm going to bed now and think hard. I feel as if I were going to grow a great deal tonight."

The older friend stretched out her hand; the younger came to her side and took it, dropping upon her knees again and pillowing her cheek against its white softness.

"Seeing him has filled me full of new longings, Kathryn; it is as if I were putting out little shoots of wanting to be better in every direction. He looked so good standing there—as though he had conquered himself and other things—as if only great ideas and impulses counted in his world. It wasn't just his face and figure that I liked; it was that he showed that he must be splendid all through. A man like that could not be petty or mean—it wouldn't be possible. A man that looks like that and stands like that lives like that, too."

She paused, and Mrs. d'Yprès, looking straight into the sea glow, saw each flame jet through the drift of misty tears; she could not help it, and did not desire to help it.

"It is going to make me all over," Nathalie went on; "I've changed ever so much just since this afternoon. But the strangest thing is that, now that it has come, I feel as if I had been getting ready for it without knowing for what for quite a while. I've been feeling myself changing and growing different—now I really *am* different. I shall cease to do foolish things that get me talked about; I shall cease to be foolish in any way; I shall become just the kind of woman that he admires. I am going to learn to be as grand for a woman as he is for a man. I am going to be worthy of him. Wait and you shall see."

Mrs. d'Yprès felt that she *must* speak now. She had never seen her young friend like this or anything at all like this before. She opened her lips and then, just before her first word shaped

itself, a slight stir sounded in the hall outside.

"Ah—company!" exclaimed Nathalie, and sprang to her feet at once.

But it was only the butler.

"I beg your pardon, madame," he said, "but there's a gentleman fallen and hurt himself outside. They want to know if they may bring him in while they get a doctor and send for the ambulance."

"Someone hurt!" Nathalie's lips paled as she moved quickly across the room. "Why, of course, Perkins; tell them to bring him right in here on the big couch. How is he hurt? Is he badly hurt? Was it his own motor, or did someone else hit him?"

By the time that the last questions were being put they had reached the large dimly lit hall, the front door of which was standing open while an indistinguishable outline of figures seemed to be arrested on the steps outside. The butler hastily turned on more lights, and going forward said: "Mrs. Arundel says to bring the gentleman in, if you please." Then as he moved back to make room for those who were carrying the hurt man, he said in answer to his mistress:

"No, it wasn't a motor accident, madame; it looks like he did not see the curb and caught his foot and fell against the big tree guard."

Nathalie stood a little back, just by the newel post at the foot of the staircase. There were three men bearing the disabled man, and they followed the butler into the library. As they entered its doorway Mrs. d'Yprès, who had advanced into the middle of the room, gave a low cry. As she did so she looked quickly to where Nathalie's figure appeared between the portières.

"Do you see—" she gasped.

Nathalie raised her hand quickly.

"Don't say anything, Kathryn," she said in low but distinct tones. "It is just right—it is fate, after all. I'll never say anything against it again."

Still speaking, she moved toward the divan upon which they had laid Mowbray at full length, and looked straight down upon him. His hair was all wet,

and shone with a ghastly bronze reflection; and upon his coat collar and his white shirt bosom were crimson stains.

One of the men attempted to remove the overcoat and loosen the collar and tie, and with his first effort a great red spot began to spread upon the pillow.

"No, no!" Nathalie exclaimed. "Don't do that—don't touch him until a doctor says what to do. One of you please go just to the corner—a surgeon lives there; ask him to come as quickly as possible to No. 18."

She laid her fingers softly on the wet hair as she spoke and shuddered slightly as she did so.

"Look, Kathryn," she said; "he is terribly hurt. He will be ill a long, long time. Hurry upstairs and have Elna build a fire in the big guest room and have the bed opened to air—they will want to carry him up there just as soon as his head has been dressed."

Mrs. d'Yprès stood as if turned to stone.

Nathalie stared fixedly at her own reddened finger tips for a score of seconds, and then lifting her head with a little start saw that her friend had not moved.

"Kathryn!" she cried. "Haven't you gone?" Their eyes met, and there was that in the younger woman's that battled fiercely and bore down all opposition before it. Mrs. d'Yprès turned and walked out of the room.

Some hours later on the same evening Nathalie came into her friend's room. She had on her night robe, and over its hand-embroidered daintiness there floated Sistine Madonna-like a long voluminous mantle of blue.

Mrs. d'Yprès was sitting in a low chair beside the open fire. In her hand she held a book but she was not reading; her face was full of veiled trouble.

Nathalie crossed and stood before her.

"I have just seen the nurse," she said. "He is asleep; he is standing it all very well. The doctor will stay all night, and the other nurse will come at six o'clock in the morning. The only danger will be from brain fever."

She paused for a second or two, and

her empty hands caught into a fold of the blue gown and held it hard.

"It is very likely that he will have brain fever; it is very likely that he will be ill—frightfully ill. The doctor did not say so, but I could see his thoughts as clearly as if he had screamed them at me. But no matter how ill he is, he will live—you hear, Kathryn, he will live! They did not bring him to my house tonight to die; and if all the doctors in the city say that he must die it is not going to frighten me one bit."

Mrs. d'Yprès lifted her sadly disturbed eyes up to the face above; the face above was strangely, earnestly aglow.

"It is fortunate that you were here tonight, Kathryn—fortunate for my new conventional resolves, you know. For I should have kept him anyway—if I had been alone I should have kept him; nothing would have mattered to me. If there had been no one to bring him in I should have found strength to raise him up and carry him myself. If there had been no doctors, I should have found the knowledge to have bound up his head properly; if there had been no nurses, I should have nursed him here all alone by myself and have saved his life in the end. I know that I should have been able. I am quite sure."

Mrs. d'Yprès could only gaze upon the new unwonted exaltation in the face she knew so well.

"He is mine now, Kathryn; from now on he is mine—all mine—mine alone. He does not know it—he does not know me—but it is so. I never guessed that all this was in me, but I know now. I feel as if I knew everything tonight, and that where he is concerned nothing in the whole world can stand against me—not death, not life, nothing—nothing."

Something like a groan burst from Mrs. d'Yprès's lips. "Oh, Nathalie, Nathalie!" It was the voice of affectionate reason crying out to unreasoning love.

The younger woman suddenly stooped and enfolded her friend in her arms and in the folds of her blue mantle.

"Kathryn, wait—only wait."

Then the folds of the mantle that was dyed the color of hope fell apart, and Mrs. d'Yprès, looking upward again, saw in the eyes above her the light that forever tramples down all and every reason by right of its own superior truth.

III

WEEKS—nay, months—passed before, upon a certain morning, Mowbray opening his eyes in a peculiarly vague and desultory manner, became just mildly interested in lightly attempting to wonder whose eyes they were, whether they were really open or really shut, whether reality was indeed real or only a fleeting dream for which he did not recollect to have ever learned a name. Then, after some minutes spent in studying the latter proposition, it came to him that—perhaps—this entity, this weak, dizzy, panting something, this mass that so completely lacked every quality which he had been accustomed to consider as the very fiber of his own individuality, might be—perhaps was—yes, surely was—himself.

For a brief space the wonder of the return of this self out of the darkness in which he seemed to have been bound helpless through eons of pain was so great that he felt it swinging him back into unconsciousness again in spite of his longing to resist; but just as the mighty meshes of the power he could not fight seemed to be becoming altogether victorious once more, a slight shaft like finest Damascus steel severed some of the compelling cords, and his eyes opened, and he who had not known what sight was for so long a time saw suddenly, and knew that he saw.

His eyes—so long useless—moved over the room in which he lay with the slow uncertainty of a little infant's, and much that he saw he was too weak even to attempt to study upon; yet, could he have comprehended, surely no man might desire a better place in which to come back to life. It was a very large room, and the whole of one end was formed by a row of French windows opening out upon a garden balcony.

On the balcony there sang a bird whose throat was full of the cascading thrills and rills and heart throbs of spring. The windows were draped in filmy lace, and on either side of the lace there hung straight folds of sea-green velvet with silver leaves showing wherever their edges were cast toward the light. The walls were dark gray with long green panels set against them, and in each panel was a picture of one of the sweet Barbizon nymphs peeping out of a filigree frame. The furniture was green with lines of silver inlaid effectively; the carpet was gray with great wreaths and bows of verdure and velvet woven into its length and breadth; there were lamps and other fixtures that twisted themselves artistically about in the right and convenient spots; and then last of all there was a large dresser upon whose white-embroidered cover his weakly wandering gaze noted certain articles of toilet which were oddly interwoven with the fancy that once upon a time he had had a past.

And then his eyes closed and he was at once lost again, and lost with a sensation of a curious familiarity with being so lost; it was as if he had been numb and dumb and paralyzed so long that that had come to be the daily routine of life. While he lay thus, many who were quite of another sort than he came in and moved hither and thither and talked; and the way that they moved and the things that they said seemed also curiously familiar to him. They came to his bedside after a while and turned him, and let fold after fold of memory unwind from his head until he knew nothing—nothing but a blast like zero cutting straight in upon his uncovered brain, and strange sounds of heavily outbreathed pain, such as he himself would never under sharpest stress have given forth, filled all the space in the room and in some chasm of his own being. And the unwinding and the cutting cold and the groans—they, too, all seemed so very, very familiar—so painfully daily of each day.

"He is doing admirably," a man's voice said suddenly, and he heard the voice just as he had heard the bird song.

Hearing the voice he knew that he had also heard the bird song, and realized that he heard again—that he heard.

They were shutting out the cold now—shutting it out once around—shutting it out twice around—shutting it out more and more and more until it was no wonder that only the bird song—the song from a heart fairly brimming with love—could have penetrated through those endless windings. He slept then—slept a long time again, slept until they woke him by moving his head. And again he heard—they must have removed some of the bandages—he heard so plainly.

"We shall know in a few days now," said the same masculine voice that had spoken before; and then a woman's voice, quiet and distinct, asked: "You allow hope?"

A sudden longing to see the faces and read the truth shot over him so quickly that the suddenness of the sensation drove his mind straight out to sea again, and yet, as the rush of silence rose up about his ears, another voice—a voice that he had never known and yet knew now to be sweetly common in that room of pain—came quickly, sharply across into the very heart of his failing senses, stabbing them back to life just as the drowned are set breathing by a blow.

"What a question!" this voice cried, its impatience ringing hope across their dubious consideration. "Of course he will recover, and recover completely. Hasn't he been given up over and over again—and isn't he lying there just as alive as can be?"

What was answered he could not know, for the madness of his desire to thank the last speaker for her fervent faith was so much more than he had strength to feel that its leap of longing overleapt all else and sank him at once deep, deep into the great restful gulf of oblivion. And again for a long while he knew nothing.

But the next returning was worth waiting for, for it came with a beautiful fullness of meaning, and all his senses welcomed his soul back to its own this time. His eyes only wandered a little and then went straight to the window

light. The window was open—the central one of the five; the silver dusk was falling without and the twilight breeze was drifting the filmy lace in toward him, and in the oval of the archway a woman in a white nurse's uniform was standing arranging some lilies in a bowl upon the table. The woman's back was toward him, but every line of her figure was so instinct with youth and grace and health that he felt most blissfully content just to lie still and watch her; and while he watched her he found himself beginning to remember, and then remembering, not only without any effort, but really quite easily, the bird song, the man's voice, the woman's voice and then that other woman's voice with its gorgeous, breathless, impatient cry of certain hope, of absolute refusal to admit the doubt that he might live. And remembering the latter voice and looking on the sweet colorless figure standing between his sick bed and the falling night, he felt the bird song thrilling subtly and weirdly through every fiber of his wasted frame, and knew that his breath coming and going in feeble gasps was carrying up a prayer of thanksgiving to his Maker for that his mind was all right, for that whatever had come upon him he was at all events surviving it, and for something else—some shadowy something else, too intangible to grasp, but which nevertheless was existent—alive—about him—within him—to be heard in the bird song—to be felt in one's heart—to be—

But he had drifted off again, and the pillow shaping itself softly to his head and the blessed relief from pain were all that he knew for many days.

Then it was morning, and without in the sunshine the bird was caroling gaily, and within the white lilies had turned into sun-dipped daffodils whose heads moved slightly when the breeze stole in to kiss them. The man on the bed, looking first to these, turned his head then and looked to something better—better even than sunshine, bird song or flowers—looked straight up into the eyes of the little nurse—for she was standing at his bedside contemplating

him with a smile and eyes filled full of shining tears.

It was such a strange look—that first one to pass between them. That this was she whose voice had first severed his bondage he could not doubt; there are some things that we know *must* be, because they could not possibly be otherwise. And so, parting his lips, he tried to speak—but no sound came.

She saw the effort, and bending quickly above him covered his mouth at once with her hand. Her eyes, seen closer thus, appeared yet larger and more lustrous behind their veil of tears; and her hand which lay upon his lips filled him with a sense of something given freely in his helplessness which his strength might perhaps have easily craved and yet been denied.

"I have always known that you would get well," she said—and it *was* the same voice, just as he had foreseen.

"You will have to lie here like a baby for days and days and days," she went on gently after a minute, "and you must do just as we bid you. Then after a while you will be well—just as well as you ever were before."

As she spoke his lips parted faintly against the fingers laid over them. For his life he could not have spoken, but he did manage to master his weakness sufficiently to testify his utter resignation to her will. He saw two great tears spring out upon her long lashes; she lifted her hand at once and turned and left the room. His consciousness stayed by him for several seconds after she was gone, and then when it left him it slipped sweetly out into the sunshine, and the bird song, and her fingers seemed to have pressed his spirit back into the world of dreams again.

"I should give him all the beef tea that you can pour down," said the strong masculine voice. "The fever has left him a mere shadow; we must begin now to build up his vitality as rapidly as possible. There will be no further danger from the wound—it is practically healed. Just feed him; feed him continually, regularly, once an

hour. It won't hurt to rouse him. We'll want to see him beginning to come to his senses soon, anyway."

"It shall be done," said a woman's voice—the low, distinct voice that had spoken once before. Mowbray remembered the voice although it was not *the* voice. His senses whirled unpleasantly over such a mistake in voices, and he felt that black unprofitable hopelessness which only a slight *contretemps* may throw so heavily upon the spirit of the bodily disabled. What difference does it make who feeds us and cares for us, so that we be of a certainty fed and cared for? No difference at all—or perhaps the difference of life and death. It seemed to the sick man to be the latter in his own case, and he feared to wonder if he had perchance been dreaming and then—

Then he opened his eyes and with a sudden ebbing inflow of joyous relief he saw her—the right Her—leaning over him.

"Hush-h-h!" she said, whispering. "Do you know, I never told anyone about your trying to speak the other day! They might have scolded—or they might not have believed me; and anyway I was so happy over your looking up at me the first of all that I could not bear to tell one single other person about it."

She smiled although her eyes were wet—as wet as they had been the other time. He tried to smile, too, and managed it, although it was a very faint smile.

"The doctor says that you are quite out of danger now, and that in a few days—after you begin to eat and regain your strength—you will come to your senses."

Her glance danced with amusement even through its liquid mist, and he managed another faint smile.

"It is our little secret," she continued, still whispering; "no one is to know—no one but us. If I told them that you had tried to speak they would say that it was only delirium anyway, so where is the use?"

She looked so charming, bending there above him—surely the fairest nurse that

ever stood between a sick bed and the budding springtime. He kept his fascinated eyes riveted upon the flush and glow of her face, and she continued to smile into them until of a sudden she seemed to be reminded of some injunction regarding them, and closed them at once with the soft pressure of her little hand.

"I am so glad that you are getting well," she said then, with the ring of fervent truth in her tone, "but you must not get even one little bit tired; you must sleep now."

And, as if her lightest wish was a superior's command, he straightway slept once more.

The next day was fair, and the next and the next—the sun grew ever brighter and warmer; the bird cantos had become a veritable epic of love fulfilled. Voices diversified; shadows gained substance; food turned from beef tea into a real appetite for the same; and the worn, wasted figure with the white-swathed head underwent strange metamorphoses like all about it, and slowly altered back into a thing of muscles and manhood, a creature of brain and reason, and finally—Captain Francis Mowbray.

At first he was mainly interested in vague wondering as to where he was and what had happened to him; then his mind amused itself in piecing together the *personnel* of his entourage until he knew that he had two nurses, a doctor, a surgeon and a valet in attendance upon him. It took two days of reiterated beef juice to so strengthen his intellect that it then advanced onward to the battle ground of its old habits of thought sufficiently to cry out suddenly with an inward pang that was most bitterly real even if only mental: "My God! What this must be costing!" And then, as he was still too weak for speech, he was obliged even to forego such relief as impatience may find in questions and continue to lie in the lap of luxury even if it should later be certainly going to mortgage his whole future.

For he was nothing but a poor soldier—only a captain in the army.

IV

THE pretty nurse stood in the window putting fresh flowers in the bowl that changed its color and form daily. Today she had brought narcissus, and their starry heads rose erect upon long and delicate stems of pale, pale green, which one of the nurse's hands held tenderly in place while the other arranged intertwinings of asparagus vine so as to support the straight up and down effect.

The nurse's hands were as waxy white as the narcissus petals, as firmly delicate as their pale green stems. Mowbray, lying as usual upon the large brass bed, whose draperies had been banished the night he entered there, was singularly happy and content to watch through half-closed eyelids those fingers wandering in and out among the white and green. The bird was singing as ever—his dreams were become realities; his hopes were trembling on the borderland of breathing life. The world at large was also hedging on a new entrance into a possible reawakening. The murmurs of spring were particularly reiterant and loud this year. Forces that hardly knew their own power were stirring to life with a strength that this time might refuse to be put down. The free bird swaying outside upon a branch above where his mate was brooding voiced unconsciously a cry that should ever be a song, and yet is, alas, too often a wail or, worse yet, a moan. Those who had ears for bird song, cry and moan were toiling sleeplessly, while others who heard nothing or refused attention to what they did hear were walking blindly on—on—on.

So many, many threads gathered into the unopened fist of fate—weaving, weaving, weaving, day in, night out. Back and forth flew the shuttle, and into that wondrous warp and woof went bird song and hunger sob, editorial and report of mine accident, discontent, willful deafness to the appeal of right, unselfish devotion, selfish neglect of duty, the love of a woman who had never loved and the divine omnipotence of God. They were all weaving and inter-

weaving ceaselessly, each second adding to the strength of their fabric; and the breeze that floated abroad, carrying the pollen of life from blossom to blossom, intermingled with the ether that bore hither and thither from soul to soul the mysterious message of what was soon to be.

Mowbray, watching the figure in the window, became conscious after a long spell of dreamy contemplation of the certainty that when she was finished she would turn to him. The certainty gave him great content to wait, and made the waiting a further joy of contemplation. Her head was so charmingly upborne by the white throat that rose out of the smooth folds of the little linen kerchief; every line of her figure was sweet with the mixed grace of childish curves lingering into womanhood; and her hair, just stirred by the breeze, and her ear, just revealed by the same kindly fairy, and her smile, just half showing itself when the bird hushed his chant to the soft liquid gasps that gave him renewal of strength and breath, and her lashes, downcast toward the happy quivering flowers—yes, Mowbray was well content to lie still and wait.

But at last she was all through with her task, and in the same instant she came directly to him just as he had hoped. Her step was very light at first, and the glance that she directed toward him was one of hushed inquiry; but he opened his eyes and looked straight at her, and at the sight the color rose up all over her face, an exceeding gladness overspread her eyes and lips, and quickly approaching the bedside, she exclaimed with joyous conviction:

"Oh, you are much, much better!"

He tried to raise his hand but could not manage the effort; so he smiled.

She understood; he saw her white throat swell and contract quickly as the ready mist fled over her joyous eyes, and then she pulled a little low chair close beside the bed, sank down upon it and drew one of his long, thin, wasted hands into the warm clasp of her own two.

"In a few days," she said, looking deep into the question of his sunken

eyes, "in a few days more we shall be able to talk together."

He panted hard for breath; one importunate longing to know choked him worse than all else.

"Where—am—I?" he managed at last.

She looked thoughtfully at him.

"You are in a private hospital," she answered gently.

He could not speak again—the muscles of his throat seemed as if paralyzed by their long disuse—but his eyes wandered here and there over the limitless luxury of the room and then sought her face. A great blush arose and tinged all her features.

"Forgive me," she said; "I will never lie to you again. It was agreed that we should tell you that you were in a hospital."

He opened his lips, but no sound came.

"You are in the house before which you met with the accident," she told him next, as if that were the answer he craved. Then she raised his hand and looked at the blue veins that showed so plainly and seemed to measure his weakness and to consider; it was a fearfully pitiful, strengthless hand for a man to have to own, and he saw her face fill with such a tender sorrow as she lowered her eyes upon it that the insistent question beset him worse than ever, and his own eyes cried aloud what his will was too weak to voice.

From his eyes with their passionate pleading to his hand lying helpless in hers her gaze went back and forth—back and forth. Finally she lifted up the hand, and he thought for an instant that she was going to kiss it, and perhaps she thought so, too—at first; but then she only rested her chin against it, and holding it thus pressed softly and warmly against the soft warmth of her own throat she said gently: "You are in my house."

Then she laid his hand back upon his bosom, rose quickly from the chair, crossed to the dresser, took off her white cap and apron, gathered them up in one hand and left the room at once.

In her own boudoir Nathalie found Kathryn d'Yprès.

"Well, I have told him!" she announced, beginning to unbutton her uniform. "He knows now."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. d'Yprès.

"Yes, I told him. He is a great deal more in his mind than the doctor or anyone guesses. He wants to know things, only he isn't able to speak, so nobody thinks so. He wanted to know where he was, so I told him. I told him a hospital and he didn't believe it, so I told him it was my house. He'll be able to sleep now, and that will do him good."

Mrs. d'Yprès's eyes approximated Mowbray's in the force of their further question. Nathalie was as ever responsive.

"It's no use wanting to know what he said, because he didn't say anything—he's too weak. But it really isn't necessary for him to say anything, because if I can be alone with him I can tell exactly what he would say if he could, and of course it's no strain on him because I can answer in words."

By this time she had shed the uniform and was pulling down the prim little coiffure which went with it.

"Did you tell him who you were?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked.

"No; he wouldn't know who I was, anyway."

"He might remember things that were said in the papers, dear."

"Then I don't want him to know who I am; I don't want him to remember me by those things that were said in the papers." She was shaking her hair about her face as she spoke, and her tone verged suddenly toward passionate protest. "I don't want him to measure me by anything but just what I am to him—by just what I have been since I have known him. No one in the world ever ought to judge anyone by any other standard than just what he is for and to that person himself."

She parted her hair into two thick masses, and holding them back upon either temple with outspread fingers, looked steadily forth and down upon her friend.

"Don't you see that I am not to be measured now by any standard of last winter? Haven't I altered? Am I not

altering every day? I never guessed that there could be such a sensation of change as I feel each second that I spend in there with him. I feel myself growing different—I feel myself growing more different all the time. I can hardly wait for him to be strong enough so that I may tell him all about it."

Mrs. d'Yprès kept silent a little; then she said:

"And your resolution to become thoroughly conventional?"

Nathalie began to coil her hair together. "I am not forgetting that," she said. "I am not forgetting anything."

She passed into her dressing room beyond and returned in a minute fastening the knots of a silken tea gown.

"To think that I used to often wonder why I was born!" She paused before a large triple mirror and looked at herself carefully as she spoke. "I could not understand at all then—and now I see it all so clearly—and know it all so well."

"My dear child!" said the friend fondly; in her voice lay an echo that was not without an admonitory note.

"I know what you are thinking of," said the younger woman, smiling. "Don't worry, dear Kathryn; only wait and see!"

"I shall wait," Mrs. d'Yprès said.

"Then you shall see." She paused a minute, and then she suddenly threw her arms about her friend's neck. "Oh, Kathryn, the power—the power of loving a man in the way that I love! You know I told you that nothing could stand against it. Nothing could. Nothing has. It is all in his eyes each time that I see them. They are my eyes. I knew it from the beginning. He is all mine."

V

MRS. d'YPRES sat in the window end of the room embroidering. Captain Mowbray lay in a long invalid chair which had been so arranged that the fresh June air was freely his but not the sparkling sunlight. The bandages were gone from his head; only an oblong

piece of black sticking plaster covered the upper part of his left temple. His arms were folded reposefully on his bosom; his long figure was draped in an intercrossed lounging gown of some Eastern silk and linen weave, and he was, take it all in all, the picture of an absolutely perfect convalescence lying in the midst of wishes fulfilled.

Nathalie, in the primmest of blue silk waists and cloth skirts, sat in the immediate vicinity of the invalid chair.

"I believe," the Captain said, turning his head to another position on the pillow that was skillfully buckled to the most comfortable spot against the chair back, "I believe that the interdiction is now removed and that I may resume the power of speech?"

As in turning his head he had turned it so that he looked directly at Nathalie, that young woman at once appropriated his question unto herself and answered promptly:

"Yes, you may talk—but you must not talk more than an hour. The doctor said that you might talk for an hour today—though of course he meant that I could talk part of the hour."

He smiled a little at that.

"I shall attempt to remember," he said, "and I believe that it will be very easy, for what I want to do is to ask some questions; and after each there will be a long stretch during which I shall be only too content to be quiet and listen to the answers."

"That will be nice," said Nathalie, "for I love to answer by the hour. What is it that you want to know first?"

"How long have I been ill?"

"Three months and a little more. It's a long time, isn't it?" she sighed. "But it's been such fun taking care of you," she added in sudden joyous recollection.

"I don't know how I can ever repay you for all your kindness," he said slowly. "In fact, you know as well as I do that nothing ever can repay such kindness. I shall never even be able to find suitable words to express what I feel about it all."

"Oh, never mind anything about that," she broke in, becoming suddenly

pink with an especially vivid recurrence to conventionality. "The doctor said that nothing must disturb you, and trying to say things that you cannot think of is always so hard. You are to have everything bright and cheerful and nothing distressing, and all this—"

"Do you think 'all this,' as you call it, is distressing?" he asked, with a little amusement.

"No, but it's distressing me. Because all we did we so wanted to do, and it was a pleasure to do; and you didn't die in the end, and that has been *such* a joy. And really *I* am the one to be grateful."

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed ever so slightly.

"You are surely very good to take that view," said Mowbray simply, and then after a little he went on to another question: "I presume that there is a great deal of mail for me somewhere?"

"Stacks," she replied; "but you can't have any of your letters until next week—the doctor said you couldn't be agitated."

Mowbray turned his head slightly upon the pillow.

"I hope that you don't mind?" she asked anxiously.

"Not at all. But the letters could not agitate me. I have no family, and I have long since grown used to seeing my intimates detailed somewhere else."

Nathalie suddenly leaned forward.

"Do please tell me something," she asked: "why didn't you ever marry? Ever since I first saw you I have been wondering that."

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed somewhat more distinctly. Mowbray smiled broadly.

"I never could afford to marry," he said bluntly; "I've no private fortune."

"Oh!"

"You don't know much of army life, I take it."

"Only you."

"There is quite a bit of it besides. If you knew more about it you'd know that it isn't a bed of roses for a woman when she has nothing besides her husband's pay to live on."

He turned his face away from her for a minute, and then turned it back again. She was looking earnest but puzzled.

"I thought that all girls liked to marry into the army," she said.

"The beginnings of most things are simple, and of many very pleasant," said the Captain. "Nevertheless I think that when it comes to discussing the lot of the soldier's wife I may speak with some authority—"

"But I would believe you anyway," she interrupted.

He could not forbear a smile of flashing sympathy. "Thank you," he said. "You see, as a woman you ought to take an interest, because I have rather dedicated myself to bettering the army woman's lot—I've seen so much of its hard side."

"Oh, are you trying to better something?" said Nathalie. "How interesting! I have always wanted to do good myself, but the people I know only give teas. Of course I sign all the papers they bring for money always, but that isn't like a real man looking right at you and trying to do good, is it? Please tell me all about it."

Again she leaned forward, all her attention fixed upon his face.

"Nathalie," said Mrs. d'Yprès from her seat by the window, "you must not lead the Captain on to talk too much."

"I am not leading him on," retorted Nathalie; "he is lying just as still as ever."

"She is not tiring me," said the invalid; "instead, she is inspiring me with more and more strength to ask questions."

"Oh, I thought that it was you who were going to tell me things," she said. "Well, what is it that you want to know next?"

"What I want to know most of all is something that I could hardly expect you to be able to tell me."

"Ask; perhaps Kathryn will know if I don't."

"There was a bill about the army pay coming up just when—"

"Did you have anything to do with that bill?" Her eyes opened widely as she spoke.

"Yes; it was that that brought me here." He paused; she was silent. "Ah, I see that it was defeated," he added.

"Yes, it was," she admitted frankly.

"Nathalie!" cried Mrs. d'Yprès.

"I did not startle him, Kathryn; he guessed it himself." Her tone was contrite. Then she said quickly: "But it really wasn't exactly defeated; it was laid over or put aside or whatever it is that they do that is perfectly polite and ends things. They did just the same thing with the labor bill last week—the papers have been full of it."

Mowbray was still for a few minutes, his lips tightly compressed.

"The labor bill deserved better treatment," he said finally with a sort of bracing up.

"Didn't yours deserve better treatment, too?"

He smiled. "That is of course," he answered, and closed his eyes for a minute or two before opening them with a smile that was very fine under the circumstances. "Now tell me what else has happened during the three months. Don't hesitate—I am prepared for the worst."

"There isn't anything very bad—just a king dead, and Russia is awful as usual, and—and—oh, yes, since the labor bill went over there have been strikes, and in some places they are afraid there may be real riots."

"That's terrible," said the man gravely. "The world's in a sad way, isn't it?"

"Yes," said his companion cheerfully; "but so much is always in a sad way."

He had to smile as he looked at her.

"Which are you," he asked—"thoughtless—or a philosopher?"

She turned two startled eyes upon him. "I don't know; I never thought about it. One reads such things so often in the papers; one only thinks of them as—stories."

"Yes, I know," said Mowbray; "we forget that they're real—the part that is true—in those newspaper stories. I'm very much the same, I suppose, and I suppose also that we ought to be very thankful for our inability to realize what is true."

She frowned a little in the fervor of her attention, and then she nodded.

"Yes, of course we ought to be grateful that we cannot realize it. But why do you say that you are the same as everyone else? You're *not* the same; you're different. I saw that the very first day."

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed, but her friend went straight on.

"And seeing how different you were made me want to be different, too. I want you to teach me to be different—just in the same way that you are."

"How—different?" asked the officer. "To what kind and degree of variation do you aspire?"

"I want to be better and to do good; it is just as I said before: I want to help on things—you know the feeling."

Francis Mowbray turned his head away and something like a sigh passed over his lips. "I am not given to introspection, but *do* I know the feeling?" he said.

"Yes, you know it," said Nathalie in her tone of conviction; "you know that you help; you know why you came here—it wasn't for any selfish purpose surely. The first time that I saw you you were not enjoying yourself; you were standing looking at the others and thinking. And you were not thinking about yourself either—one could see that; I could see it plainly. After I had stood and watched you for a while I felt as if I knew you, and as soon as I felt that I knew you I did not want to speak to one single other person. It seemed as if it would be a dreadful waste of time, so I just went upstairs again and—Whatever does ail you, Kathryn?" For Mrs. d'Yprès was all but strangling apparently.

"I'm all over it now," she said faintly.

"Where was that?" asked Mowbray, referring to what went before the interruption.

"It was at a reception the very afternoon before your accident. You stood by a pillar with your arms folded just as you have them now. It's impossible to tell you how you looked—oh, I've never seen any man look so! I was coming down the staircase when I first saw you, and I—"

"Nathalie," called Mrs. d'Yprès in a

most imploring voice, "won't you come here and see if you can find my skein of black silk?"

Nathalie rose and moved toward her friend.

"It is all just as I am telling it, isn't it, Kathryn? You saw him standing by the pillar, too, and— Why, here's your black silk just where it always is!" She took it up in great surprise.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. d'Yprès sweetly; "remember not to talk too abstruse subjects to an invalid."

"She is not tiring me," said the Captain.

"No, indeed, I'm not," said Nathalie, returning at once to her seat by the long chair; "the doctor allowed him an hour anyway, and it isn't half that yet."

"You were saying—" he reminded her.

"I don't know what I was saying—oh, yes, I do, too; I was talking about how you looked that first day. Do you know, it seemed to me that you looked another way, too. Have you always looked that other way, too?"

"What other way?"

"The way you look sometimes now—when you are not talking."

"Perhaps I am stupid, but I don't quite grasp your meaning. Can't you go a little more into detail?"

Nathalie considered. "As if life didn't matter very much to you so far as your own self was concerned," she said at last.

He laughed shortly. "It is fortunate that the privilege of looking exactly as we feel is denied the most of us, but I'm afraid that personally I've betrayed the state of my own case only too clearly. You see, it's a straight and narrow path, my profession—no accidental sidelights or chance of prizes even if one is willing to work for them. No especial glory as the game is going just now, no particular hope for the immediate future, very little to count on oneself—nothing to offer another." He stopped there, and his eyes went straight to hers and then straight away again. Then something seemed to force him out into the open, even though the ground was all new. "I suppose this is heresy that I'm talking, but you

see I know it all by heart. It isn't hearsay with me—it's daily life. I've stayed single simply to be spared the agony of self-reproach, and I'm going to stay single—" He stopped short, perhaps conscious of being altogether too far out upon the unmapped ground.

"Go on," said Nathalie, her eyes fairly luminous with interest; "don't stop just there. I want to know why you're going to stay single; it interests me ever so much—more than you can possibly think. Please go on."

"But it isn't interesting," said Mowbray; "on the contrary, it's selfish—almost sordid. And yet it isn't really for myself that I care—it's only that I'm afraid to undertake a battle in which strength and courage won't count. You see, as a single man I'm fairly well off; my reasonable wants are provided for, and my efficiency as an officer is not impaired by money considerations. But as a married man without any outside resources—but of course you're not interested in all this, and I don't blame you if you haven't listened to any of it after the first ten words." He stopped suddenly again.

"But I *am* interested," she cried. "I've listened and I've understood. Was that all in the bill?"

"It wasn't worded in just that way."

"Do you know, I think that I could understand a great deal more if you would trouble to tell me. She rose and went to the bell as she spoke. "It's time for your eggnog," she remarked parenthetically.

"Nathalie, do let Captain Mowbray rest." It was Mrs. d'Yprès's voice.

"Yes, while he has his eggnog," answered Nathalie. "He is quiet now, and I am going to screw on his table and turn it just right—that is always such fun."

"I believe that you regard me as a mechanical toy," said the officer, laughing. "What will become of me when I fall back into my old life at the post?"

She was stooping at his side to slip the table supports into their rightful slots.

"I don't know," she said, a little faintly; then as she recovered an upright position she added: "I can't

imagine you anywhere except just here."

He opened his lips impulsively, then closed them. Mrs. d'Yprès coughed slightly. No one spoke for a little, and then a servant entered with the eggnog daintily set out on a tray of crystal rimmed in silver.

"You can eat alone now, can't you?" Nathalie said as she watched the arranging of the little table. "I used to want to feed you myself, but the nurses always took everything away from me. Nurses are so disagreeable when you want to take care of someone yourself."

The Captain took up his spoon and looked hard at the monogram engraved upon its bowl.

"You have really been very much interested in my case, haven't you?" he said, and then, as if to forestall her reply, he went on hurriedly: "But what an absurd remark for me to make! The fact that I am here and have been here for three months, and that I am alive to give expression to my gratitude and appreciation, and—and—"

He stopped; she was watching him with parted lips and eager eyes. Somehow he suddenly was conscious of a very unpleasant mental sensation—as if some unknown, unmeasured shadow was creeping up out of their horizon.

"Aren't you going on?" she asked. "Or are you afraid the eggnog is getting flat?"

"The eggnog must not be allowed to get flat," he said, and dipped the spoon into the glass.

"It seems like a dream to see you sitting almost straight up and able to feed yourself without spilling," she said after a minute or two.

"It has all seemed like a dream," he answered; "some of it was a pretty bad dream, too. But the awakening was the most dreamlike of all. I need not qualify it as good or bad; it is enough that it will remain a dream till the end."

"It's awfully nice of you to feel so," said Nathalie.

"I've wondered sometimes since my brain began to work again just why you did it. Why should you have taken me

under your roof? Why should you have given an utter stranger such care and comfort and consideration? One seeks in vain for a motive. I—"

"Why, I did not think anything about it," cried Nathalie. "Of course they carried you in here because it was the nearest house, and of course when I saw who it was I kept you."

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed. The Captain's eyes wandered toward her at her place in the window; she seemed somehow to be interwoven with that shapeless shadow on the horizon.

"I will tell you what inspired you," he said, putting the spoon aside with a sudden air of weariness. "You saw what you conceived to be a duty, and that duty you performed to the slightest detail with scrupulous and conscientious exactitude."

"I never thought anything about a duty," asserted Nathalie. "If it had been any other man I should have telephoned for the ambulance directly."

He felt a species of smile wrung from him.

"Nathalie," said Mrs. d'Yprès, "ring for the Captain's tray to be taken."

"Yes, Kathryn." She obeyed as she spoke. "The idea of your troubling so much over it all!" she said as she resumed her seat. "It isn't worth your bothering. Truly and honestly, I never have been the tenth part so happy in all my life—"

The servant coming in for the tray interrupted her speech. Mrs. d'Yprès coughed some more, too.

"I shall remember it all after I get back to my post," the Captain said quietly. "However you choose to designate your actions, they will be not the less a lesson to me hereafter."

She looked at him and a little line of pain formed between her eyebrows.

"Do I sound too grave and serious?" he asked, smiling.

"No—I like it. It is so new to me—you know, I have never been used to being serious myself. But just at first perhaps it is a little hard to live up to, and besides—" She hesitated; then went on in a burst of confidence: "I know you must go there, but I don't one

bit enjoy hearing you talk about being back at your post and your duty."

Mowbray was silent. Turning his sense of vision within, he asked himself what *was* that rising gloom upon their sunlit friendship, and left her to develop the next conversational phase alone.

"But won't you please go on? I want to learn to understand when you say grave and serious things. Even if I appear foolish, I can learn. I am going to learn, too. I read once that nothing developed anyone like a fixed purpose, and I have a fixed purpose."

"Have you really a fixed purpose? It is so easy to have a purpose, but so hard to fix it sometimes."

"Mine is as fixed as fate," she declared. "It is going to succeed, too. When I make up my mind about anything it always succeeds."

"I wish that I might be you long enough to arrange a few matters of public and private interest then."

"What do you want arranged?"

He could not but smile afresh at her air of complete competence.

"My army bill," he said promptly.

"That is public; what do you want arranged privately?" She leaned forward.

He shifted his position. "It will seem heartless and ungrateful to say it," he said in a low tone. "You have been so kind—so all that is angelic. But I want to get away; I want my strength again; I want to return to my work. I have failed here, you know—well, I want to get back where I am needed and where I won't fail, because success only depends on my own doing of my own duty."

He saw the shadow that was haunting him and putting a bitter tinge upon his restlessness begin to creep over her face.

"I always forget that you have work to do anywhere," she said a little sadly. "I suppose it is very upsetting somewhere for you to be ill. Who walks up and down in your place while you are here?"

"The next in command does my walking until I report for duty again."

"I know so little about the army," she meditated. "If you had died what

would have happened? Would they all have moved up one?"

"Yes, all below me would have been advanced."

"Doesn't that seem very heartless?"

"Not as heartless as it would seem if they all went down a peg."

"No, I suppose not." She paused and looked thoughtful. "I wish you would tell me something," she said.

"Anything you like."

"You said that you had never married because you couldn't afford it; shall you ever be able to afford it, do you think?"

"Nathalie, it is getting time to leave Captain Mowbray to rest," said Mrs. d'Yprès suddenly.

"Not for ten minutes yet," answered her young friend.

The Captain compressed his lips. "A year ago I should have answered that I thought not," he said slowly.

"What do you think now?"

"I think I'm too old."

"How old are you?"

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed loudly.

"Why don't you sit further back from that window, Kathryn?" Nathalie asked irritably: then she looked expectantly at the officer. "You don't mind telling your age, do you?" she questioned in afterthought.

"Not at all; I'm too old to mind. I'm forty-one."

"I don't think that that is too old to marry."

Mrs. d'Yprès coughed again.

"Thank you, but I do," said Mowbray. "And I'm too poor, in any case," he added.

"How poor are you?"

"Nathalie," cried Mrs. d'Yprès desperately, "can you see the clock?"

"Oh, it isn't time yet."

"I have three thousand a year," said the interrogated.

His hearer quite jumped in her chair.

"Three thousand for the whole year?" she cried.

He was obliged to smile audibly.

"That's what I said."

"But you're over forty."

"Yes, unfortunately."

"Didn't you ever have any more?"

"No; only less."

Her face was full of sympathetic distress.

"Then if you married, your wife would have but three thousand to live on?"

His smile broadened. "She wouldn't have even that; I should always require some small portion of it for myself."

She sat as if in a dream for a long half-minute.

"No, you could never, never marry," she said at last with a positiveness that was final. "Goodness me, why if that's all that the captains get, what do the lieutenants live on? I know girls who have married lieutenants."

"Yes, I do, too," replied the officer. "I have even lived at the same posts with some. And looking on at the results, I have never been able to see how it was all to come out. Of course two people, each with a complete new outfit of clothes, can get along very cheaply for a year or two; but if there is a baby—and there generally is a baby—and they hope ever to educate it—and most people look forward to educating their children, you know—then it follows that the pinching has got to begin right from the very start."

"Even then I don't see how they manage," said Nathalie. "Their relatives must have to help them."

"That's no very pleasant outlook for a self-respecting man."

Nathalie paid no attention to his remark. "I think that something ought to be done," she announced slowly and with great decision.

"Of course something ought to be done," said Mowbray. "Don't I lie here helpless as an evidence of how much I personally desire to see something done? I never should be here if I had not come on about that bill; that was my testimony to my own conviction that something not only ought to but must be done. Merely refusing to drag any more human beings into the swamp of straitened circumstances is only a negative manner of helping out the bad situation. The real help must come from the government."

"I should think that there would have

been a lot of dissatisfaction when the bill was put aside," said Nathalie.

"There probably was," said the officer drily. "But any governmental action catches the army squarely in a vise between its patriotism and its duty. However, you may be quite sure that there was dissatisfaction; I can certify to that even if I haven't been able to see any of the papers lately."

"There was plenty of trouble when the labor bill didn't pass, anyway," said Nathalie; "there were columns and columns about it. Mr. Lefevre came here three times. I saw his picture in the *Telegram*. He didn't look at all like his caricatures; he looked ever so pleasant. I liked his face tremendously."

"Not many people look like their caricatures," said Mowbray sententiously.

There was a pause. "I wonder how it will all come out?" Nathalie said finally.

"I wonder, too," said the Captain.

She leaned her elbow forward on her crossed knees, supported her chin amid her outspread fingers and stared steadily at the floor. "I wonder," she said after a while, "who will be the one to help most? Ever so many will help, you know, but some one person will come forward and help most. When big things happen it is always some one person who does the most."

The officer said nothing.

"You tried to help, didn't you?" she questioned.

"In my humble way, yes."

"And you failed?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Lefevre tried?"

"Yes, he tried, too."

"And failed, too? Don't you think that it is strange when everyone knows what should be done and that it is right to do it, that the government will not do it?"

"All thinking people think that that is strange," said Mowbray; "but, you see, the government is too strong to be compelled to listen to reason."

"But if the trouble keeps on and the strikes spread and spread?"

"Even then the government will be strongest because it will have the law

at its back, and behind the law stands the armed force of the country."

"You mean the army?"

"Yes."

Nathalie was silent. After a while she lifted her head. "I never have told you anything about myself, have I?" she asked suddenly.

"Very little."

"You know that I was married."

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you all about it? It's quite interesting."

"I shall be charmed."

"It isn't very long—neither the story nor the marriage, either. I was a widow before nine o'clock on the evening of the day that I was married. But no one woke me up to tell me so until next morning. I was at school, you see, and I had gone to my room when the telegram came, so they let me sleep until the regular dressing bell in the morning. The principal didn't believe in having the girls disturbed unnecessarily."

"A very sensible rule," said Mowbray, shifting his position so that he could watch her more easily.

"He was a very rich old gentleman; he was my grandfather's most particular friend. They had always been in business together; they owned blocks and lots and stocks together; they were partners."

"I understand."

"He was very fond of my grandfather—ever so much fonder than he was of his own relatives. He had ever so many relatives and he didn't like them at all."

"I quite understand."

"But he always liked me."

"I quite understand."

Mrs. d'Yprès cleared her throat.

"He began to have apoplexy when he grew very old, and he had two strokes—you know, one can have but three!"

"Yes, I know."

"And he had gout and was shut up upstairs in his house for months; and nobody really expected that he would ever come downstairs again, so I don't very much blame his relatives myself."

"What did they do?"

"They began to take what they wanted from downstairs, sets of Dickens with Cruikshank's illustrations and Moorish bronzes and things like that."

Mowbray nodded understandingly.

"They thought that he would never know because he would never be coming downstairs again, but toward spring he grew better and he came downstairs." She paused expressively.

"What happened?"

"He was so angry that he nearly had the third stroke. He took his brougham and came to see grandfather at once, and he told him that he should make it the sole purpose of his life from then on to get even with his relatives. They sent for the lawyer that very afternoon, and the lawyer said that there were two ways out of it—he could marry or deed away all his property. They talked it all over, and then he decided that he would make everything absolutely safe by doing both. Then he asked if he could marry me; I was away at boarding school. You see, he thought of me right off because I was so convenient on account of being grandfather's heiress and their owning everything together. Grandfather didn't mind his marrying me; only he said that I must *not* be taken out of boarding school until I was eighteen."

"So it was all arranged, and they came together and saw me and then all the property was deeded to grandfather to hold in trust; and after that I was married at their hotel and they returned directly to the city that very afternoon. I went back to the school with the history teacher, who had come in with me, and we had to tell the principal of course. She didn't like it at all, and she blamed grandfather terribly. I had to go to my room early to make up for the time that I had lost while I was being married, and when the telegram came about the third fit of apoplexy—it was too hot going back on the train and that gave it to him—she never sent me any word. But next day everyone knew, and in the end I had to leave school—it seems they won't have a married woman in a boarding school, no matter how soon her husband dies."

"What became of you then?" asked Mowbray with unaffected curiosity.

"Grandfather sent me abroad, and I came back perfectly sensible."

"A wonderful story!"

"What—that I came back sensible?"

He laughed. "No; the whole of it together."

"It *is* funny, isn't it?"

"The most curious thing about it is that you failed to marry some prince or duke while abroad."

"I never wanted to marry anyone—never then, anyhow."

Mrs. d'Yprès rose. "Nathalie," she said imperatively, "the hour is up."

"No, not for two minutes." The younger woman turned her eyes to the officer's again. "My grandfather is dead, too, now," she said. "And do you know what I think that I should like to do?"

"No; what?"

"I should like to take some of all those millions and help do a great good with it—something like passing your bill and making life easier for all those men and their wives and their children."

He was deeply touched by her sincerity. "Heaven bless you for the wish," he said heartily, "but I fear that my bill is not the kind that can be put through in that way. I mustn't comment on your views as to political ways and means of passing bills, because I shall have to set against them the other back door bit of wisdom which forces me to point out to you that my bill was foreordained to its fate by the fact that it was drawn up to benefit those who have neither votes nor money, and who are the kind that may be counted on to bear with grit whatever comes to them—even when they know that it is unfair and unjust."

She listened with deep attention. "I had no idea that things were so bad," she said. "I have been reading all about the labor trouble, but I never realized that the government didn't pay people properly. I thought that it was only shirt men and coal men who did such things."

Mowbray began to laugh. "Oh, the army isn't based on the sweat system,"

he said. "I didn't mean to paint things as black as that. It really isn't bad at all if one does not wish to marry."

"But so many people always do wish to marry. You know how they fix that in Germany; the officers are not allowed to marry there unless the girl has money enough for an income."

Mowbray laughed again. "I should be not the less a bachelor then," he declared.

"Wouldn't you marry a woman with a fortune if she loved you?" She lifted up her head and looked straight at him as she put the question.

"The hour is striking," exclaimed Mrs. d'Yprès.

"I would not consider the idea for one minute," he replied firmly.

As the words left his lips he felt himself stabbed in a curious sickening way by the sight of a sort of helpless pain in her eyes. But it was gone almost at once, and she stood up and smiled brightly.

"I am going to do something, somehow," she announced. "I feel inside myself that you must have your salary raised. It isn't right for any man to feel the way that you feel about things."

Then she went out.

VI

"KATHRYN," said Nathalie to her friend one afternoon a fortnight later, "I wish that you would sit somewhere else this evening. Somewhere a little further off than it is possible for you to be if you are in the same room."

"Do you think that that is wise?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked gently.

"I don't know that it is wise, but I wish that you would do it just the same."

"I will do it if you ask me, of course."

"I am getting so used to being conventional now, that I stay conventional without any thinking; and then, too, it would be so nice to talk with him alone just once before he goes. I am continually starting to say things and then being obliged to stop because I remember that you are there."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. d'Yprès, sincere sympathy flooding her tone.

"And that makes me wonder if you do not perhaps affect him in the same way."

"That would be sad," the friend admitted.

"There are so many important things which I want to tell him and which I want him to tell me," Nathalie continued, frowning in a most businesslike manner, "and it would be awfully nice if we could be alone while we were doing it."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. d'Yprès. "I will leave you alone tonight. After all, whatever happens is your own affair."

"Nothing is going to happen tonight," said Nathalie; "things will happen later."

Mrs. d'Yprès had so little doubt on that score that she did not trouble to make any reply, contenting herself with watching Nathalie's restlessness as she moved here and there.

"Kathryn, shouldn't you think that all these days and weeks would have made him feel more informal?" The question came suddenly as the speaker finally paused at the window, with her back to the room.

"Does he seem formal to you?"

"Yes, he seems very formal."

"Perhaps he is that kind of man."

"No, it isn't that. It is as if he were always trying to do right even when he doesn't want to."

Mrs. d'Yprès felt some apprehension over the keenness of intuition displayed in this speech. "Surely you would not wish him otherwise in that respect, Nathalie."

"I don't know; I can't quite puzzle it out. Just as I think that we are going to be very happy something seems to come into his head that makes him act strangely. It seems as if it is perhaps going to take a long time to make it all come out right." She laid her cheek against the heavy curtain fold and waited a little; then she said, "Kathryn!"

"Yes, dear."

"You know how he keeps saying that he is too old to marry."

"Yes, dear."

"Do you think he says it to keep me remembering it, or to keep himself remembering it?"

Again Mrs. d'Yprès felt startled, this time beyond all possibility of making an answer.

Nathalie waited a little and then continued:

"I don't know very much about men, I know; but even if he does seem to be such a very formal kind, I am quite sure that he will like you to stay away once just as much as I shall—quite sure."

As to that also the friend had not the slightest doubt. "I shall not forget about leaving you, dear," she said. Nathalie turned from the window.

"Thank you, Kathryn. I am perfectly certain that it is all going to come out right; only, you see, if one wants to marry a man who keeps asserting positively that he will never marry, one *must* have some chance at him when he can take back things without hurting his feelings."

"Oh, of course I understand that," said Mrs. d'Yprès. She was beginning to see that her young friend's announcement as to the spiritual changes which had taken place within herself was being rapidly verified. Each day lately had been filled with food for fresh wonder and consideration. And the ratio of the increase was becoming more and more rapid.

A little while later they went down to dinner, and when dinner was over Nathalie led the way into the library. The Captain followed where she led, but the chaperon, true to her promise, fell by the wayside.

The library was a good-sized dark red and brown room, leather-upholstered, oak-paneled and in all respects quite the usual thing. The day had been rainy, and so a fire blazed on the open hearth. Above the mantel shelf burned two waxen altar candles; there was no other light in the room.

"Sit down there," said the hostess, pointing to an easy chair that faced both firelight and candle flame. "I want you to sit where I can see you well, so that I

can remember just how you looked after you are gone."

"A man who is off duty because of being upon the sick list cannot be called upon to attend inspection," said the Captain, laughing. He began to push a chair back into the shadow as he spoke, and looked around for Mrs. d'Yprès. His face altered when he saw that she had not accompanied them, and Nathalie, pouring coffee at a tiny table on one side, looked up just in time to observe the change.

"You're looking for Kathryn, I know," she said, ignoring his act of overt rebellion as to the chair and the firelight. "She isn't coming; we're going to be alone this evening."

The Captain received this piece of news and his coffee cup in silence.

"I'm tired of having Kathryn hear everything we say," Nathalie continued. "Of course I love her dearly, and that made her perfectly willing to sit somewhere else when I asked her."

Mowbray felt his lips tighten.

"Please don't look that way." Her tone was earnestly appealing. "That's why I didn't want Kathryn—I thought it was she that kept you looking that way."

"What way?" said the officer.

"As if you were obliged to do something you didn't like, or else obliged not to do something that you'd like to do, I don't know which. You've looked that way so much lately, and I don't like it at all. Can't you drop it for just tonight?"

He laughed. Life was a hard battle these days. "I'll try," he promised.

"Thank you. And now let's talk," said Nathalie.

"All right. About what?"

"About anything—except the army."

"Ah, I've bored you with the army, I see."

"No." She shook her head. "You haven't bored me, but I have it all by heart, so what's the use?"

"Well, what shall we talk of, then? Present company is always barred, you know."

Nathalie opened her eyes. "What, when there are only two?" she asked, surprised.

He laughed. "Let's talk of the strikes," he suggested.

Her face fell. "Oh, the strikes—they're such an old story. No one talks of anything else."

Mowbray took out his cigar case and raised his eyebrows in mute interrogation. She nodded assent. He rose and went to the fire while he lit his cigar; when he turned back she was smiling.

"What amuses you?" he inquired.

"I just happened to think that if a general railway strike was declared you might be obliged to remain here indefinitely."

"That sounds very attractive, but unfortunately it cannot be. One can always take a mail train."

"Do they run anyway?"

"Always."

"What would happen if they were stopped?"

"That would be rebellion against the government."

"What would the government do?"

"Call out the militia, and if necessary the regulars."

Nathalie looked preternaturally wise.

"I understand," she said. Then she smiled. "Even talking about the militia is more interesting without Kathryn, don't you think?" she added. "Please go on."

Mowbray took his coffee cup and her coffee cup and set them both carefully down upon the little lacquered stand. His tone became highly formal.

"Do you know, Mrs. Arundel, I cannot help wondering what is to be the final result of this present combination of unions. Today Lefevre has practically the supreme control of those millions of men who fill the ranks of all useful labor."

"He's a wonderful man," said Nathalie. "Did I tell you that I cut that picture of him out of the paper and pinned it up in my room? I thought that looking at him might help me. He looks as if when he meant to do anything he did it, no matter how hard it was. I like that kind of man."

"What of the kind who, when they decide not to do a thing, refrain from

doing it, no matter how hard the resisting proves to be?" asked Mowbray.

Nathalie looked at him quickly. "I like that kind better yet," she said—"particularly when they give up and do my way in the end."

He went and shook his cigar ash into the fire.

"Fancy being the head of all the workingmen in the country," she went on after a little. "Mr. Lefevre is really more powerful than the Executive to-day, isn't he?"

"Hardly that; he has his limits."

"Well, hasn't the head of the government his limits, too? Tonight's paper is full of almost nothing but his limits."

"I'm afraid it would be treason for me to admit that, but things *are* in a bad way," said the Captain slowly. "I wish that the outlook were somewhat brighter than it is on this, my last evening with you."

"Yes, it is the last evening, isn't it? I can't realize it; it doesn't seem as if you were really going away tomorrow, does it?"

He shook his head.

"And here we sit talking about strikes and limits as if there were nothing else to talk of. I've thought so much about the strikes lately that I'm really very tired of them, and as to limits—if I were a man I wouldn't recognize any limits. I never do myself, I know."

"What do you do?"

"I make things come out to suit me."

"Always?"

"Always."

Mowbray rose to shake off the cigar ash again.

"Do you never find yourself thwarted?"

"Never yet."

"Enviably woman!"

"But of course I am very persevering, and then, too, I never mind what things cost."

"You are again fortunate."

"Yes, I *am* fortunate." She paused and looked earnestly at him. "Do you really feel obliged to go tomorrow?" she asked.

"Obliged!" He raised his eyes and glanced quickly toward her; then he stopped for a second. "I must go," he declared with emphasis; "I must go for many reasons. The main ones, as far as the world is concerned, you know as well as I do."

"I want to ask you something; may I?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"You feel very much indebted to me—don't you?"

"It is hopeless for me to try to express myself on that point." He looked straight at the fire as he said the words.

"You wouldn't be vexed with me for any reason—would you?"

"Why should I ever be vexed with you?"

"Suppose I did something that was foolish?"

He merely smiled.

"But suppose that you thought it not merely foolish but—wrong?"

"That is rather unlikely, isn't it?"

"But—" She hesitated and looked at him very earnestly. "Oh, I want so to tell you everything," she suddenly cried with quick-drawn breath, "and I must tell you nothing! It is all so serious, and I must do it all alone!"

He turned toward her in wonder. "What do you mean?" he said.

She clasped her hands tightly within each other. "I must not say—I must not tell anyone. When I first saw you I wanted to grow different. I've been changing ever since; I think now I'm almost all changed. I—I—I thought it all out, and I'm going to do it—only it makes me rather nervous—just this last night. Please say again that no matter what I do you will not be angry with me!"

Mowbray tried to speak lightly. "I don't imagine that you will ever do anything too terrible for me to overlook," he said. "Except, perhaps, to grow very different," he added, smiling.

She gave him a look of gratitude—and then her eyes filled suddenly. It was an awkward moment, one that took strength to live through in silence.

"Oh, by the way," he said finally, "you'll write me a word occasionally,

won't you? I'll send you my address with my first letter of thanks."

"Yes, I will write." She rose and walked to the window behind him just long enough to dispose of the moisture in her eyes.

There followed another pause and then she spoke:

"It's so strange; I sent Kathryn away just so that I could say anything that I pleased this evening, and now, instead of wanting to say things, I keep thinking more and more about tomorrow."

He bit his lip. It is hard to be the man and burning to say the things and then to be gagged by an immutable code of personal honor.

But her next remark relieved the stress by giving a most unexpected turn to the conversation.

"I really am so busy thinking of tomorrow that I almost forget that you are here."

He felt completely taken aback. "That is flattering; I'm glad that I do not interrupt your thoughts."

She smiled a little. "When you go away tomorrow I am going away, too," she said.

He was conscious of another mental start.

"Am I fortunate enough to be taking your way?" he asked.

"No; you go west and I go north." She thought a minute and then she said: "If you knew where I am going tomorrow!"

He laughed. "Is it pleasure or business?"

"Don't laugh. It is business. It is terribly serious business."

"I shall be interested to know the results," he added.

"Oh, I'm throwing for such big stakes," she said, so low that he could barely catch the words, "they almost frighten me with their bigness. But I'm not afraid." She lifted her head proudly. "I'm not afraid, and when it all comes out successfully, then—" A curious sort of wistfulness overspread her face and tone as she stopped.

"Then what?"

"Oh, then perhaps so much!" She looked at him and he fancied that her

lip trembled. The misery of his position was almost unbearable.

"What are you going in for?" he asked, his formal words in polaric contrast to the strong pull at his self-control.

"I am only going to tell one man that," she said. "I have no right to tell any other."

A shock ran over him. He sat back squarely in his chair and took the iron of the knowledge that he was jealous deep into his soul. The folly of it made it no pleasanter to bear.

"I wish tomorrow were over," she said presently.

"Yes; I do, too."

"But it will be hard after you are gone."

"It is kind of you to say so."

"How many days will it take you to get back to the fort?"

"Three."

"You know there are floods."

"So I read in the evening paper."

She lapsed into silence again, and he tried to convince himself that her allusion to the other man did not really affect him at all. As if a poor and proud devil had any right to care whom any woman talked of! But luck was so tough for some, after all.

"Do let us try to talk a little about ourselves now," she said, turning toward him with a smile. "It is the last night, and I keep saying over and over again that Kathryn isn't here. I do wish we could talk some about ourselves."

It was impossible to think her a coquette; her sweet, ingenuous face forbade such an unworthy suspicion.

"Let us talk of you," he suggested.

"Would that be quite conventional? You know, one of the changes that I have made in myself lately has been in getting to be conventional. You've noticed that, haven't you?"

"But you know I never knew you until lately."

"That's true; but you will never forget me now—will you?"

He shook his head; in spite of himself, such an ache flamed up in his heart that he felt the echo of its pain in the newly healed wound on his temple.

"I shall never forget," he said.

"I am always so happy over your hurting yourself," she said thoughtfully. "I don't think that anything ever made me so happy in all my life as seeing that it was you that they were carrying in here; and then when I saw the blood and knew that you would have to stay a long time—well, all I could do was just to give Kathryn one look when she was slow about going to have your room arranged."

Mowbray stood up and went and leaned against the mantelpiece; she had driven her remark about the other man clean out of his head by this time.

"You don't feel at all weak when you walk about now, do you?" she inquired.

"Oh, I'm as strong as I ever was in my life."

"If I had not so much to do, I should wish that you might have had a relapse," she confessed.

He said nothing.

"But if the floods are bad or trouble comes you may have to return anyway."

"I do not anticipate floods or trouble."

"But if there are strikes?"

"You forget the mail trains."

"But if the mail trains should stop—if everything should stop?"

He glanced at her quickly; she was looking earnestly up at him, her cheeks a bright excited scarlet.

He caught the end of his mustache between his teeth for a second; then he said:

"Whatever happens I shall go on. I am enough like you to follow up my duty. I shall go on even if I have to walk."

She continued to watch him. "Has no one ever made you do things that you did not want to do?" she asked gently.

"Never since I was a boy."

"But it would be easy to make you do something that you hadn't wanted to do because you thought that it wasn't right, if it could be proved to you that it was right, after all—wouldn't it?" she asked.

"I'm afraid that I lost the thread of that," he said; "won't you repeat it, please?"

"It isn't worth while," she said. Then

she rose. "You'll see what I meant after a while," she said.

For a few seconds they looked at each other, and his face hardened as he saw the curious wistfulness overspread hers again. She held out her hand. He took it.

"Of course you know," he said hurriedly, "I cannot say anything. There is so much—there is everything—that I want to say, and—and—"

Her eyelids drooped. "Never mind," she murmured; "don't worry. Leave it all—leave it all to me."

They were such curious words for a man to hear from a woman's lips, but what followed them was more curious yet. For, lifting her head, she gave him one single look, and in it were mingled so much power, so much purpose and so much love that he never forgot it again as long as he lived.

Then they parted in silence for the night.

VII

THE next morning Captain Francis Mowbray left the house where he had spent nearly four months. He left directly after breakfast, as he had much to attend to before taking his train. Besides, he discovered that his hostess contemplated an early departure, and he accompanied her and her maid to the station before going about his own business.

"I don't like your taking today to travel," he said, as they drove over the asphalt together. "Things are looking blacker than ever—one begins to feel all manner of portentous possibilities in the air."

"I'm not at all nervous," said Nathalie; "but I think that they ought to have passed the bills."

"That goes without saying," he replied. "It seems fearfully unjust though that the trouble comes to the innocent instead of the guilty, don't you think?"

"There won't be any trouble," said Nathalie calmly; "it's all going to be settled very soon now."

They said good-bye on the train platform and she waved him a smiling adieu

as the train pulled out. She was gone all day, not returning until late in the afternoon. She looked tired but triumphant, dusty but calmly content. Mrs. d'Yprès had been very anxious about her, for history making had marched apace during the hours of her absence and the older wisdom of the older woman was uneasy over some of the imminent dangers.

"I'm so glad to see you safe home again," she exclaimed, kissing her affectionately. "I was afraid that the men on the railroads might walk out while you were there and keep you from being able to get back."

Nathalie began to pull out her hat-pins.

"I think that I like being conventional," she said seriously. "You know how I have always preferred to go about alone up to now; but really today Louise was no trouble at all, and it made me feel so proper and above reproach knowing that she was with me."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I left her in the ladies' waiting room of the station when I got there, and she waited until I was ready to get her for the coming back."

"Did you see an afternoon paper? The headlines are terrible; they say Lefevre has declared that he will call out every workingman in the country if necessary."

"Dear me!" said Nathalie composedly.

"Did you read the message that he sent to the Chief Officer of the government?"

"No."

Mrs. d'Yprès took up the paper and turned herself to the light to read the passage aloud. She did not see the sudden change from carelessness to strained attention in the other's face as she did so, but it was there. The paper was a five o'clock edition, and in lines doubly leaded was given the following brief communication:

"SIR:

"You are unquestionably aware of the great discontent that prevails throughout our nation because of the failure of the lawmaking bodies to pass bills to regulate by a sliding scale the wages of the industrial forces of the country,

and to increase the pay of the army officers and enlisted men. My judgment is that if these bills are not enacted into law at an early date serious industrial difficulties may arise.

"Trusting that you may use your high and good offices in the interest of these beneficent measures, I am, with great respect,

"Yours truly,

"RALPH LEFEVRE,

"President United Workingmen."

"It's a nice letter," said Nathalie when the reading terminated. "What did they do about it?"

"Nothing yet. The Executive sent it to the session, and the session had it laid over for consideration."

A curious smile encircled Nathalie's mouth. "I hope that Mr. Lefevre will keep his word," she said slowly.

"Oh, that will mean so much suffering and trouble!"

"Why doesn't the government act then and give the men their rights? God didn't intend the many to work without enough to live on while the few had much too much."

"Nathalie, you are an anarchist!"

"Not at all. I am only beginning to feel strongly. It is only lately that I began to learn what feeling strongly is to life."

Mrs. d'Yprès looked down at the paper and said nothing.

"I feel so strongly about Captain Mowbray that it makes me feel strongly about all the rest of mankind, too."

"Not in the same way, I hope."

"Well, I feel the same way as far as their getting paid enough to get married on is concerned."

"Ah, yes, I understand; but in your case you have enough for two, dear."

She rose suddenly. "I haven't enough for two now," she said; "this has been a fearfully expensive day for me."

Then she went away to her own room and remained there until the hour at which dinner was usually served. She came down looking restless and feverish. Mrs. d'Yprès met her at the foot of the staircase, her own face pale.

"Nathalie," she said, "do you hear? They are crying extras in the street!"

Nathalie stood still as if transfixed. After a minute of what was apparently consideration, but which was in truth a

sickening sensation of dizziness, she said:

"Have they begun to call out the employees on the railroads?"

"Yes—on the southern lines."

"Not on the western?"

"No."

She led the way into the library, and pausing in the middle of the room, covered her eyes with her hand for a minute. "If he travels all tonight he won't be able to get back tomorrow, will he?" she said, standing thus.

"Do you want him back tomorrow?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked.

"You know that I have wanted him every minute since I first saw him standing by that pillar."

She went to the window and looked out over the city. There seemed to be an unusual hue and cry swelling out from its evening dusk. The clanging accents of the newsboys dominated every other noise; their words were as a usual rule indistinguishable, but every few minutes one would pass directly before the house, and then what he was calling became almost painfully clear.

Nathalie stood looking out until the butler announced dinner; then she turned and her friend was struck afresh by the heightened color and emotion in her face.

"I wonder if anyone knows as much as I know tonight?" she said, as they moved toward the dining room.

"Do you know so much?" the other asked in surprise.

"Yes, I know a great deal—so much that I dare not think how much—so much that it makes me content not to tell even you."

"I am content to wait patiently," her friend replied; in her heart she foreboded some mental breakdown as a result of the long strain of gnawing excitement.

The dinner was allowed to pass almost untouched and in absolute silence. After it was over they returned to the library. The French windows were open and the insistent hum came in with every little breath of air. Nathalie walked up and down.

"Kathryn," she said presently, "I

have told you over and over that he made me desire to be another woman. He did not just make me want to be changed; he made me capable of changing—he changed me. A woman cannot love a man and watch him fight for the right in the face of what he wants and what she wants, even when he's ill, even when he's weak, month after month, just because of his conscience—she can't watch that and understand it and not change—and grow strong, too. I'm another woman now; do you know it?"

Mrs. d'Yprès could not find words to reply at once. Before she did find them Nathalie was speaking again.

"I have always been unlike other women, but today I have become unlike in a new way. I have not been able to understand myself lately; since last night I have not been able to understand myself at all. It is as if anything were become possible to me—if only it would bring him back."

"I think that he will come back," said the friend.

"Of course he will come back." She was still walking back and forth, and now she approached the window and stopped to listen. A boy going by was calling with all the force that his lungs possessed. Nathalie whirled about.

"Kathryn," she cried, "Kathryn—do you hear?"

Mrs. d'Yprès sprang toward her.

"Hear what? What is it?"

"All the men on the western roads have gone out!"

"Merciful heavens!"

"Yes, I hear the words distinctly. Oh, I am so glad—he could not have gotten two hours upon his way!"

Mrs. d'Yprès sank down upon a seat.

"Don't get nervous, dear," her friend said soothingly.

"I'm afraid that we are on the brink of a revolution."

"What a crazy notion! It's all quite right—the best way to settle things nowadays. The Chief of the government and Mr. Lefevre can manage; they know how; it's only the stupid men who make the laws that need setting to rights, that's all."

Mrs. d'Yprès leaned her head against

the tufted silk of the chair back and shut her eyes. Nathalie continued to stand by the window. A sort of added excitement seemed to be spreading in the air without; a cloud of unrest and troublous wonder emanated from the city and floated outward with every human being who walked the streets. Something intangible that had been kept under was beginning to surge to the surface to-night. The fresh extras that were being cried continually were the visible beats of a national pulse, the impatient displeasure of which was being fanned rapidly to burning fever.

"Do you hear, Kathryn?" Nathalie exclaimed after a little. "Did you hear that?"

"I hear nothing."

"The men on every railroad in the country have ceased to work."

"Oh, most merciful God!"

Nathalie leaned closer to the window; she listened breathlessly.

"Yes, on every road."

At that moment the door bell rang violently. Mrs. d'Yprès screamed hysterically.

"Don't do that, Kathryn; nothing is going to hurt you."

The butler came in with a telegram; it was for Mrs. Arundel. She tore it open and read:

I am going over on a mail train.

M.

She read it aloud to her friend without any comment; then she returned to the window. Men were hurrying toward the city's center, stopping to buy papers each time that they cried a new announcement. Nathalie watched it all with vivid interest.

"There," she said after a while, "that is the third boy who has called it, so it must be true."

Mrs. d'Yprès did not reply.

"Are you asleep or have you fainted?" Nathalie asked, without turning from the window.

"I am trying to be calm." The other's voice shook.

"You're not succeeding very well. Don't be so nervous, Kathryn; it is all going to be for the best; it is only that

it is the only way. It is beginning to work out now."

"How?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked feebly.

"The Executive has called a special council of his advisers to meet tonight."

"They can't do anything."

"No, but perhaps events will help them."

Mrs. d'Yprès began to sob.

"You're so silly, Kathryn."

"I'm so frightened."

"That's foolish. Things are getting worse so that they can get better. Even a country has to touch bottom once in a while. When this has gone on a little further they will have to call out the militia and then the regulars." She quitted the window and came over and put her hand upon her friend's, which hung cold and trembling on her bosom. "Kathryn," she said, "just wait until then—until they call on the army; just as soon as the government calls on the army the whole thing will be very quickly settled." Her voice rang with such a strange note that Mrs. d'Yprès was startled in spite of her agitation.

"How can you speak so? You know what it is when the troops and the people come into collision; it is the worst of all. Don't think of that; pray that that may be avoided at any cost."

"Not at all," said Nathalie; "we are in a situation where only the army can help us. They will do it, I am positive. Trust my word, dear, and let us go to bed and sleep quietly."

"Sleep quietly!" groaned Mrs. d'Yprès. "All I can think of is stones crashing in our windows."

"No stones will crash, dear—we can make sure of that by going into rooms on the court; come now."

Mrs. d'Yprès rose feebly to her feet.

"Loving a soldier has indeed made you over all new, Nathalie," she said, attempting to smile. "Personally, all I can think of is the Red Terror and the guillotine."

Nathalie laughed aloud.

"Don't laugh; you know this that has come today is the culmination of years and years of patching up trouble."

Nathalie laughed again.

"But our army, Kathryn," she said, putting her arm about her and drawing her affectionately closer; "you forget our army. We've been strengthening it and disciplining it and giving it every sort of advantage until now in our hour of need—" She stopped.

"I hear them calling something else," she exclaimed, and ran back to the window.

"What is it?" Mrs. d'Yprès asked.

Nathalie was clapping her hands. "It is just what I thought."

"Tell me quickly, dear; don't torture me."

"The mail trains have been stopped; the government will call out the troops."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Come, Kathryn." The younger woman returned at once to her friend's side and drew her arm again about her. "Come, poor dear; we'll go upstairs at once."

Mrs. d'Yprès could hardly walk for nervous trembling. "Oh, I'm so frightened—so frightened!" she kept saying.

They went slowly upstairs, and by the upper newel post Mrs. d'Yprès stopped. "Oh, what is that?" she wailed.

Nathalie went quickly toward the front of the house. "It sounds like a great many voices yelling the same words all together," she replied, leaning out of the window.

The distant roar drew nearer. It did appear to be some piece of news shrieked in unison to produce a greater effect. Nearer and nearer. Nearer and nearer.

It was a body of two or three dozen boys and men whom some paper had hired for the purpose of thus calling attention to the final *coup* of the evening. As they came along others appeared to join their ranks; in the moonlight and gaslight of the approaching midnight the sight of the moving mass all keeping time as they walked and chanting their message in unison was certainly rather unsettling to the imagination.

"What is it?" Mrs. d'Yprès kept repeating. "Oh, tell me what it is!"

Nathalie pushed the window softly down. "Dear," she said gently, "there will be nothing more to disturb us to-

night—no more extras. Lefevre has called out every workingman in the country, and the Executive has called out the troops."

Mrs. d'Yprès clung to the newel post. "You mean—" she faltered.

"I mean that there will be no more newspapers, no more trains, no more anything, until—" She paused and thought a minute, and then she added in a curious tone of waiting triumph: "Until tomorrow, dear—until tomorrow!"

Mrs. d'Yprès began to cry.

"Oh, Kathryn, how can you?" Nathalie protested. "You always say you love me, and now when you know that everything is happening just to suit me, you cry!"

"To suit you? How, to suit you?" sobbed the friend.

"Why, haven't the mail trains been stopped? He can't go on now unless he walks, can he?"

VIII

THE next morning a whole nation lay locked—locked out!

Only the telegraph and telephone lines were working; not one other form of business was exempt from the wholesale mandate. Not a train, not a car, not even a wagon moved; the wheels of manufactory, mine machinery, cash carrier and printing press had alike ceased to turn. The entire laboring force of the country had obeyed their leader's call to a man, and in the course of only a few hours the most gigantic strike ever contemplated had become both a fact and a factor in history. Lefevre held the pass key to the situation through the network of wires which he had given out his intention of leaving in operation for the twelve hours beginning at midnight. Then, when noon should strike upon the following day, if the crucial question of a fair settlement of pay and profit for labor as well as pay and profit for capital had not been satisfactorily settled in some way, he proposed to strike a final blow by at once and effectively ending the duel between

the powers of rebellious rulers and their reigning ruled by closing all the telegraphic offices forthwith.

This ultimatum had been laid before the Executive and his councillors shortly before midnight. They had already issued the call for troops. This action had been unavoidable directly the stoppage of the mail trains was known. The army was charged to hold itself ready for active service, to enforce law and order, to protect property if necessary, to administer martial law should occasion for force arise.

The call for the troops went forth at eleven; the ultimatum was brought in at half past; the Executive and those with him were considering summoning the country's lawgivers in special session for the hour set as final in Lefevre's message.

"We must advance the hour," someone said, breaking the silence that followed the reading of the message.

"It is to be hoped that this time they will deal fitly with the terrific problem presented to them," said the Executive. The strong lines of his face were marked even more strongly than ever by the keenness of his determination. Personally he had no feeling that his countrymen were in rebellion; on the contrary, he felt himself backed up in a contest in which he had frequently fought single-handed and alone. Rebellion is a term whose only evil lies in the fact that its battles are generally to the weakest.

A few minutes later another message was brought in and read. The silence that followed the reading of the second message was deathlike. It is beyond the power of language to describe adequately the impressiveness of the moment.

The call had gone forth to the army and the army had responded to a man. The response had been one which threw the difficulties of the previous hour completely into the shade.

The army had replied that it also was convinced that there was but one effective and bloodless way of adjusting difficulties in modern times, and that therefore they, following the precedent

set by the other inadequately paid millions of the country, had also "gone out."

A very few telegrams, cablegrams and marconigrams settled the truth of the statement beyond the shadow of a doubt. At midnight the army slept at all its posts, the navy rocked at anchor without steam up, and the millions and millions and millions of men upon whose shoulders the heavy burden of life's daily labor usually rested, waited, wondering, to see what was "going to be done about it." At last the old byword had wearied of its long allegiance and abruptly deserted to the majority's side.

About six o'clock in the morning two men met without witnesses in a small private room in the Executive Mansion. A few hours previous there had been a fair stretch of railway journey between them, but Necessity had found means to convey one to the other—perhaps Necessity had employed a motor.

Had these two men been less strong individually some species of horrible disorder might have resulted from the unparalleled manner in which one had chosen to cut the other's Gordian knot, but, fortunately for the country which they rule at the moment between them, each was equal and more than equal to the work which it had fallen to his lot to do.

One was the Chief Officer of the government, a man who fought for every cause in which the courage of his convictions backed him up; the other was Lefevre, the genius of labor organization.

They sat down on either side of a large writing table and looked steadily at one another, not with the measured glance of armed antagonists, but rather with the deep and comprehensive sympathy of co-workers in humanity's great travail for life—for life considered, not just as a struggle for the means to live, but life in its true, broad meaning: the right to be good, do good and provide for another generation to be better and do better.

Both men looked white, tired and very earnest.

"This interview is not official," said the Executive; "we are alone together,

man and man, to discuss fully, freely, frankly what can be done."

"Only one thing can be done," said Lefevre.

"And that is—"

"The bill for the adjustment of wages according to a sliding scale of profits must be passed as soon as the session convenes today."

"Excuse me," said his superior—he laid his hand upon the table and clinched his fist closely—"excuse me, but that bill has become secondary in the present difficulty. When I received your first message yesterday afternoon I gathered no faintest suspicion of its actual purport from its wording. The last blow found me totally unprepared. The whole burden of the crisis is, in my eyes, a mere nothing beside the action of the sworn servants of the government itself. As I said before, we are alone. You are a man of honor; I am the same. I ask you then to satisfy me first of all by telling me how and by what means you so completely, so suddenly, in so astonishing and overwhelming a manner, gained control of the entire body of our military and naval force. Day before yesterday there were no more brave and loyal citizens in the world than the soldiers and sailors of our country; last night they planted their bayonets and pikes against the very heart of their motherland."

Lefevre smiled. "The explanation is very simple," he said. "Opportunity is ever the instrument of wisdom and the soul of enterprise. I simply showed the army their opportunity; they seized it, that is all."

"But there was neither discontent nor dissatisfaction."

"No, but there was a very fair leaning toward both sentiments, and the shadow was so like the substance that the effect upon the case was precisely the same as it would have been if the army and navy had really been disaffected and discontented. We will say disaffected through insufficient pay; we will say discontented because the bill to remedy the matter was so promptly laid upon the table—while that very day, if my memory serve me rightly, a bill to dredge and build locks in an unnavigable river for pur-

poses of private exploitation on its shores was passed at once and pledged three times the money."

The Executive sat silent; then after a few seconds he said:

"You have been contemplating the army and navy as possible allies ever since the bill for increasing their pay was laid over?"

"No," said Lefevre; "the idea never entered my head until yesterday morning."

The other man started violently and searched his face with a glance of quick apprehension—as if fearing a sudden access of insanity. "Until yesterday morning!" he repeated.

"Until yesterday morning," said Lefevre imperturbably.

"And then—"

"Then it was suggested to me."

"Suggested to you by whom?"

"By a woman."

The Executive laid both hands upon the arms of his chair with the suddenly arrested start of one whose interest puts down his astonishment. "By a woman!" he exclaimed.

"By a woman."

"A woman—where?"

"By a woman of this city. She came to my office by the morning train yesterday; she stayed two hours. At first I was unable to grasp the full scope of her plan; then when I did grasp it I saw no way to put it into successful operation without the outlay of a sum of money far greater than I could command. I told her so frankly. She provided the money. Then she took an afternoon train back here."

The Chief's face had become bitterly hard and doubtful.

"Are you intending to imply that you bought the troops over, man by man?" he asked; there was a tone of contempt at the preposterousness of the story in his voice.

Lefevre smiled again. "Not at all; I merely mean to state that by the immediate outlay of some millions of dollars I got a concise statement of the case into the hands of every officer in the country in less than three hours, thus giving him eight hours to retail the sit-

uation to his command and insure their unanimous coöperation when the call came."

"Good God!" said the Executive.

He leaned back in his chair, placed his hand over his eyes and was again silent for some seconds. When he looked up Lefevre was regarding him motionless.

"You say that the woman is here?" the Chief asked then.

"Yes, she lives here."

"Have you her address?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Let us send for her."

Lefevre bowed his head in acquiescence, took out his billbook and produced the address.

"What sort of woman is she?" the Executive asked.

"She is a very remarkable woman," said the other man; "she impressed me as being one who would move heaven and earth to accomplish anything which she set out to do."

"I think she seems to be doing it," said the Executive a little grimly. "Well, we will send for her and consider the possibility of her appearing as a witness before the special session when they take up the first bill—the one as to the army pay."

Lefevre looked steadily across the table. "The first bill to come up," he said, "must be the bill for the adjustment of wages by the sliding scale. The army can wait; they have waited before."

"I beg your pardon," said the Executive; "the army is the backbone of law and order in the country. Give back that pledge and you will win an admiration and respect which will strengthen—never weaken—your cause. Magnanimity at this juncture should go hand in hand with absolute power."

"My cause has waited long to come into power," said Lefevre; "and strong as it appears in this hour, I hesitate to apply the Golden Rule too closely."

"I will pledge you my honor if a pledge is necessary," said the Executive. "The lesson has been learned, I believe; let us abide by its coming consequences."

"Very well," said Lefevre; "I will give the army bill precedence."

"And now what did you say was the address of your adviser?" asked the Chief, smiling.

"Mrs. Nathalie Arundel. And there is her address." He pushed a card across the table as he spoke.

The other man struck a call bell, gave an order to the responding servant and then rose wearily from his seat.

"The special session convenes at ten o'clock," he said. "It is six-thirty now. We have two hours before Mrs. Arundel's arrival. May I offer you a room and an opportunity to take a little rest?"

"I shall be most grateful," said Lefevre; "I am indeed very weary."

He rose, too, and together they left the room.

IX

MRS. D'YPRÈS went in herself to wake Nathalie. The latter was sleeping very soundly, as if each resting minute was balancing her account against the troublesome ones of the previous day. The older woman envied the younger; her own nerves were of the sort which naturally gain repose with the return of daylight, but she was uneasy over the deathly hush in the streets. To her the contrast with the uproar of the previous evening was ominous indeed.

"My dear, there is a message."

Nathalie opened her eyes at once. "A message? From whom?"

"From the Government House; and they are waiting."

"So early!" She sat up and pushed back her hair with one hand while she held out the other for the paper. "Oh, I was so sound asleep. Did you sleep any, Kathryn?"

Mrs. d'Yprès smiled palely. "A little, dear. But read your note; they are waiting, you know."

Nathalie began to open the envelope. "It sounds very quiet everywhere—no more extras."

"It is all horrible—horrible!" said her friend, shuddering; "everything is at a standstill. To think of a whole country

on a strike, and then when the troops are called out they strike, too!"

She looked to see the other startled by this new development, but she merely said: "Ah, is that so? Well, it's better than if they fought, dear," and began reading her note as she spoke. "Anything is better than that," she continued after a little; "for my part, I'm glad the whole country's sat down in arms. The government refused to take any action as to what the people needed—now the people have retaliated and refused to take any action in their turn. I think that it's grand—it's splendid—it's really awe-inspiring! I'm glad I lived to see the day."

She folded the note together as she ceased speaking, looked up at her friend and smiled brightly.

"I am summoned to Government House at once," she said; "the Chief of the government has Mr. Lefevre there to consult as to the special session today, and they want me to join them as soon as I can."

"Nathalie!" cried Mrs. d'Yprès, astounded. "The—they—" She faltered to a full stop, completely overcome.

"I wish you'd call Louise, please," said the younger woman. "Don't look like that, Kathryn; nothing is the matter."

Mrs. d'Yprès stumbled in the direction of the bell.

"I want to get dressed as soon as I can. The special session convenes at ten o'clock, and we want time to talk over things first."

"My dear," said her friend, "have you lost your senses, or have I lost mine?"

Nathalie slipped out of bed and reached for her dressing gown. "I haven't lost my senses," she said; "I am simply reveling in thinking how many I've got. A woman needs them all when she begins to take active steps toward getting a captain's pay increased to where he will consider that he can marry."

Mrs. d'Yprès just stared; her nerves had been almost too much for her; she really could not understand at all.

Half an hour later Nathalie came into her room dressed to go out. "Don't worry, Kathryn," she said with a touch of contrition over the other's pallor; "this day has got to be lived through, but we'll all be at peace by nightfall."

"We're too much at peace just now, I think," murmured poor Mrs. d'Yprès.

Nathalie laughed. "Well, perhaps we are," she admitted. "I'll reform my phrase and say we'll all be roaring again by nightfall. Do you like that way of putting it better?"

Mrs. d'Yprès did not smile. Nathalie left her sitting in the room on the court and went blithely away.

The Executive and Lefevre had breakfasted before she arrived. The coming through the streets had been a curious experience, and the strange and awesome hush that was all about had filled her with a new appreciation of the tremendous weight that attended the day's events. When she was shown into the little private room where both the men awaited her together her face was as grave as either of theirs. Both had risen at her entrance. The Executive was visibly surprised at the youth and beauty of the woman who had so calmly arranged to put a cog in her country's wheels, but his greeting was formal although pleasant in tone.

A chair was ready placed for her and she sat down at once, pulling off her long gloves as she did so and clasping her hands upon the table. Lefevre resumed his seat to her right and the Executive resumed his to her left; both men fixed their whole attention upon her and she smiled a little at each in turn.

The Chief spoke first.

"There is neither time nor need for preliminaries," he said, addressing himself to the newcomer. "Mrs. Arundel knows why she is here quite as well as we do—possibly much better. I will only say that in the hour of serious trouble the first step toward relief must of necessity lie in the direction of discovering the source of the difficulty. I sent for Mr. Lefevre, supposing him to be the source; his revelations led us both to send for you."

He paused. Nathalie's eyes passed

quickly back and forth between their faces; she smiled again.

"We are here to come as quickly as possible to a clear understanding," continued the Chief. "We have only a few brief minutes before the curtain will rise on what we hope will be the final scene in the impending crisis of our country's history. That it is a crisis is owing to Mr. Lefevre, and that it is a crisis that presents possibilities of overwhelming disorder and disaster is owing to you. The greatest events in the world's progress have frequently arisen out of totally unexpected developments; the events of yesterday were in the main totally unexpected to everyone but yourself. You admit, do you not, that you alone are responsible for the last and most paralyzing turn in the affairs of our nation?"

"Yes, sir," said Nathalie, "I admit it."

"Do you think that you fully realize the gravity of what you have done?"

"I think so."

"You deliberately planned it all?"

She considered for a second.

"It grew upon me little by little how it might be possible," she said. "I didn't want the mail trains to run and I did want the army bill to pass. It all seemed to fit in together almost of itself. Mr. Lefevre said that—didn't you?" she asked him.

He bowed his head without speaking.

"Success appears so far to have attended your effort," said the Executive, "but so far they have been backed by two great forces, intelligence and the people. The next step depends upon very different factors—upon the governmental body."

He paused; Nathalie did not move her eyes from his face.

"A very grave responsibility attaches itself to you in this hour." His voice was exceedingly earnest.

"Yes, sir," she said, the color fading a little in her cheeks.

"You have laid a whole country open to an enemy and rendered it totally defenseless in case of attack."

"Oh, pardon me," said Lefevre, "but I must protest against a representation of the force opposing the army—if you

choose to consider it opposing—as in any sense an enemy. That force is no enemy and contemplates no attack. The only danger in the existing circumstances is the danger incurred by the recognition that if there were danger there is no one to oppose it."

"Granted," said the Executive, "but however the facts of the case are presented, the main point is that we approach the hour in which their riddle must be satisfactorily solved; and unless it is so solved no one can say what will occur tomorrow. The special session is called for ten o'clock; the whole country depends in the widest and broadest sense of the word upon the results. You and I"—he looked at Lefevre as he spoke—"have measured ourselves against these lawmakers before; the army was also represented in a struggle with them once this winter. We all know the results. At the present moment no man can measure what their action will be—no man can measure what effect even the gigantic deadlock about us may have upon them. The fact that the country lies helpless, paralyzed, stricken, may very likely not weigh for a moment against some personal spite—some petty business animosity. Appeals to the public good, to popular rights, to national demands have been tried and have failed time and again. To deal with them is altogether a lottery of chance.

"I propose then to throw for the highest stakes. We men know that our strength avails us not; let us call upon the woman who has had the brain to conceive and the courage to dare, to take upon herself the burden of the great cause, to go before the session, tell her story and try to force the issue through to success as she has forced its inception through to accomplishment."

Nathalie was deathly white, but quite composed.

"I don't mind it at all," she said. "I never spoke in public, but I know that I shall be able to tell the government—to tell you—to tell anybody—just why I did what I did. God doesn't do things by accident. He made me just as I am and made me determine to have my own

way always just so that He could use me today. He sent someone into my life to teach me everything about my country, and He sent me so much interest in that someone that in wanting to do for him it came to me how I could do for my country. Mr. Lefevre called out the workingmen because he and they knew that they had right behind them; I called out the army because I knew that they had right behind them, too. When force is so overwhelming that there is no one to oppose it, it shows that no one should oppose it, for it shows that everyone's reason is with it. That is how things are with us. We've come to the time to alter standards. We've come to the parting of the ways. One way leads to ruin and we won't take it; the action of the whole people shows that they refuse to take it. You cannot call out a whole nation unless the whole body of popular sentiment is ready to back up every man who walks out. Everyone in this country is tired of the way billions are being paid out for wicked private purposes while the bills to benefit the people at large are not even given a hearing. No one will stand for it any more. I'm quite willing to go before the special session and tell them so."

The Executive kept on looking at her. "Go on," he said.

"It isn't right to expect men to give their lives to work which isn't properly paid for. I don't know as much about the workingman as I do about the army, but I know that neither is fairly treated. The head of a big business ought to give a certain per cent of his profits to the men who have worked all the year through as earnestly in their way as he has in his. It's right that brains and capital should draw bigger pay than mere manual efforts, but work is work and every man who works has a right to a comfortable daily life, to food and warmth, to an untroubled old age. If private enterprise owes that to its servants, what does the government, who should be the first in every reform, owe to its employees? A good deal more than it gives them, surely.

"There are some men that are paid for routine and some that are called on

for possibilities; firemen sit around and do nothing a good deal of the time, but at any hour they may be called out to danger and death and they never fail to go straight to either. It's like that with the army—only a hundred times more so. The very best and bravest men spend their lives keeping ready for the chance to give them up at an hour's notice. It's a burning disgrace that the government has so treated them that they are where they are this minute. What do you suppose it has meant to the officers of the army to take the steps that they have taken? We can't measure it at all. Such results do not arise out of momentary impulse—they come from years and years of slow-growing conviction. We all know more or less of the methods of the men who make the laws—but no one knows just how the government's own employees manage to get along on what they are paid."

The Executive smiled a little. "You have your subject well in hand," he said; "but when you go before the Houses you must remember that discretion is the better part of valor."

"Oh, I sha'n't be impolite to them," said Nathalie; "no outsider ever is to their faces. And I know ever so many of them very well, too. I shall be careful. But you and Mr. Lefevre know all this—"

"Yes," said the Chief, "we know it all."

"And now you know that I know it all, too. We'll come out all right in the end. We'll come out all right after today. It's only that we've got to begin to be a better country instead of not minding our faults because we're so good. There's such a lot to do, and we've got to begin right off to do it."

"This sounds very practical and to the purpose," said the Executive. "Are you equal to repeating it to the assembled bodies of lawgivers, do you think?"

"Certainly."

He smiled at her readiness. "You are an officer's wife, one sees," he said.

She started. "Oh, but I'm not."

"You are not?"

"No, sir."

The Executive looked at Lefevre.

"I thought that Mrs. Arundel was an army woman," said the latter in response.

Nathalie opened her eyes widely. "Does it matter?" she asked.

The Chief looked serious.

"Your speech would have carried more weight if you had had a personal interest, I fear," he said. "You see, they cannot possibly conceive anyone's speaking from a disinterested standpoint. As an officer's wife your action would have borne the impress of so great a determination that it could not but have struck very deeply into their mental capacity."

There was a pause.

"I might marry an officer perhaps if there were time," Nathalie said rather faintly.

"There is no officer to marry you," said the Executive. "We have no power to enforce obedience from any officer at present. They decline to obey orders. You know the situation."

There was another pause—a particularly dismal one.

"I did know one," Nathalie said at last. "I think perhaps if he—if he knew—he wouldn't mind my saying that I was married—married to—"

Just then the door opened and a servant entered. He bore a card. The Chief took it and read it aloud.

"Captain Francis Mowbray of the X—th, and he has written upon it, 'Reporting for duty.'" Then he looked at Nathalie. "Your one renegade," he said.

But her face was all aglow with light and life.

"Oh, where is he?" she exclaimed, springing from her seat. "It is the one I spoke of—please let me go to him! He will marry me, I am sure. At any rate"—she faltered—"at any rate, I can try."

The Executive looked at the servant. "Where is Captain Mowbray?"

"In the Marine Blue Room, Excellency."

"Show him in here."

"Yes, Excellency."

The Chief looked at Lefevre. "There

are other places where we can talk," he said; "let us find one."

Nathalie was left alone.

X

MOWBRAY was startled beyond words when upon being ushered into the room he saw Nathalie, herself deeply moved, standing there to receive him. He was splashed with mud and showed other evidences of hard riding, while the scar upon his temple throbbed scarlet against the pallor of his weariness.

"Good heavens—you here!" he exclaimed. "How does that happen?"

She bit her lip and tried to smile. "Nothing happens," she said; "it was all carefully arranged. I did it all."

The officer took two steps backward.

"You did it all!" he repeated. "How can you joke over anything so deplorable as today?"

"I am not joking," she said; "I really did it all. Won't you believe me?"

He only stared at her.

"I took my whole fortune," she said, "and called out the army and navy with it. That is why I say that I did it all."

The deep scarlet anger flooded his face.

"I can't believe you," he said hoarsely. "No money could buy them."

"Oh, I didn't buy them," she said; "I only telegraphed them."

He looked at her a minute, and then burst into ironical laughter.

"If you were a man, or any other woman, I should be angry, I think," he said; "as it is, I am only amused. Where is the Chief Executive? It is to him that I must speak at once."

She choked, and clasped her hands hard one in the other.

"Listen to me first," she said; "it is important—I am important today. I am so important that that is why you find me here. It isn't joking; it's true. I went to Mr. Lefevre the day that you went away. It had come to me that it was a grand chance to get your bill through. I thought that each side could make the other's victory certain, if both joined together to do so. I had

thought it all out little by little those days that I sat by you and talked with you. I so wanted your bill to pass; I wanted to do good, but I wanted to do what you wanted even more. I went to Mr. Lefevre and told him how he could manage it all. After a while he saw. He figured it out just as reasonably as he could, and it came to just about as much as I had. So I wrote him some cheques and came home—and I'm not a woman with a fortune any more."

She turned away from him as she said the last words, and lifted up her head rather proudly.

"Are you really in earnest?" he queried seriously.

She turned her head and gave him one direct glance.

"His Excellency has called both Houses in special session at ten o'clock this morning. I am going before them and make a speech for the army; then Mr. Lefevre will make one for the workmen. After that the two bills will be brought up and voted on."

He stood motionless, his arms folded across his bosom, his head dropped forward, watching her face and listening to her words.

"They'll pass both bills, you know—they'll have to. Nothing has ever stood against me; nothing ever will. I have made up my mind that I—I mean, that you should have what you wanted; and now you see that I—I mean, that you are going to get it."

She stopped then and began to bite her lips; the officer saw that her eyes were filling with tears in spite of her efforts to control herself. He passed quickly to her side and took her hand.

"Don't, my dear little girl," he said hurriedly, almost thickly; "don't, *please*. If it is all true—and I do believe you now—you mustn't break down; too much depends upon you—and you can't afford to fail, you know."

The tears began to fall. "Oh, but I'm going to fail anyhow!" she cried, beginning suddenly to sob. "I can't help failing, and it seems so much too bad, for it isn't a bit my fault."

"Nonsense! You won't fail. You can't fail."

"Oh, yes, I can."

By this time he had a great deal more than the hand in his possession. "The very idea! Who has frightened you so?"

"His Excellency. He says I won't be able to—to make an impression with my speech because—"

"Because what—because what, darling?"

She buried her face in his bosom. "Because I'm not an officer's wife."

His lips drew into something which at the height of its conception was a little like a smile, but being lowered to her level became a kiss.

"Can't I be allowed to set that trifling matter right?" he whispered.

XI

In the vast Legislation Hall of the nation the entire governing body was gathered. The two Houses sat in their double quadracircle of numbered seats; the Supreme Court surmounted them upon its red velvet dais. To the right was the Lord Chancellor with the great seal lying upon its cushion at his feet; to the left on a seat raised four inches higher, the Head of the Government presided over the whole.

All visitors, spectators, sightseers, relatives and reporters were for the time being barred admittance. Lefevre, Captain Mowbray and Nathalie were the only aliens admitted.

The proceedings began with the usual prayer by the chaplain; following that, the Chief Executive in a speech from the chair very clearly, concisely, correctly and connectedly placed the whole case before those present.

When he was through Nathalie was called upon as the first witness; she rose at once, proceeded to the place indicated for her and said:

"Your Excellency and gentlemen—I precede Mr. Lefevre in the pleading of our individual causes, not because mine is of any greater importance than his, but because, he being a gentleman and I

a lady, his constituents as well as yourselves would not desire to see the order reversed.

"I am desired to give my full testimony as to some of the events of the last twenty-four hours because I am regarded as being responsible for them. I am responsible for them for one reason, and that reason I shall detail in a few minutes; but there was another and vastly greater reason for them, and for that second reason I was in no way responsible, for it began many years before I was born.

"I am very much interested in this question. I wasn't interested in it three months ago, because then I didn't know anything about it, and very few people ever take any interest in things of which they know nothing. But a little over three months ago an accident caused an officer to be brought to my house and to lie there for several months, and I have been taking more and more interest in the army ever since. My interest increased every time that I talked with the officer; he was of course much interested himself, for he was the man who drafted the bill for increasing the pay. The bill came up while he was lying at death's door, and you know what happened to it. It is coming up again today, but the same thing will not happen this time. There is no chance of that because all the circumstances attending the treatment of bills are very considerably altered just at present by the recent events.

"I must now speak of those events and the reason why I am responsible for them. I am so responsible for them that I am particularly qualified to recount just how they happened. This is the story beginning from the very beginning:

"The first time that I ever saw my husband I thought that he was superior to any other man that I had ever seen. It was on that account that I made up my mind to marry him. You cannot imagine what a shock it was to me when I found out that he considered himself too poor to marry. He explained to me that a captain's pay is wholly inadequate to the needs of a family, and that

by the time lieutenants get to be captains they usually have quite a family. He had never married therefore, and never intended to marry. Of course I was very rich then myself, but that did not appear to be able to help matters any, as he had decided never to marry a fortune. He seemed to have quite made up his mind, and I really do not believe that he ever would have altered it except for the fact that I had quite made up mine, too.

"Of course if you never have seen but one man in the world whom you have really wanted, you have to have him no matter what feelings he has about marriage. Captain Mowbray talked to me a great deal about everything while he was convalescing, and the more he talked the more plainly I saw that I would have to go to work and do a great deal. Little by little it came to me what I could do and how I could do it, and yesterday morning when the Captain left me to return to his post we parted very happily, because I could see that he felt that he was being exceptionally good not to marry me, and I knew that he was surely going to do it in the end.

"He left in the morning and I did, too. He went west and I went north. I went straight to Mr. Lefevre. Mr. Lefevre was most awfully busy—he was just getting ready to begin to call out the railroads—and he couldn't see anyone except the people he was seeing. I had to write on a piece of paper that I knew a reason why the Southern road could not be called out until afternoon, and I had them take that into him and then he had to see me to hear the reason. I was taken into his private office, and I told him that the reason was that I must go home on that road at one o'clock. He laughed, and then I explained to him as quickly as I could how by joining forces we could easily render you all so absolutely helpless that both bills could be put through without the slightest chance of failure. Mr. Lefevre was not very enthusiastic at first; he said that he thought the time too short to organize a new factor in so big a fight. I asked him if money would do it; he said money

would do almost anything. Then I asked him how much money it would take to telegraph the whole army everywhere.

"He went to his card index and his bookkeeper, and after a while he said that every man upon the government payroll could be reached within four hours for a little over four million of money. I said that was all right, and I wrote the cheque at once. Then I spoke to him about the navy. He was getting quite interested in the army by that time, but he said that he did not believe that the navy was necessary to consider because it was very scattered and could not really be considered as in the country. I said that I wanted to see justice done equally on sea and shore, and that as long as we were in the game we wanted to do it thoroughly; so he went back to his card index and his bookkeeper and figured the cablegrams and marconigrams at two million one hundred thousand—and I said that that was all right and wrote him that cheque. Then he began to see how much I was interested and how deeply I desired to bring the whole through successfully, and so we began to canvass all the possibilities in good earnest; and I said that my great dread was of some disorder arising when all check through fear of the troops should have been removed. He said that that contingency might be handled by a blanket accident policy to cover every person and building in the country, the same to be negotiated through five insurance companies for a premium of just five million—so I wrote him that cheque. Then I spoke of the added wear and tear on his office force and himself, and we settled that. Then I added up the little spare page in my chequebook where you keep subtracting, and found that I only had two hundred and fifty-eight thousand left, but I knew that that was more than my husband would ever be willing to marry, so I asked Mr. Lefevre if he wouldn't accept the two hundred and fifty thousand for his Relief Fund, and he said that he would, so I wrote him that cheque. Then he advised me to keep the eight thousand in case that I might

need some money, and I thought so, too, so I did.

"I came home on the one o'clock train, and just as soon as my train was in Mr. Lefevre began calling the roads out. You know how things went after that. His Excellency sent for Mr. Lefevre in the night, and he sent for me early this morning. They wanted me to make this speech that I am making now, and I said that I would. There was only one hitch in the whole, and that was that they both felt that you wouldn't be able to see why I should have bothered so much when I wasn't an officer's wife; they said that you were not used to anything being presented to you by anyone unless that one was getting something out of it for himself. We didn't know what to do for a little, for there was only one officer that I wanted to marry, and no officer at all to marry me. But while we were talking one did arrive, the only one to disobey the orders; he had ridden post-haste all night to report for duty to his Chief, so he got here this morning just in time to marry me. Of course it was the right man, the man I loved—the right man is always the man you love and also the one man that you never can make mind—that's why you love him. I'm ever so proud of his disobeying—as proud as I am of the rest for standing like one man for their own rights and their brothers'. That's all!"

She looked at her husband and smiled, and then looked at them all and smiled. A perfect roar of applause arose and voices here and there cried out:

"The bills! The bills!"

As Nathalie crossed to where her chair was waiting, the bills were brought and the reading began at once. There was no need of further speeches; there was no discussion as to one single clause. Both bills were passed without a dissenting voice, and then they were forthwith carried up to the Supreme Bench and signed from one end of it to the other; after that the Lord Chancellor affixed his seal, the Chief Executive pronounced them laws, the chaplain said "Amen" and the special session was declared absolved forthwith.

Everyone poured out of the hall at once. Without, a perfect delirium of acclamations was rending the air; the street cars were running; the newsboys were yelling extras; the very skies seemed beaming with joy.

"Oh, I'm so happy!" said Nathalie to her husband. "And didn't I make a good speech? I never said a word about lofty motives or future generations; I just kept right to money and things that they could understand."

"It was admirable," said Mowbray. "Why, I could even understand it myself, and that is more than some men can do with some women's speeches."

They pressed through the hurraing crowds and called a cab. "I want to get back home as quickly as I can," Nathalie said. "I want to set poor Kathryn's mind at rest. Poor thing, she'll still be shivering in the room on the court, I suppose."

Mowbray put her into the hansom, stepped in himself and drew the doors shut. "I fear that I am back among my dreams again," he said, turning a little toward her—"but then I never have been my real self with you."

"No, I felt that," she said; "you were the stiffest, schoolteacherest kind of a man. You talked as if it was out of a book, and no matter *what* I wore, you never said that it was pretty."

"Didn't you pity me?" he asked gen-

tly. "I wasn't very happily situated after I began to guess how we both felt."

"Guess! Didn't you *know* how I felt from the very beginning?"

He was forced to laugh.

But she did not laugh.

"I want to tell you something," she said gravely. "I've married you—you know that. I've married you today because it was forced upon us both by the circumstances. But now I've married you, I want you to understand something, and it's very important, and I'm in earnest, too. I've never had any love-making in all my life, and I don't want to be cheated out of it. I haven't been able to help doing the way I've done; I had to do as I did because you were so dead set in your ideas, and I saw in the very first of it that expecting you to do anything toward getting us married would be a piece of folly that never would come out anywhere."

"I would have died before I would have come to you as a *prétendant*," said the officer.

"I know it," she said—"and so I've done all the work. But I think you ought to make it up to me now, don't you?"

He looked at her—but hansom interiors are such *very* public property.

"Will you take my word for my good intentions," he whispered—"just until we get to the house?"



THE KISS

By Sara Teasdale

I HOPED that he would love me,
And he has kissed my mouth;
But I am like a stricken bird
That cannot reach the south.

For, though I know he loves me,
Tonight my heart is sad—
His kiss was not so wonderful
As all the dreams I had.

SOMNAMBULA

By Frederic Taber Cooper

“**S**HE certainly was in rare voice to-night,” said Frazer fervently. Despite the lateness of the hour, we were lingering over our drinks, discussing the evening’s performance, a memorable revival of that seldom heard opera, Bellini’s “Somnambula.” Frazer always made that identical remark about his favorite singer, but this time it passed unchallenged.

“Oh, it was not only that,” supplemented Dutton with conviction; “it was her acting that was so marvelous. Did you fellows notice her eyes in that sleepwalking scene? I had my glasses riveted on her all the time, and I tell you I never saw that far-off unseeing look better counterfeited. It gave me a queer sort of start, for it brought back so vividly—”

He broke off abruptly, as though he had been on the verge of an indiscretion. But we scented a story, and vociferously demanded it. We had secured our usual corner table at Burke’s; the musicians were just casing their instruments for the night, and we could hear our own voices in comfort.

“Why, it was like this,” began Dutton after some urging: “it was a queer thing that I happened to stumble against at a week end party some years back—one of those involuntary confessions that a man would be a cad to betray. I suppose there is no real harm in telling it here, so long as I give none of the real names or localities. You fellows don’t know any of the people concerned, and you’re not likely to run across them, for they are not living in this country at present. At all events, the queer thing happened at their summer place at the seashore, situated somewhere—well, not

to come too close, we will say somewhere on the Atlantic coast. Comfortable, roomy place, like a great, overgrown bungalow, squatting down on a shelving stretch of beach that lay in a sheltered niche, scooped out as if on purpose from the bleak pile of rock behind it. Sleepy Hollow, they called the bungalow. It was an ideal spot to loaf in—one big living room downstairs, with a huge open fireplace for chilly days, and all the bedrooms on the floor above strung along in a sort of endless chain, with a wide, low-roofed piazza completely encircling them and stretching out at one end over the rocks, against which the surf broke at high tide—a place where you didn’t have to worry overmuch about clothes and conventions, and where you could lay down a cigarette on the window ledge or piazza rail without being afraid that you might spoil the paint or varnish, for there wasn’t any to be spoiled.

“The man—we’ll call him Brewster, Jim Brewster for convenience’s sake—I had known off and on for some years, known him fairly well, in a business way and always rather liked him, though most people found him a little hard, gloomy and saturnine, as though something in life had soured him. Mrs. Jimmy I had hardly met, and it was with a good deal of curiosity and a growing disapproval that I studied her during the first day after my arrival.

“We were having nasty weather that week, a chill, persistent, driving storm, such as is usually due toward the latter part of August. It kept us pretty well housed almost all day Saturday, hugging the fireplace and taking turns at stoking with gray salt-laden chunks of driftwood. There were sixteen of us

altogether, and rather more men than women; but I won't bore you with anything more than the essentials; and the essentials included, besides myself, just three others, my host and hostess and a tall, clean cut young fellow with the face of a fledgling Apollo who just fitted in with the name of Reggie Forbes. I have seldom seen a woman who puzzled me at first meeting so much as Mrs. Jimmy. Not that the combination of audacity and feigned ingenuousness is any novelty. But Mrs. Jimmy was an adept, with hidden and unexpected resources. She had besides rather more than one woman's share of good looks; and when she chose to play havoc with some poor devil's peace of mind she had her own special way of smiling up at him from under half-closed lids, with a look that was an offer, a challenge and a refusal all in one. It dawned upon me that it was small wonder that Jim Brewster had become the scowling, morose fellow that most people found him. As for Reggie Forbes, I had not seen him and Mrs. Jimmy together half an hour before I realized that the young fool had quite lost his head, and was ready to commit no end of follies, regardless of the consequences. It was really too bad of her, I thought, to play like that with a mere boy; if she craved that dangerous sort of excitement, she ought to have chosen someone with an older and cooler head, someone who understood the rules of the game and was not in danger of losing more heavily than he could well afford.

"But as the day wore on I began to realize that there was a certain genuineness about Mrs. Jimmy's actions which did not quite dovetail in with my first impressions. She seemed like a person laboring under an unnatural, febrile excitement. According to all appearances, I was witnessing the second act of a rather poignant domestic drama; and I mentally rubbed my eyes, as it were, convinced that I must have been seeing amiss, because no one else seemed aware that anything out of the ordinary was happening. Even Brewster himself gave no sign of suspecting the existence of anything that would warrant

uneasiness; he merely growled a trifle more obviously than usual, openly insulted the weather bureau for the foulness of the weather, and finally, as the clouds broke in the west and the sun went down clear, suddenly took it into his head to leave us for a three days' fishing trip. This was no surprise to me, for I knew that he spent much of his summer beating about quite alone in a small catboat, often absent a week at a time, and paying apparently not the slightest heed to the guests, either male or female, whom Mrs. Jimmy might chance to have staying at Sleepy Hollow. But this time before starting he drew me aside in order to say, with more human warmth than I would have expected of him: 'Dutton, old man, don't think me rude. Things are turning out a bit differently from what I looked for when I asked you down.'

"'Don't think of me,' I answered cheerfully. 'I am right enough—having the time of my life. But I am due at my office on Tuesday. If you are still fishing then, don't forget to look me up the next time you come to town.' He nodded absently, but I really doubt whether he had heard a word I said. It seemed hardly right to let him go sailing entirely alone on the tail end of a bad storm, for it was quite clear that he was silently laboring under a heavy mental strain—but of course I had not the slightest warrant for interfering. His departure passed without open comment; indeed, I doubt whether most of the guests even discovered his absence. It is hard to give you the right impression of the ruling spirit of Sleepy Hollow that evening, both during dinner and afterward. It was not what could be accurately called a jolly party, although the big, low-ceilinged room echoed continuously with laughter and the thrust and parry of light banter and audacious jest. But underneath it all one felt an element of unwholesome feverishness in the air, for the life there had been keyed to a rather high pitch, and cocktails and highballs circulated a little too freely.

"As I have said, there were more men than women in the party; so four of us felt that we were not really slighting the

ladies when we gathered at one end of the long dining table for a quiet hand at poker. The others, I know, went out by twos and threes to get a breath of air and watch the big waves rolling in, for the surf was still high. But they were soon driven indoors again by the evening chill. I remember this because each opening of the dining room door caused a down draught, bringing with it eddies of pungent driftwood smoke that set our eyes to stinging. But it must have been well on toward eleven when the sudden tempestuous entrance of Mrs. Jimmy, followed by Reggie, looking like a forlorn hope, bore home to me the interesting fact that for the greater part of the evening we had been deserted by our hostess and her satellite. Mrs. Jimmy seated herself across the table from me and began to exhibit a feverish interest in our game. Reggie, with an ostentatious parade of bad manners, which the rest of the company were luckily too busy or to obtuse to notice, ignored her tacit invitation to sit beside her, made an elaborate circuit of the entire room and installed himself at my elbow, with the width of the table between them. In my preoccupation over this new development I blindly backed a pair of tens against three aces and paid heavily for my recklessness. There was no use in trying to keep my thoughts on the game, with Reggie savagely smoking cigarette after cigarette, frowning into space, and Mrs. Jimmy feverishly fluffing airy impertinences from across the table, addressed to nobody in particular. So I cashed in the few chips that those three aces had spared me, and settled back comfortably to watch the byplay.

"It was not long before young Forbes's supply of matches became exhausted, and he gloomed for a while in silence, wrathfully chewing the end of his unlighted cigarette. I might have taken out my own matchbox and proffered it, but it is always more interesting to watch a situation develop itself. Mrs. Jimmy had suddenly lost her vivacity and was absent-mindedly tracing pictures with a lead pencil on the margin of an evening paper. It struck me all at once that in repose her face had almost a

haunted look. Presently she glanced up, met and held Reggie's gaze with a curious, steady, unsmiling look, as though concentrating her thoughts upon something that she wished she might make him understand. Then carelessly she tore a strip from the margin of the paper before her and, with her customary provocative smile, stretched it across the table to him. Something about her act, either the smile or the bantering words that accompanied it, or perhaps the mere idea that she had taken the trouble to notice that he needed a light, worked a queer transformation in young Forbes. It struck me at the time that his gratitude was out of all proportion to the gift of a mere bit of paper. I watched him out of the corner of my eye; he was apparently having some trouble to make up his mind to twist up that piece of paper, hold it over the lamp and get his neglected cigarette lighted. It was exactly as though the young fellow regarded that strip of paper as something extremely precious, and shrank from the necessity of offering it up as a burnt sacrifice. I think Mrs. Jimmy became suddenly rather scared, as though the look in his eyes threatened some indiscretion, for she rose quite hurriedly, walked to the other end of the room and began to make things especially lively in that quarter, by way of causing a diversion. The odd part of it was that Reggie did not seem disturbed by her abandonment; he just continued to sit there, oblivious of his surroundings, gazing at her with an ecstasy of dumb worship in his eyes that made me wish he was my younger brother so that I might have the pleasure of taking him aside and cuffing a little common sense into his much too handsome young head.

"Notwithstanding the strenuous pace set by Mrs. Jimmy, they did not seem to keep late hours at Sleepy Hollow. Perhaps it was the salt air, the indoor warmth, the weariness that comes where a bunch of people are housed throughout a dragging day in each other's company. But whatever it was, I know that for my part I felt an overpowering drowsiness, and I think the others would have owned to much the same condition.

At all events, it needed only the slightest hint from our hostess to scatter us all to our rooms, and by midnight the bungalow was wrapt in darkness and silence. I don't know how long it was after that before I was roused by a sudden sharp knock on my door, accompanied by a commotion and the sound of excited voices in the hall.

"Who's there?" I called. "What's the matter?" My first thought had naturally been of fire; but to my amazement it was Brewster who answered me—Brewster, who ought by this time to have been scudding along miles away before a brisk gale, and who instead was mysteriously back again at Sleepy Hollow and calling through the keyhole in queer, hoarse tones:

"Get your clothes on and come out here. I need you."

"I had already begun to dress, and a moment later, with buttons all awry, flung my door open. Four or five other men appeared almost simultaneously, while all the way down the hall doors were opening and women's heads were thrust excitedly out. We must have been a funny looking crowd, shoeless for the most part, and not one of us who did not have one or more garments missing. One man, I remember, the one who had worsted me with his three aces, had forgotten to button his collar. Its points reared upward on each side of his face behind his ears, and a bright red necktie, still clinging to it, straggled over his shoulder. But nothing struck any of us as funny after the first glimpse of Brewster's face. He had always been pale; but that night in the dim hall he looked positively bloodless. I shall never forget the ghastly impression made by his wild black eyes staring out of a face like chalk, set in a frame of black hair and beard, and accentuated by his white sweater and black trousers. In his right hand he held a pistol. I won't try to repeat literally what he said, for he was pretty incoherent, and his language was not choice. But the upshot of it was that he had come back silently and unexpectedly; that Mrs. Jimmy was not in her room; that he thought he knew where to find her and wanted

witnesses; and that anybody who interfered with him was likely to get hurt. It seems queer now that all of us acted so like a flock of sheep. It ought to have been easy enough to grab him and take away his pistol, for that wasn't exactly the sort of toy for a man in his mood to be fooling with. But I don't think that any of us really believed he would use it, and as a matter of fact he did not. Besides, we were all still so heavy with sleep that the whole situation possessed the fantastic unreality of a dream. At any rate, when he led the way through my bedroom and out onto the extreme eastern end of the piazza, we all followed docilely.

"He is quite mad," whispered my friend of the red necktie in the midst of a struggle with his collar button. "Of course it's a wanton outrage on Mrs. Jimmy, but there's no use thwarting him." For my own part, however, I had a cold thrill of foreboding; and if there had been any way of getting out of it I would not have been a party to this public hunting down of our hostess.

"As it happened, we very nearly met with a disaster that would have prevented us from reaching our goal, for just beyond the window of Mrs. Jimmy's room, which was next my own, a trap-door in the piazza flooring, of the existence of which I think none of us had been aware, yawned wide open. I learned afterwards that Brewster had had it constructed for his own use, so that when he came home late from his fishing excursions and put away his tackle under the piazza, he could mount and let himself in that way without disturbing anybody. At all events, we edged around the trap rather foolishly, following Brewster's lead, and not a man among us thought to close it down. Stocking-footed, we traversed the entire length of the bungalow, coming to a pause opposite the window of Reggie Forbes's room. The light was still burning, and the uncurtained window stood just ajar upon its hinges. There was no need of shades or curtains on this side of the bungalow, for the windows looked out upon nothing but a limitless expanse of water. Silent as our ap-

proach had been, Reggie must have heard it, for he had his hand on the window almost at the instant that Brewster, with a snarl of fury, pushed it inward. Standing in the middle of the room, barefooted, with her hair hanging in heavy braids down her back, and wearing some sort of a white silk dressing gown, stood Mrs. Jimmy.

"I believe that I was not in the least surprised to find her there; but I was conscious of a sincere pity for the foolish woman whose husband had so cleverly ensnared her. But she seemed not in the least concerned at our presence. In fact, for the moment I took her composure for the most wanton bravado. She did not even turn when Brewster hurled himself upon young Forbes, and in another moment would have had him by the throat had not the latter, with more nerve than I had expected of him, caught him by both wrists with the grip of healthy, college trained young muscles.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "Can't you see that Mrs. Brewster is asleep?" And in fact, as he spoke she turned slowly and faced us, her glance passing in a steady unseeing stare over us, through us. I give you my word, I never felt anything more uncanny than the gaze of that pale, beautiful woman standing there before all of us, who had come to see her downfall, and apparently not seeing or hearing or giving any sign of awareness. Slowly she crossed the room, moved her hand up and down the wall, fumblingly, as though searching for something that she failed to find, then turned again and with the same wide eyes and far-off intentness moved straight toward the window where we all stood gaping. From the moment that young Forbes had spoken, Brewster had stood silent, scowling, almost stunned by the unexpectedness of the event. But suddenly he pulled himself together.

"What a damned farce!" he said brutally. "It may fool some people, but it doesn't fool me!" I think he would have seized his wife roughly; but this time we all instinctively interfered. 'Hush!' 'Don't touch her!' 'It's dangerous to waken her too suddenly!' We

all spoke at once, in whispers hoarse with excitement, at the same time holding him back by main force.

"All right," he sneered sardonically; 'let her go! Let her go to hell! She's fooling you all, I tell you. She has fooled me right along until now, but she can't do it this time.'

"Instinctively, however, he also hushed his voice to a whisper as she passed him, pacing slowly between the double line of us, with eyes still staring straight ahead, finding her way by instinct, walking in an unwavering line toward the open trapdoor. I think that we all realized simultaneously her danger. 'Stop her, for God's sake! She is walking straight into the trap!' And indeed it ought to have been a simple thing to stop her, for she was moving at a snail's pace. But Brewster was too quick for us. With a sudden bound he sprang ahead and faced us with raised pistol.

"Keep out of this," he said, with a laugh that made me creep, it sounded so unbalanced. 'Let her alone. Walk into that hole? Not she! The farce is over, my lady! You may as well own up!'

"For the moment I believe we all thought he was right; otherwise, no pistol in a madman's hand would have held us back. During that one moment Mrs. Jimmy stood still, not in the least as though she had heard him, but simply as if undecided what her next move was to be. And then our chance of stopping her had gone, for with the blind insistence of a machine she moved again, steadily forward, stepped out over the brink of the opening, out into the air, and silently disappeared. Then followed the sickening thud of impact, a cry of terror and pain, and then silence again, heavy and full of fear. When we found her on the rocks below I thought at first that she was dead. She had an ugly cut on her head, and one leg was doubled under her in an ominous way. She was unconscious, and her eyes were almost closed, suggesting a painful caricature of her favorite trick of the provocative glance from under lowered lids."

Dutton interrupted himself long

enough to signal to the waiter for another round of "the same."

"How did she ever have the nerve to do it?" I murmured softly.

"Nerve, nothing!" broke in Frazer hotly. "Of course she was asleep, poor woman. That brute of a husband ought to have been lynched!"

"Then why," queried someone, "didn't that unbaked cub of a Forbes interfere? He was the only one who really knew."

"Forbes," resumed Dutton, "was almost beside himself. It fell to my share to keep him quiet, and it looked as if he was going to make foolish trouble. I kept him down in the dining room all the time we were waiting for the doctor to come, raving incoherently, uttering empty threats against Brewster for driving an innocent woman to her death. And all the while there was poor Brewster upstairs on his knees beside his senseless wife, in almost as pitiful a state as she. I never saw such a transformation in a man. From his frenzy of jealousy he had passed into the most abject repentance, calling himself coward, brute, murderer, imploring her to live and to forgive. I think, of all that evening, the most vivid, indelible impression that I have retained was poor Brewster's impotent remorse—at least, the most vivid excepting one."

"And what was that?" we asked, as of course Dutton meant we should.

"Why," he responded, "while I sat facing young Forbes across the table, and trying to be tolerant of his absurd threats of coroners and sheriffs and lynching parties, I happened to glance down at a newspaper lying in front of me, the identical newspaper on which poor Mrs. Jimmy had aimlessly traced pictures earlier in the evening, the newspaper from the margin of which she had torn the strip that Reggie had used to light his cigarette. Mrs. Jimmy must have used a rather hard pencil, because on the margin of the second page its pressure had left a series of indentations, quite clear for those who cared to read. Well, I followed Mrs. Jimmy's example and tore off another margin from that paper and passed it across to Reggie, who, for a second time that evening, was chewing an unlighted cigarette. 'Light up, you young idiot,' I said, 'and quit talking. Morning will be time enough to pack your trunk.' He glared at me defiantly a moment, looked at the paper, then turned from red to white, then red again, while his jaws snapped suddenly together, amusingly like a clam. He put the paper to the lamp; it burned quite well."



TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

By W. B. Kerr

THERE was a man in our town,
 And he was wondrous wise;
 He read a fiction magazine,
 But thought the tales were lies.
 So, when he found the stories false,
 And therefore not worth while,
 He read the advertisements—
 And they beat the tales a mile.

THE MAXIMS OF METHUSELAH

Regarding the Women of the Land of Nod

By Gelett Burgess

1 *The proper understanding of women availeth men mightily.* 4 *Divers precepts concerning her ways.* 7 *And woman's wile in roping in men.* 16 *Of her immemorial bromides.* 17 *A waiter's ways compared to those of a woman.* 20 *How to rule over women.* 24 *Insult and flattery both excellently practised by women.* 27 *The patriarch, in an example of his own experience, sheweth how difficult it is to recognize types.* 44 *The two views of woman.*

MY SON, consider the ways of women and be wise; for he who knoweth them not is as one who walketh blindfold over fly-paper: he shall become sore *entangled*.

2 From women mayest thou learn of women; even from her who fooleth thee shalt thou know how others would fool thee.

3 For men are comrades one with another; they give not away the game; but every woman's hand is against her sister, and her ways are made plain.

4 ¶To a woman, the man she loveth is even as an infant; behold, she humoreth him like a child. For he is vain, full of importance and noise, even as the babe within her arms.

5 The fool sayeth unto her: Why gettest thou not a hat like *Miss Smith's*? But he who avoideth trouble speaketh warily of her raiment.

6 Wouldst thou discover the primitive female in all women? Go to the woman with nerves, and she shall teach thee psychology. Yea, when she weepeth, when she gnasheth her teeth, when hysterics come upon her, then shall she show thee what lies hidden *in all women*.

7 ¶Now, on a time, a woman smiled upon me, saying: Dost thou love me?

8 And I said unto her: *Nay*, I love thee not.

9 Yet again she came unto me, saying: Dost thou *not* love me?

10 And I said: *Nay*, have I not told thee? I love thee not.

11 And the third time the woman came fawning, and she wept, saying: If thou wilt only *pretend* that thou lovest me, then will my heart be assuaged.

12 And my heart softened and my will became as water, and I said unto her: Lo, if it pleaseth thee that I should deceive thee, then will I surely say: Behold, I love thee. *But I mean it not.*

13 And when I had said it she fastened her eyes upon me, and I could not depart from her; seventy and seven were the years of my captivity, wherein every day she said:

14 Lo, hast thou not said unto me: I love thee? Wherefore seekest thou to depart? Thou art bound unto me.

15 And I gnashed my teeth and rent my hair, desiring to slay her; for great was her guile.

16 ¶Of the women who have said unto me: *Lo, I will tell thee what I have dared tell no other man*, have I counted upward of six hundred; and of them who said: *Thou understandest me as hath no man*, behold, the wilderness would not hold them.

17 ¶My son, observe the waiter at the restaurant, how he studieth his victims, searching out their weaknesses, that his tips may be large. Lo, I say unto thee, so doth a woman study her prey that she may accomplish her will.

18 Whether he liketh blue she noticeth, and if he admireth green it doth not escape her; the books that he readeth doth she read also, and if peradventure he hateth onions, *she is aware of it.*

19 She observeth his ways, saying: *Ha, ha*, when the time cometh then shall I work him.

20 ¶My son, if a woman love thee give her many commandments. Say unto her: *Thou shalt drink no coffee*, and she shall keep thy word. Command her as a slave, and she shall love thee.

21 Yet shalt thou command her *only* regarding those things she would fain in anywise do; prevent her not when her mind is set.

22 For in small things woman would obey a master, yea, she rejoiceth in her slavery; but he who forceth a woman against her will, he shall encounter a live wire; his love will be shocked.

23 Many a maiden have I known who could catch mice in her fingers, but of them who could *not* trim hats better than her milliner, nay, not one.

24 ¶Who is so rude as an insolent woman, and what man dare utter her insults? Her tongue is barbed and is baited with friendliness; she knoweth not shame. For behold, she hath but one weapon, but a man hath two fists.

25 Yet when she flattereth thee, she surpasseth all boldness; she buttereth thee as with butter, yea, she layeth it on thick. And man lappeth it up, he eateth of her praise greedily, *he calleth for more.*

26 What man can compete with woman when she serveth out the honey; and when she handeth out the vinegar who can equal her?

27 ¶Now in the Land of Nod there was a youth, and he was named Gazabe, *which, being interpreted, signifieth He Who Putteth in his Foot*;

28 And by the side of the Tigris he came upon a woman reading a tablet.

29 Her eyes were bluer than the ice of the Antarctic, and the height of her brow was great, for she was a college graduate. Six degrees had she taken, and all her ways were chaste.

30 And the youth wooed her, saying: Lo, how I *respect* thee; thy *wisdom* maketh me to be afraid. Thou art purer than the lilies, therefore let not my touch sully thee. Let us reason together.

31 And she said unto him: Go thy way, *thou simple one*,

32 For I desire not to be respected, neither do I regard platonic friendship. My learning is a curse unto me, and as for my degrees *they are not worth a hair-pin.*

33 Where is he who dareth to seize me by the hair of my head, dragging me into his cave; and why cometh not he who shall beat me *until I become enamored?*

34 For a romantic lover have I not yet seen; and as for him who wooeth with a vengeance, he is a minus quantity to me.

35 And Gazabe marveled mightily, saying: What aileth me, that I have played the yap with this damsel? And he held up his right hand, swearing: *Never again.*

36 And he awoke as from a dream, and went down into Babylonia. And after he had journeyed ten days he came upon a damsel gazing into a mirror. And she was an actorine; *her name was Maybelle.*

37 Her hair was stained with henna, and upon her fingers were many rings. Of rouge and divers unguents had she used ten measures.

38 And Gazabe said unto Maybelle: Lo, thou art a pomegranate, thy form is exceeding fine: thy perfect garment fitteth thee, and thy feet are smaller than mice. There are none like unto thee.

39 And he put his arms about her and gathered her in; yea, before she was aware, he kissed her upon the lips mightily, so that men heard the noise thereof.

40 And she smote him upon the face,

41 Saying: Lo, because I am an actorine shalt thou not respect me? And if I wear tights upon the stage, is there no virtue in me?

42 Where is he who shall be a

brother unto me, and who is the man who shall be my *friend*? For my heart sick-
eneth for knowledge, and I would fain
discourse of the Fourth Dimension.

43 And Gazabe departed from that
land, and shaved his head; even unto
the Hoboites did he make his way. Upon

his head he cast ashes, and of sackcloth
were his trousers.

44 ¶ Now of men who seek to under-
stand women there are but two schools:
those who regard them as angels, *and are*
deceived; and those who consider them as
devils and are *amused*.



RESURRECTION

By Richard Le Gallienne

IS it your face I see, your voice I hear?

Your face, your voice, again after these years!

Oh, is your cheek once more against my cheek?

And is this blessed rain, angel, your tears?

You have come back—how strange—out of the grave;

Its dreams are in your eyes, and still there clings

Dust of the grave on your vainglorious hair;

And a mysterious rust is on these rings—

The ring we gave each other, that young night

When the moon rose on our betrothal kiss;

When the sun rose upon our wedding day—

How wonderful it was to give you this!

I dreamed you were a bird or a wild flower,

Some changed lovely thing that was not you;

Maybe, I said, she is the morning star,

A radiance unfathomably far—

And now again you are so strangely near!

Your face, your voice, again after these years!

Is it your face I see, your voice I hear?

And is this blessed rain, angel, your tears?

HISTORIC "MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS"

By Cheyenne Law

EXCERPT from the *Stygian Shade's* report of the annual dinner of the select "Has-Been" Club, the members of which upon this occasion were asked to contribute pithy expressions of regret for having lived too soon:

NAPOLEON—I regret that I did not live during the aeroplane period. To have invaded perfidious Albion per program would then have been an easy matter.

NERO—That I could not have used a pianola instead of a fiddle at the burning of Rome, thereby obviating much subsequent criticism.

WILD BILL—That the automatic gun was not in existence during my earthly career; my record would have been much more brilliant.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR—That the modern breakfast foods were not invented at the time I took to grass.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—That, for the purpose of conquest, I did not live to see the New World discovered.

SHAKESPEARE—That I did not postpone my earthly existence until after Bacon's demise.

ABRAHAM—That I did not live to become king of New York, the capital of modern Judea.

CHARLES I—That I did not have an opportunity to become a present day standpat Senator; I could have been just as reactionary without the personal peril element incident to kingship.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN—That I never met Doc Cook.

LORD BYRON—That I did not enjoy the advantage of securing material from certain celebrated New York murder trials for "Don Juan."

FALSTAFF—That I have never tasted the modern cocktail.

CERVANTES—Not to have lived in Indiana—that is my regret.

HENRY VIII—That I did not live in an age when divorce was more respectable.

JOHN LAW—That I was not on hand during "trustification."

HERCULES—That I cannot have a try at the Augean stables of American politics.

WALTER RALEIGH—That the dangers of the tobacco habit were unknown when I began using the weed.

COLUMBUS—That during my time it was not known there was a North Pole.

Letters from the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew, honorary members of the club, were read, both of whom intimated that all is vanity and expressed regret that they had lived at any period.

THE LAST EXPEDIENT

By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow

THEY sat in the garden, the usual triangular party, Mrs. Arden, her daughter Violet and Noel Jocelyn, their friend.

So had they sat every fine afternoon during an exceptionally fine fortnight. The lilacs had opened their amethyst buds in that time and were flooding the warm air with their clean fragrance.

Helen Arden looked at her surroundings, exulting in the familiar beauty of them; then she turned her eyes upon her companions and found a subtle alteration. It was not really in their appearance. Rather, it made itself felt by an inner sense.

Jocelyn, big, clean shaven, unmistakably well bred in his old clothes, lay back in a low garden chair, his long legs stretched out on the daisied turf. His tranquil eyes gazed up into the blue air. He appeared as he had at any time in this last year, during which he had come to be so beloved of mother and daughter.

Violet, too, was her usual bright self, slight, fair and charming as the conventional maiden, with an added spice of attraction not given to all. Where was the change in her? Helen Arden searched anxiously for a visible sign of what was being impressed upon her consciousness—but found none. She wondered whether, at least, the others would notice it.

She was just eighteen years older than Violet. There was as yet scarcely a hint of autumn in her fine sensitive face. Sorrow and disappointment had but molded it into a nobler beauty.

Jocelyn sighed and pulled himself into a less sprawling attitude. "It's been a jolly time," he said—"and now it's nearly over."

"There'll be other times like it," observed Violet; she seemed in bright spirits, and turned a laughing face upon him.

"No two times are alike," he answered. "Are they, Nell?" He was the only person who gave Mrs. Arden this name.

She heard it always with fresh pleasure. As her eyes met his she was struck more than ever with the sense of change.

"Suppose this were to be the last time?" she suggested.

"The last meeting of the Triangle Club? Impossible!" It was Violet who spoke, almost vehemently.

"They've all been good, haven't they?" said Jocelyn. "The Easter at Rapallo—Christmas at St. Moritz—that fortnight in Paris—August at Innsbruck—and the September week in Venice! One could write a book about them all."

"Yet you can go away in cold blood and leave us!" said Violet.

"All jam is a bad diet," said Jocelyn, smiling.

"Matrimony isn't all jam, is it, Mumsey?"

"Who is talking of matrimony?" asked Helen, with an expression of distaste.

"Noel and I are wondering if we can bear to tie ourselves up," said Violet.

A sudden something swept over Helen's face, leaving it blank—but she said nothing.

"We're both so free and detached by nature, you see, Nell," said Jocelyn. "But if she goes on the stage she'll want a strong fist for the heads of bounders—and it wouldn't be a bad thing to have me in the background."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Arden.

"Oh, we really have been talking about it, Mumsey," said Violet.

"I'll never believe it."

"Yes, truly we have. We're very fond of each other, aren't we, Noel?"

Something almost nervous in Violet's usually frank manner arrested Helen. A sudden pang told her that this was no jest.

"Shall I lose my daughter and my best friend the same day?" she asked, smiling with stiff lips.

"You'll keep me and gain a son," said the girl.

"Oh, I don't want a son just my own age, thank you!"

"You don't believe we'll ever come to it, do you, Nell?" asked Jocelyn. He sat regarding her with a face full of frank affection.

"Well, the day that comes off I will marry Ambrose all over again!"

"Oh, what fun!" cried Violet. "Swear it, Mumsey! Cross your heart and promise!"

Helen Arden, a little paler but still smiling, pretended to do as she was bidden. "I swear," said she, "that the day you marry Noel I will marry papa again—if he'll have me!" Her white hand trembled upon her bosom as she hesitated to make the sacred sign.

"Oh, papa will love it; you know he wants you! We'll have a double wedding, won't we, Noel?"

Jocelyn looked amused, and not at all sentimental.

"I shall have to live in a cottage and give you my income," said Helen.

"You'll spend all your days in our drawing-room," said the prospective son-in-law.

"Don't you believe it!" laughed Helen. "I'm not fond of turtle doves!"

Then she rose abruptly. "I'm dying for some exercise," she said; "I'll leave you to settle the details of the wedding"—and in that mocking note the conversation ended.

It was not until she was outside the garden, walking swiftly, blindly along the lonely country road, that the storm

broke over her. Her mind, a half hour ago, had lain like a green and peaceful plain, flower-starred and basking in the sun. Now a tempest raged over it—an ice flood overwhelmed it. On the heaving waters tossed like wreckage strange thoughts which she did not recognize. Had the flowery plain been the mirage? Was the raging flood the reality?

She strode on, looking about her with unseeing eyes. Not for her was the tender message of the spring! For her, as for the world, was coming a resurrection. But no beautiful and gracious things were emerging from their hiding place. All were terrible; dreadful remnants burst their grave clothes and leered at her: dead hopes, dead passions, dead happiness—long interred with decency—without a stone to mark their retreat. Not for many years had she so abandoned herself to emotion.

Only in repression was there salvation. She had feared—dreaded inexpressibly to relax her hold on herself. Since she had parted years before from the man who had squeezed her life dry, she had known always that only on the surface of things was safety.

Today the pressure was removed. A year of self-deception was ended; she stood face to face with the truth. During that year she had, as she now knew, been sustained by the friendship of Noel Jocelyn.

They had met at the house of a friend during one of Jocelyn's rare visits to England; she had at once felt his compelling attraction, and had hastened to share this delightful discovery with her daughter. Then was formed what they all laughingly called the "Triangle Club." They composed a trio unusual, if not unique, in the annals of friendship. Jocelyn always protested that he didn't know which was the younger—Violet or Helen. Mother and daughter shared the regard of the man quite equally. None of the three ever felt an intruder on the other two.

Jocelyn was a born wanderer—he never remained long in one place; but the Ardens used to meet him at various points abroad and they would spend en-

chanted days together. Under this influence life had taken on a new meaning. The past was almost forgotten, and the future ceased to look empty and cheerless. And now—Noel was to be Helen's son-in-law!

When she returned, too weary to be anything but calm, she found Violet alone in the little drawing-room. The big window framed a picture of rose and saffron sky above the trees and bushes where the birds were saying their evening prayers. Helen sank down in a chintz-covered easy chair. "Was that all a joke, Violet?" she asked abruptly.

Her daughter turned a gently smiling face toward her.

"No; I really believe we shall marry, after all," she said.

"Do you—love each other much?"

"As much as we can; we're very modern, you see—not soft and sentimental like the last generation. We like to be together sometimes—and people talk so disagreeably."

"Aren't you too emancipated to mind that?"

A certain dry quality in Helen's voice arrested Violet's attention. Her mother's face looked drawn and pale even in the tender sunset light.

"Not really; one only pretends not to mind."

"And what will you live on?"

"Noel makes a certain amount by his pictures, you know; and he wants me to go on the stage, if I can, just as I planned."

"It will be a curious *ménage*!"

Helen laughed a little. Violet came nearer to her mother.

"You aren't vexed, are you, Mumsey?" she asked. "You like Noel for a son, don't you?"

"I'm sure he'll make a delightful anything."

"Shall I have to ask papa's consent?"

"I don't know; you're under age."

"He's in London now."

"Yes, I know."

Violet laughed suddenly. "Don't forget you're going to marry him!" she said.

II

VIOLET's engagement to Jocelyn was duly announced.

Ambrose Arden received the news with characteristic unconcern.

Long ago, when he was cut adrift from his wife and daughter by the shears of that modern Atropos, the divorce court, he had ceased to take much interest in his family.

He lived a gay, untrammelled life in many countries, superficially liked by many people who did not know Mrs. Arden; and he even continued to make conquests similar to that which had been the means of Helen's release.

As he grew older, less strong and more dependent on others, his roving eye sometimes turned in fancy toward the charming woman whose life he had spoiled.

Then came a painful illness, during which he learned to lean to a dangerous extent on the temporary assuagement of drugs; and people observed, when he began to go into the world again, that, in popular parlance, he was not the man he was.

When Violet saw him in town, she was shocked by the change.

Sympathy she had never expected, but there was a strange restlessness about him—an inability to look her in the face—an irritability—presently succeeded by an apathetic inertness, which he had never before exhibited.

When she went home and told her mother all this, Helen felt a sudden wave of pity sweep over her.

"I wish you and poor papa would come together again," said the girl. "I know how badly he has treated you—but he is so alone—and you will be so alone when I go—it seems sad that you couldn't be together."

This wrought deeply in Helen's heart. But the person who really decided her fate was Mrs. Bloss.

Mrs. Bloss lived in a genteel villa on the outskirts of the town. She was one of the women familiar in fiction and in real life, who, having no affairs of their own, take a morbid interest in the affairs of their neighbors. People had be-

come inured to her; they bore with her as one may patiently bear repeated attacks of influenza. She made with impunity statements which, had she been a man, would have caused her to be sued for defamation of character or challenged to a duel. But she was "only Mrs. Bloss."

One day she called on Helen Arden at tea time—she timed her visits at houses where the cakes were good.

"I am naturally full of dear Violet's engagement," she said. She looked like a vulture waiting for something to die. "It's a great surprise; it was always thought—indeed, said—that it was you Mr. Jocelyn was going to marry."

"Really?" said Helen laughingly. "How foolish people are!"

"Not only that—they are saying that the reason you look so ill lately—" The vulture paused and preened itself. "I hardly like to say it."

Helen Arden's pale face flamed. "Go on," she said in a voice unlike her own.

"It's so ill natured," said Mrs. Bloss.

"Go on," repeated the strange voice.

"Well—they say that you were surprised—and—disappointed."

There was a dreadful silence.

"Of course," said Helen presently, with supreme self-control, "Noel is not exactly a brilliant match for Violet—but he is a dear, good fellow."

Mrs. Bloss nearly dropped her cup. "I didn't mean that!" she exclaimed.

"What else could you mean?" asked Helen gently. Something in her head, which for weeks had been drawing tighter and tighter, had snapped. She was quite calm now.

The vulture was nonplused. The creature it had been watching was not moribund, after all.

"It is so much better," said Helen, "to say what one does mean."

Mrs. Bloss nearly wept. This was a tight corner, even for her.

"I meant no harm," she said rather feebly. "People are so cruel. Of course it is not true—but they say that you're in love with Mr. Noel Jocelyn yourself."

The bomb had exploded, but nothing was shattered. Mrs. Arden was calmer

than before. She fixed her charming eyes on her visitor.

"That is peculiarly silly and untrue; but of course they don't know that in a few weeks I am to remarry Ambrose."

III

THE statement had been made; now it must be made true.

It had been terrible enough to live through the last few weeks. Jocelyn had not gone away—at least, not further than London—and Helen had seen him nearly every day.

Fortunately, few people find what they are not seeking, and Noel's absolute ignorance was Helen's protection.

Now, after successfully surviving this long ordeal, something more had befallen. The blow struck by Mrs. Bloss had been so sharp and sudden that it had found her unprepared. Yet, even then, the habit of half a lifetime stood her in good stead. Years of self-repression end by building up a barrier against the world which is not easily broken.

Mrs. Bloss departed, her mind quite free from its former conviction and full of the thrilling news she had just heard.

It seemed to Helen, left sitting numbed and terrified, that something outside of her, alien to herself, had spoken the fatal words.

Soon—by tomorrow—all the gossips in the town would know that she was going to remarry Ambrose Arden; and he himself did not know it—did not, perhaps, desire it. There was nothing to do but to force it to be true—this awful contingency which she had never seriously contemplated.

She remembered, shuddering, the conversation in the garden two months ago. She had made a promise then which nobody expected her to keep, and now in an instant her wounded pride, her horror of discovery, had spoken out of her mouth and bound her afresh—this time securely.

How little she had ever imagined that she would be feverishly anxious to win Ambrose a second time! There was only one way of doing it.

That evening Helen and Violet were alone; Jocelyn had returned to town. Helen said seriously: "Violet, I have decided that I should like to see your father. I think he should be at the wedding."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the girl. "He is anxious to see you. May I write and tell him?"

"Ask him to come down one day—soon."

Violet, her heart softened by her own recent experience, looked sympathetically at her mother.

"It is good of you, Mumsey, dear," she said.

It was a fine warm day in July when Ambrose Arden saw for the first time the home of his former wife. He had walked from the station, being of a thrifty habit and addicted to exercise. He looked with approval at the velvet turf and glowing flower beds on each side of the small drive. Helen had always been orderly; she made a home comfortable. Something like a qualm came over him, but he had fortified himself with the sustaining drug and was able to smile at his sudden trepidation.

The drawing-room was unoccupied when he entered.

Everywhere were the evidences of a woman's presence—the woman who loves her home. Fresh curtains fluttering gently, masses of roses, sheaves of lilies, soft inviting chairs and sofas, tables covered with books, vases, needlework, a delightful, well ordered disorder—and over all the blessed sunshine, and to break the silence the glad voices of birds and the booming of happy bees.

Arden thought of his life in hotels and furnished lodgings, and again the qualm threatened.

Helen did not keep him long waiting. She came noiselessly through a door behind him.

"How do you do, Ambrose?" she said.

He turned suddenly, all his blood heating in his head.

He saw a tall, slender woman, who but yesterday had been young. She was pale, but she smiled and held out her hand.

What Helen saw was a man of fifty, who looked older—thin, hollow-eyed, with a troubled face. There was no jauntiness left. He seemed to have paid heavily for a lifelong *insouciance*.

"Why, Helen," he said, "this is good of you!"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Arden. "I wanted to talk to you about the wedding. I think you should give Violet away."

They sat down and spoke of their daughter. Helen's color returned; youth was not even a day past now. Ambrose looked at her with hungry eyes, but it was soul hunger—something new to him.

Was this the creature whom he had thrown away ten years ago? A swift procession of faces flitted before his mental vision, smiling, appealing, tempting, mocking, the faces of the other women who had allured him and taken him from his wife.

She managed to talk to him by reason of her detachment; she thought of him without emotion—even rancor was extinct. They were dead, she told herself—they had met on another plane, unencumbered by the body, the stupid, clumsy body which plays us all such sorry tricks as long as it contains our real selves. By maintaining this attitude Helen kept at bay the fear which crouched waiting to spring. She did not permit herself even to remember how important it was to attract Ambrose; the realization of that would have made her stiff and unnatural.

So they talked, these two who had loved each other, of the young life for which that dead love was responsible.

Presently Violet, hovering anxiously outside, summoned courage to come in. She looked from one to the other. There was no cause apparently for her trepidation. Her mother was quite calm, though with a heightened color which gave her back her youth. Her father, absorbed, delighted, only too anxious to please, seemed conscious of being not a stranger but an honored guest.

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. She wondered if this were the beginning of a new era, the dead past resuscitated, or at

least galvanized into a semblance of life.

Luncheon passed off well. Helen had remembered Ambrose's favorite dishes. When coffee came he didn't know whether he was happy or miserable. He felt only that he wanted his drug badly.

"You'll let me come again, Helen?" he said abruptly. "It is—so pleasant here."

Helen looked at him, and knew that she had achieved her object—her terrible, tragic, ridiculous object.

She saw, too, that Ambrose was suffering, under the dominion of some poison or other. Here was a mission for "the lonesome latter years": to rescue him, to kindle with the embers of her life the coals of fire which were to scorch—and save—him.

"Yes," she said sweetly; "of course you'll come again."

When he left her he kissed her hand. She went out into the sunshine and sat among the flowers, wrapped in her triumphant misery.

When it came to the moment of decision—even then she would have faltered but for one thing. She fancied that Noel Jocelyn looked at her strangely. She read suspicion and pity in his every glance. So strained were her nerves that she magnified and misinterpreted each incident.

One day they were alone together in the garden, just a month before the wedding, of which they were speaking.

"We both prefer the registrar," said Noel, "but if you insist on a parson—"

"I insist on nothing," said Helen sharply. She had grown acid of speech in these last days.

Jocelyn looked at her, puzzled. "You seem unhappy, Nell," he said gently. "What is it?"

"Nell—Nell"—the name dragged at her heartstrings. The truth surged up to her lips and clamored for exit.

"Nell!" said she wildly. "You called me that first on a hillside purple with harebells. Do you remember?"

His dreamy, gray eyes grew keen as he viewed her agitation—her disarray. He

guessed. He knew. Fright froze her emotion—she was calm enough now.

"My dear," he was saying, "you are unhappy. Tell me what it is."

He put his arm around her—for the first time. It was hard and strong—a firm barrier with which to keep away sorrow from a woman.

Deliberately Helen drew his head down to her. She leaned her cheek against his. Once, just once, must her love flow out to him—over him, love of the mother—the wife—the mistress—such love as a girl cannot give until she has lived—and can understand.

It was a strange moment for them both. At a touch the lock of the storehouse yielded—the door opened—the riches streamed forth. Then the moment was past.

There was nothing to be done—no anti-climax was possible. Helen gently disengaged herself from Noel's arm and left him.

His face was wet with her tears, and his eyes were wide and vacant.

After this there was but one course to pursue. When poor, broken, morphine stricken Ambrose prayed, "Let me come back," Helen answered, "Come."

IV

ON the day before Violet's wedding they met in London and were married by the registrar, Violet and Noel acting as witnesses.

Not even the bishops could object to two divorced persons remarrying each other. Ambrose was radiant, Helen corpselike. He remained in town; she went back to the country. They were to meet next morning, and after the wedding, which, after all, was to take place in church, they were going to the south coast for their own honeymoon.

Mother and daughter traveled down together. They spoke little. For one Love was fair, fresh-faced, joyful-eyed and crowned with roses; for the other a ghastly, fleshless thing, with baleful fire shining out of orbless sockets.

The light September mist next morning rolled away and the world was

bathed in sunlight. No hint of autumn yet marred the season, which was but a richer phase of summer.

Ambrose, happy bridegroom that he was, arrived early.

His wife, slender, distinguished and perfectly composed in her shadowy gray gown, met him at the door. The lately recovered joy burning in his eyes wrung from her a few kind words. She kissed him.

He drew her aside into the little room opposite the drawing-room. The triumphant look flickered and died; he was shamefaced and faltering. "Helen," he said, "there's something I must tell you."

"Don't," said she, "if it hurts you."

"But I must—because you can help me. Oh, it will be sweet to have you help me!"

All his bravado was gone. He clung to her now like a lost child come home. Helen regarded him mutely, but with the pledge to help him in her face.

"I've got a bad habit—it has stolen upon me somehow—I was ill and alone. I sha'n't want that sort of thing now—don't be frightened. It isn't drink; it's—morphine."

"Worse," she said. The word came before she could bite it back.

"Bad enough," he admitted, "but I am curing myself; only—don't trust me. Take—these things."

He drew from one of his pockets a small box; it contained the syringe and the little bottle full of death. He handed it to her. "Keep it for me; dole out what I'm allowed; I'll explain by and by. I'm all right now for some time." He looked at her piteously.

If any courage or hope had been left in her heart, this swept them away. Tied to Ambrose—plus morphine!

However, nothing mattered very much now. There was the wedding to be gone through with, and then—time to think, time to collect scattered senses, to summon up such strength as remained.

"I will help you," she said simply, and her hand closed on the apparatus of oblivion.

The wedding was like other weddings—lovely bride, handsome bridegroom,

good wishes, flowers, cake, food consumed by overfed persons who gobbled eagerly like the unemployed. It was different from other weddings only in one circumstance: the guests knew that Mr. and Mrs. Arden were also bride and groom.

Mrs. Bloss was superb, nodding with violet plumes, all but convinced that she had made the match—as indeed she had. No chef could be prouder, of a particularly successful *réchauffé*.

It would all be comfortable and cosy now, she said. After all, what was a middle-aged woman without a husband? She sighed at the memory of Bloss, who had escaped years ago, via the churchyard.

The time came for Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn to say good-bye.

Violet clung to her mother; but her face was proud and happy—washed clean of ambitions and worried lines—given over to the one thing for which woman is born into the world.

Noel took his mother-in-law's hands in his. He did not kiss her. Mrs. Bloss, observing them through her gleaming *pince-nez*, thought it odd.

He looked down into Helen's eyes. "Bless you, Nell," was all he said. He was frightened by what he saw.

It was still light when the Ardens arrived at the seaside. The great hotel was quiet; the people who had filled the palm-shaded lounge at tea time were dressing for dinner. The sea broke gently. Ashes of roses lay in the west, burning dimmer and dimmer as gray evening stole upon them.

In the train Ambrose had explained to Helen all about his habit. He had taken a *piqure* in the carriage—he had a little bottle of water in his pocket—and Helen quite understood the case.

"Suppose one swallowed some of these little things—what then?" she had asked. Ambrose laughed; he was warm and bright with the poison by that time.

"Two grains would make a sure thing of it," said he.

Helen came down to dinner in a very pretty gown, carnation chiffon veiling a lighter tone of satin which shimmered

through. Ambrose was proud of his wife.

What had those other women been worth, after all? Why, they were nothing. This was the real thing—the old love come back—purged, chastened, taught by the painful want of the past. He saw elderly men, flushed by a day of golf and a long line of whiskies and sodas, looking at Helen with admiration in their eyes, and he swelled with pardonable pride. He ordered champagne. "Hang it, we must live up to an occasion like this." He began to forget the past. The present took on a rosy tint, like that of Helen's gown.

The tragedy of his many desertions was overlaid by the memory of the brief time when they two had loved each other. He loved her. Oh, yes, certainly he loved her. Any man might.

And what about her?

A band was playing "*Salut d'Amour*," drawing out the sugary phrases in a manner actually voluptuous.

Helen's face and throat rose wax white above the carnation gauze and creamy lace. "You're drinking nothing," said Ambrose.

She raised the champagne glass to her lips. "How pretty the music is!" she said.

They were both very tired after the excitement of a moving day. At half past ten Helen rose from her corner in the lounge to go upstairs. "Give me an hour," she said as they parted.

"Of course," said Ambrose tenderly.

All the best of his soul was on top tonight. Helen went up in the lift, down the long corridor to the door of her room.

The blind was up. The moon over the sea flooded the world and filled this common hotel chamber with shivering mystery. Somewhere, far away, Noel and Violet were looking at it, too.

For them it should have been the sun—symbol of life, hope, vitality. The poor burnt-out old moon, wan through her argent make-up—that was just fit for her, Helen thought.

She drew down the blind and switched on the electric light. No shivering mystery now. All was revealed—the commonplace solid, respectable appointments of a room which was for anyone who had the price.

Sometimes the price was heavy, Helen thought. With her own deft fingers she freed herself from the carnation draperies and stood, revealing pretty bare arms and shoulders, before the mirror.

Not till she was robed in muslin and lace did she seriously consider Ambrose's box.

Down in the lounge the hour dragged, but Ambrose was loyal—he kept his word. He intended always to keep his word now. It was after half past eleven when he knocked at Helen's door. His heart was hammering. He was shy, ardent, a boy again. Another tap—no response.

He entered. The room was blazing with light. The carnation gown lay neatly on a chair. The scent which Helen loved hung in the air. And in the bed lay his bride—yet not his any more. Her earthly vesture was there; she who had worn it was fast hastening to a place where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.



"If you didn't take so much interest in horses, you would be better off!" snapped Mrs. Growler. "You have had horses on your brain all your life."

"I guess that's how I came to marry a nag!" retorted Mr. Growler, his face ambuscading behind the sporting page.

TWO GHOSTS

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

TWO dead men boarded a spectral ship
In the astral Port of Space.
On that ghost-filled barque they met in the dark,
And halted, face to face.

"Now whither away?" called one of the Ghosts.
"This ship sets sail for Earth.
On the astral plane you must remain,
Where the newly dead have birth."

"But I could not stay, and I would not stay,"
The other Ghost replied;
"I must hurry back to the old Earth track
And stand at my loved one's side.

"She weeps for me in her lonely room,
In the land from whence I came.
Oh, stow me away in this ship, I pray,
For I hear her call my name."

"You must not go, and you shall not go,"
The first Ghost cried in wrath.
"Your work is planned in the astral land,
And a guide will show you the path."

"But the one I love—" "I loved her, too,"
The first Ghost stood and cried.
"And year on year I waited here,
Yea, waited till you died.

"For I would not come between you two,
Nor shadow her joy with fear;
But mine is the right, I claim this night,
To visit the Earthly sphere.

"For you are dead and I am dead,
And you had her long—so long.
And to look on the grace of her worshiped face,
Ah, now it can do no wrong.

THE SMART SET

"I am fettered to Earth by love of her,
And hers is the spell divine
That can help me rise to the realm that lies
Just over the astral line.

"I have kept to the laws of God and man;
I have suffered and made no moan;
Now my little share of joy I swear
I will have—and have it alone."

A skeleton crew the anchor drew,
And the ship from the port swung free.
With a muffled clang the ghost bell rang,
And the boat sailed out to sea.

And one Ghost stood on the deck and laughed,
As only a glad ghost can,
While a swooning soul was dragged to his goal,
To work out the astral span.

And a woman wept and prayed ere she slept
For a dream to ease her pain.
But she dreamed, instead, of a man long dead,
Who had loved her all in vain.



MEN AND WOMEN

By Benjamin Arstein

ALTHOUGH woman was created from man's rib, she persistently refuses to figure as a side issue.

A man reaches the ecstasy of happiness when he wins a woman's hand, but the woman is contented when she has him twisted around her little finger.

No woman is so narrow-minded as to leave no room for suspicion.

No man is so dull that he can't be utilized as a tool by a bright woman.

A married woman's best hopes are that her worst suspicions will be confirmed.

Age tells on a man when it would not dare even whisper about a woman.

The fiction most dear to woman's heart is not of the sort supplied by her husband.

The man who thinks he knows a woman like a book usually discovers many uncut leaves.

The man who is obliged to make a living by his humor often finds himself at his wits' end.

THE HIGHEST PROOF

By Mary Heaton Vorse

IF this story teaches anything, it is that one should from time to time curb one of the fairest instincts of man—that of being kind and helpful to the helpless. Also another thing one might learn from Sammy Walters, and that is that conceit is often a great guardian; for if Sammy had seen himself, I think, as I saw him, he would have had more respect for that person to whom he really owed something—the person he might have been. The things I see in life make me respect more and more actual results. When a man wrecks his life through self-indulgence and debauch we all blame him, but I don't know that there is not an equal self-indulgence in doing what Sammy did. However, I will set it down and you can judge.

When I first saw Sammy he was a fine big broth of an upstanding boy. He hadn't at all the radiant good looks that appeal to girls, but he had muscles like iron and a nice sunburnt skin, features that would pass in a crowd and the most charming, compelling smile. Also he had no nerves at all. This made him stand out conspicuous in the little bunch of us. Most of us were in for art, with a big A, or literature with a big L. We were not afraid to be serious, and we had lots of fun and were saved a lot of self-consciousness by not knowing what a foolish thing it is to be "highbrow."

We were so young and such awful babes in the woods that we did not know that "highbrow" was what we were. In the bargain, we were a lot of young fools, because most of us were thrashing out our nerves in anxiety about our Futures. We were in that state of mind where Art and Literature are such ex-

acting mistresses that if you lose a single day you have proved a faithless lover. If you don't arrive at the studio in time to see the model get on the stand you feel you are a hopeless trifter. I can laugh at it now after this lapse of time, but I have moments often enough when I wish I could read back to that passionate, full-hearted devotion when I had not gauged my own limitations, before I realized that a day of idling may be as well spent as a day of work. I know that value too well now, so I cast back longing eyes to those days when I used to sit around and wag my head and tell everybody that they weren't serious.

Seriousness—that used to be my long suit. My heavens, how I used to preach about seriousness! And the queer part of it is that some of them used to listen to me with respect, and my sincere pedantic babble tightened up some slackening ambitions and gave others, as it gave myself, the necessary little shove to take us over moments of discouragement. Discouragement, that was the thing over which we all stumbled, all but Sammy and Archer. We used to have as many nerves as a girl does about other things, about what it pleased us to call our Careers. Oh, the neurasthenic drivel that we big husky brutes of cubs used to allow ourselves! If we strive now with less fidelity toward the ideal than we did in those early days, at least we save ourselves that sort of wear and tear, and so perhaps in the long run we work just as hard, even if we don't do it with set jaws and clinched muscles.

Riley used to mourn about the place: "I'm not getting on; I am not learning anything. Why, I could do stuff a year

ago that could walk all round what I am doing now!" Which was no doubt true, for you don't do your best stuff when your nervous system is in knots and when you are thinking more how you are doing the thing—if it is better or worse than the stuff you did last week—than of what you are doing.

Sammy never wasted any time this way. He just went in and drew. He was so interested in what he was doing that he hadn't any time for comparisons. Even my talk about seriousness didn't trouble him. If I had only known it then as I do now, I could have seen how superbly, serenely serious he was. Of course he got on, since all this friction was out of his life, much faster than anybody else; and oh, the good sane mind he had! In all our immature wanderings in the world of thought, it was Sammy who could bring us back to reason with one logical question. He had the kind of mind that *thinks things through*, if you know what I mean—and that's why what happened seems to me so pitiful.

I would give a good deal if I could see him as he was, straight as a young tree and sound all through; there wasn't a soft spot in him, any more than there was a black place in his mind. At that time he didn't know what fear was—I am not talking about either moral courage or physical valor; I am talking about all those mean little lurking fears that make us afraid we are not going to do good work, and that we are not going to get on, as if taking thought for those things could make any difference; as if when one is at twenty-four wasn't a matter pretty well in the lap of the gods and about the only solution is to go on and do the best you know. That is what Sammy did throughout, and the worst of it is that is what he did when he, so to speak, broke his neck. The only trouble was he didn't know enough.

We were all living at that time in a ramshackle rabbit warren of a place near Third Avenue. Originally this had been intended as a studio building, and a lot of artists still lived in it. The front floor was given up to business, a queer hodge-podge of surgical instruments, agencies for machinery, optical supplies,

all jostling one another. There was a wholesale florist in the basement, and a large purple sign saying, "Detective agency. Male and female experts. Open day and night," blossomed upon the second floor. I remember that a set of studios near us was occupied by a goldsmith, a serious old German. The tenants were as incongruous a medley as the various businesses that crowded themselves under one roof. There were ever so many entrances, and a labyrinth of stairs and narrow corridors. The whole thing was dusty and dirty, and the brick façade commonplace, ill proportioned and ugly. Yet in spite of its drawbacks I remember the place as being one of those having that vague thing that we call atmosphere. Once you got past the optical supplies and the machinery, romance seemed to lurk in the steep twisting stairs. There was a subtle air of gaiety about the place. Four very pretty girls had one studio. We used to see them dressed with subdued elegance perpetually getting in and out of cabs and bringing with them a train of gay and well dressed friends. Then there were always models coming and going, always bands of crazy youngsters raising a roughhouse somewhere. One felt that anybody might be dwelling under this roof.

Archer and Riley and I had the big studio with an alcove off it, and Sammy had a small room of his own. He'd come there first, and we had followed his lead, as we did in many things, though without being aware of it.

The evening that Elsie made her dramatic little entrance among us, Riley had come in with packages.

"Chops," he announced, "rolls, butter, beer! I've got 'em, Towsy'll cook 'em, and Archer and Sam'll wash up." We three, sitting in the half-gloom with a couple of sputtering candles whose light we much affected, made no answer. Sammy got up without a word and began stripping off his coat and shirt; Riley did the same. They got out some masks and single sticks and went to belaboring each other with gusto and abandon. Undisturbed by the racket and the lusty shoutings, Archer hummed a "Hoo-

lah" sentimentally to himself. That shows you the state of youth we were in, when at that down-at-the-mouth hour when all the world is tired we youngsters could have a game of romping single-stick. I tell you, one has to be young to lust for violent exercise before dinner.

I was sitting nearest the door, and I thought I heard a little vague scratch, and then another. Then the door was pushed softly open and a girl was framed in the doorway. I think her eyes fell on Sammy, and I think any woman must have looked at him, flushed as he was with exercise, stripped almost to the waist, his splendid arm arrested for a second in midair with his stick half through a blow.

"I beg your pardon," a little voice said, very softly, very apologetically; "I beg your pardon." Then the girl fell forward and fainted on the floor.

We all made a scramble for her and got her on a lounge and began bathing her head with water. Someone got whiskey from somewhere and tried to force it through her lips. I remember that even in the turmoil Sammy and Riley had jumped for coats.

She opened her eyes in a few moments. She was a slender thing, delicately rounded. Her face was nondescript and irregular, not a face to last. Her great beauty was the great mass of dusky waving hair which she did with knowing simplicity. Very soon she was sitting up with cushions piled behind her, laughing a little weakly and murmuring apologies: "It's an awfully stupid thing to do—I hardly ever do it; but when one is all alone, you know—and I heard you inside, so I acted on the impulse."

We were all sitting around her, anxious as a lot of worried pups. "Don't you want a doctor?" Riley asked, while I said "Food! You look as if you'd been eating out of paper bags!"

"Coffee," she responded; "coffee and canned things and paper bags. I felt depressed today. I didn't make coffee; I think that's what's the matter; coffee keeps you up."

"Get busy," said Riley to me.

"I'm better," the girl told us; "I can go." She made a little ineffectual

effort to rise. I am perfectly sure now that she hadn't the slightest intention of going. At this distance I even wonder cynically about that faint. She was one of those people who deceive themselves tremendously about their motives, and whose real selves and whose mental processes aren't on speaking terms. I have never known anyone who talked more nobly and whose actions were more difficult to cope with than Elsie Merrington's. She let us wait on her, and after supper offered to help wash up the dishes, an offer which we refused, of course. She was always offering to do things, but she almost never did them, for which I don't blame her very much, because I think that she was really always at a low ebb of vitality. She had a queer sort of spiritual inertia, and once she had planted herself anywhere she was as impossible to move as an inanimate thing, as heavy as her inert body had seemed to us when we lifted it from the floor. Archer had taken hold of her unhandily and she had proved a surprisingly difficult burden to shift.

Before she left us we knew a great deal about her. She had come from the South; she led us to infer that she was a member of one of those great Southern families impoverished by the war. This I learned later was quite untrue. Her people were small shopkeepers in Montgomery. There were a whole raft of Merrington children; they had to do something, and it was chance that had made Elsie come to New York. She was like one of those sea creatures who seem to float aimlessly in the tide; then let them touch something stable and they cling to it so that it means their life to pry them off. She was a stenographer in a big office; she hated her work. First, she had lived in a boarding house. She'd hated this; the promiscuousness of it had revolted her, and this was genuine; she had a curious little aloofness, a very real love of personal privacy. By a series of chances that have nothing to do with this story she had heard of this building. It seemed to her romantic.

"I always felt," she told us, with that naïve confidence in her powers common

to women of her class, who confound a very mild interest in artistic things with an ability to create them—"I always thought I could write or paint if I had had the chance."

"Haven't you any friends in the office?" Riley asked her.

"Oh, no, indeed; I never speak to the other girls—one doesn't know who they are," she answered. "Besides, I don't like people." She made this assertion with pride.

I think it impressed us all with a feeling of her exclusiveness and refinement. If you are perfectly sure that an unlovely trait of yours is a lovely one, and tell people so, they are very apt to believe it, if they are young enough. She told us several times that she had never lived, and that she wanted to.

In all the queer shifting strains of her personality her subdued pretentiousness, her very real emotions, her feigned interest in things she did not understand, her little vague aspirations toward the artistic, she had a very practical mind tucked away somewhere that gave her the accurate understanding of the value of her own innocence and of her lack of experience. They were both quite real, and she dangled them before us perpetually. As a certain type of woman displays her physical charms, so Elsie showed off to us the beauties of her spirit. Archer took her back to her room, and we all sat down and talked it over.

Sammy said: "It's up to us."

"What makes it up to us?" I sputtered. "Girls—girls like that—aren't serious. They bung your work up. One of you young jackasses'll fall in love with her." I believed myself superbly superior to any such weakness.

"I feel I need the touch of a woman's hand," Archer announced. At this we jumped on him, as he had intended we should, for Archer was the only one of us that was a fusser; he got into glad rags and went out ostentatiously to make calls every little while.

"Well," said Riley combatively, "it's pretty fierce, you know, a girl all alone like that."

"It isn't our fault," I protested.

Of course the result of it was we asked

her to dinner the next night. She hesitated. "I don't think I ought"—she began; then she saw in Riley's face a disgust at her conventionality and finished differently—"to make you so much trouble."

Very soon we got used to having her around. She stopped waiting for us to come for her, but would come herself to our room. She enjoyed herself immensely; she had been appallingly alone, and had stood it very well. We were an utterly new type of man to her. We seemed to her the thing she had read about in books dealing with the artistic life. She was a quiet little person who did not at all insist upon being in the limelight. In a surprisingly short time we resumed our windy discussions on everything under the sun. I suppose we pried off the top of her head and filled it with all our silly, half-baked ideas about art, literature, Socialism, music, the absorbing questions of sex and sentiment. Elsie held the opinion that one could love but once. We used to hold sophomoric discussions about these things. She was always more talkative about things sentimental. The breadth of our opinions impressed her immensely. The world had been a simple place divided into good people and bad. She learned from us that things set down as "bad" might under certain circumstances be noble. She thought about it a good deal.

People who live in New York don't realize how utterly without women of their own kind, or of any kind for that matter, young fellows like us in New York can be. We three scorned what we called the "fuzzy bunch" at the art school. Sammy didn't scorn them—he didn't think about them; and so of course they didn't think about him. Except for an occasional model, none of us but Archer ever saw a girl. So Elsie filled a want that none of us was conscious of having. She sewed on buttons for us even if she didn't wash dishes. She liked to do those small, inexpensive services that take no time, for which one is extravagantly thanked. She had a pathetic and really sincere love of flowers which did not prevent her working it for

all it was worth. She used to buy one or two and stick them around. We all took to bringing them to her. It made her happy; she held them with the same kind of tenderness that some women do children.

Looking back on her now I see her as a very appealing little figure, very lonely, apparently unassertive, at that time gentle and tremendously appreciative of us—oh, tremendously! Sammy knew her less than any of us; he always saw her in the terms of a sister. He had sisters at home, had Sammy, and it made him sick when he thought of one of them out like Elsie in the world, lonely and perhaps fainting in the dark by herself. His eyes used to rest on her often with a tremendous pity.

Riley and I went home for Christmas, and Archer was going out all the time to various festivities; so for Christmas Elsie and Sammy were thrown absolutely together. They made the most of it. They went to the theater; they had dinner at Mouquin's; [they had a little tree and made each other a variety of absurd ten-cent presents. Then before we got back Elsie fell sick of gripe.

I do not know why a man's being faultlessly chivalrous and kind to a woman should make her feel she has a claim on him, yet I suppose more young men find themselves in sentimental imbroglio for having been unselfish and chivalrous and kind than the men do who go around seeking for trouble.

When Riley and I came back, Elsie was sitting up again, very pale, her eyes very large. There was an entirely new atmosphere, which, having lived in it, Sammy was utterly unconscious of. He was still taking care of Elsie in the sweet way that he had in the beginning. Someway we both blamed Archer for it.

"Now see what's happened!" Riley told him irritably. "Why weren't you on the job?"

"Yes," said I, "if there had been two of you—"

"I didn't think," Archer replied; "I didn't think about it at all."

"Of course you didn't think! You never do think!" we chorused.

We all shared the feeling that is so

rare among women, that a person's falling in love with you gives you a responsibility toward them, however little it may be your own fault. The best of women are often capable of doing everything they can to make a man care, without a twinge of conscience, and I don't know but what they are right. It takes a very experienced man, or a very callous one, to feel the same about a woman who has chosen to fall in love with him. Of course marriage was the only thing that suggested itself to any of us, and marriage, young as we were, without any money, seemed a pretty fatal thing.

Besides that, though we had liked having Elsie with us, we had seen through her poor little pretensions long ago. She had a peculiar denseness of mind that made it impossible for her to learn good taste in matters of speech. Poor Elsie! She was mentally, when we got through with her, like someone who has learned the difference between good and bad food and has become a connoisseur in a crude way, but who still eats with his knife and untidily. I suppose to the end she will refer to her mother as a "real educated lady" and make guileless remarks about liking furniture with "polychrome all over it." I don't think I'm vaunting our own intelligence when I say that this same sort of mistake in a perfectly simple nature free from pretension would not have offended us as it did in her. But as she was, it did offend us mightily, and the idea of Sammy marrying her we knew was nothing short of suicide.

Still, what could we do? There he was magnificently unconscious of what was happening, treating Elsie with all sorts of tender gentleness. There Elsie was, settled upon him with gentle relentlessness. An older man might have done something with the situation. All that we did was to talk vaguely about "losing Elsie"—a log might as well have talked about losing a barnacle—and "getting Sammy out of the way." We never answered the question of how and where to our satisfaction.

Elsie was shrewd enough to have a perfectly definite vision of how things stood with Sammy so far as she was con-

cerned. She must have. He didn't love her—a woman feels these things—but she tried to make him in every way she knew. She was not one of those women born with a knowledge of how to use the direct feminine appeal, and she was too innocent to have learned skill in its use. She made little excursions into this field, little attempts that were very timid and, I can see now, very pathetic. Sammy was blind to them. Then she fell back on her great hold over him, her weakness. She felt our hostility and threw herself on Sammy, managing to convey to him without words that he was the only one who understands how a girl feels when she is weak and down and out and that we were husky, unsympathetic brutes.

We looked forward to the moment when she should go back to work. I suppose she really felt weak, and a day in an office thumping on a typewriter is a pretty trying thing; then Sammy's magnificent, unemotional friendliness had got on her nerves.

Her helplessness and dependence had stirred him; nor is it very possible for a young man and a girl to be together under such circumstances without the element of sex coming in. But Sammy had ideas on this subject as uncompromising as the dawn. He would have looked on any overt love-making as a betrayal of trust, and he simply had no idea of the sort of torture his intimate kindness might be to a woman in love. I said before, he didn't know enough.

Anyway, one thing was sure: Elsie's nerves were frayed to the breaking point, and she showed it by getting into some sort of a row in the office that cost her her job.

Then followed a time of searching for another. She would return home, and when Sammy would go to get her she would be in tears. Twice she "fainted on us," as Riley callously put it.

Oh, how Sammy pitied her during this time! No woman ever received more consideration at man's hands than Elsie Merrington did at Sammy's. He raged at the conditions of modern life that put a soft, delicate, little thing so up against it.

Then the crash came. One day just as I was going to rout Sammy out, Elsie rushed out of his room. She was sobbing violently, and at the sight of me made not the slightest attempt to conceal her emotion—she was too far within the boundaries of angry pain to have any such spiritual modesty.

"Why, what's the matter?" I cried.

"Ask him!" she stormed, beside herself with fury and anguish. "Ask Sammy. He'll tell you!" The quintessence of bitterness was in her tone. She fled into her room and shut and locked the door.

I went into Sammy's. He was sitting on the edge of the couch, his head in his hands.

"What's up?" I asked. "What's the matter, Sammy?" He raised haggard eyes to mine, he was utterly overwhelmed.

"I've been a fool," he muttered, "a blind fool. I never thought—" He brought himself up sharply. That was all he would say. It's a convention that gentlemen do not tell about their affairs of the heart. It is my experience that they mostly do tell their friends, anyway in moments of stress like these. Sammy was different; he couldn't have talked about it. He would have had to be born again and born someone else to have been able to.

So I never knew exactly what happened, but I'm morally certain that what occurred was this: Tired and unstrung as she was, Elsie showed her hand to the last card. Yes, I am as certain as though I had been there that she handed herself to him utterly—told him that she was his on any terms or no terms. I am sure also of exactly what Sammy did. Taken unawares, he must have shown all the dismay he felt. He may even have tried to reason with her. He ought of course to have been noble, to have raised the emotional note to one of fine renunciation. Elsie was keen for noble sentiments. What he must have done, however, was to give the woman who loved him a glimpse of how entirely he didn't love her. He utterly failed to play up to the situation. Crass cruelty or infinite tact were his only courses, and he proved incapable of either.

I fidgeted about the room for a while and Sammy sat staring blankly ahead of him. He spoke only once. Then he said:

"How horribly alone she is!"

She *was* horribly alone, and horribly helpless. I think she did what she did in all innocence. I don't think she had any realization of what exactly she was offering. She loved Sammy. She meant to get him at any cost, but that can't be the way her head worked about it. She knew he oughtn't to marry, so I think she had imagined a romantic love that would be carried on under our very noses. Then after a long time—when Sammy was great and famous—marriage. These things raced through my head as I walked about the room too embarrassed to make my escape. After a while he said:

"I must go and find Elsie."

She wouldn't answer or let him in. He passed the night outside her door. He was afraid that in her despair she would commit suicide. He might have spared himself the worry. Elsie was not the kind who does things like that. By noon the next day she had not answered. No sound had come but from time to time the noise of a girl crying, a girl who cries with the hopeless untrammelled despair of a child.

Archer, the poet, the lady's knight, came to me. "I went to Sammy," he told me, "and told him to beat it. I told him we'd look after her. He looked at me as if I was an insect!" I cursed Archer for a fool and got rid of him and Riley. After a while I went to Sammy. He looked at me clean-eyed. His mind was made up.

"If she doesn't open the door in an hour I shall break it in," he announced tranquilly. "Then I shall ask Elsie to marry me if she'll let me." I tried to argue.

"You can't afford to."

"I can get a job. If I'm a man at all I can do that."

"Your work?" I suggested. You see, it meant giving it up utterly and entirely, and he cared for it with every bit of him. To this he answered: "Oh, my work!" with a gesture that implied he

had dismissed his work into the far recesses of time.

"Why," he explained, "she's utterly alone in the world! She's no one but me. She's *got* to marry me."

I deny and shall deny always that because a girl has fallen in love with a man and because he has treated her with kindness it forms any bond between them or any obligation on his part, but women see these things differently. However humbly they talk, they seem to feel that in loving a man they have so honored him that nothing short of a life of devotion can repay them. I tried to put these things to Sammy, knowing that if he did marry her I was making further friendship with him impossible. I tried, too, to skirt around the injustice there is to a girl in letting her marry a man who doesn't love her, but both of us knew Elsie didn't care a rap about that. The important thing in her eyes was that she loved Sammy. Anyway, he didn't even listen to me. The thought of Elsie's grief and loneliness and the part he had unwittingly played in her life blotted out everything else.

After a while he went out to break down the door. He didn't have to. He did have to assuage her wounded pride. She made him play lover for quite a while before she would talk of marriage, and said a great many noble things about his career. In answer to this Sammy went out looking for a job. He got one in an advertising firm. Inside of two months they were married. They set up a little flat somewhere, and she stood implacably between him and all his old associates, as a sign that she hadn't forgiven him for the way he had taken her confession in the first place. I never knew, of course, how he explained this, but he did to her satisfaction, having learned a good deal in a very short time. But that first experience made her horribly jealous of him. She wanted him to herself. I think in the heart of her she was glad he had to give up his work.

I lost sight of him after this almost entirely. After about four years I met him and we had lunch together. He was doing well—getting forty a week. They

had two children. I can't express the absolute lack-luster quality of him. You see, it got him too young. Three years more—only three years—and a marriage even with Elsie would have made very little difference. As he parted from me he turned to me, and with an utter lack of conviction he said in a tone he tried to make light:

"The old work—I'll get back to it some time." Then a little defiantly: "Elsie's always talking about it."

I suppose she was. I suppose they both were. It's the sort of harmless drug one has to give oneself, whether one has wrecked one's life by drink or by having no greater fault than being a kind and chivalrous gentleman.



THE WELL BELOVED

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

I WONDERED: Is she light or dark?
The sprite of spring? The maid of fall?
A calm-browed Ruth, or some mad spark
Struck from a Bacchic festival?

In all my dreams her face is clear:
Disdainful, humbled, cruel, kind—
Then, as the first gray dawn draws near,
She flies and leaves no trace behind.

If I could only make her stay,
Or grant to truant memory
Some sign or token! But the day
Takes all of her away from me.

I pass her often in the street—
In this small world it must be so;
Perhaps we twain touch hands and meet,
Are friends, perhaps, and do not know.

Men bridle time and space, make sure
Of wind and tide from pole to pole;
But what avails when naught can cure
The barren blindness of the soul?

In vain we search; years come and go;
Finding a hundred women fair,
We kiss a hundred lips—and lo,
It is not there! It is not there!

THE UNIVERSAL IMPULSE

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

THE Simple Simons, highbrows of the purest water, are receiving their friends upon their day at home. About five o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Maud Minerva, author of "The Soulmate of Matilda," "Light-some Lobelia," etc., bravely pushes her way through a thicket of elbows, palms and hat-snatching wall ornaments, ducks skillfully under gleaming hatpins, and finally receives a push from the mob behind which precipitates her into a drawing-room dimly lighted by red candles and crowded with people. As she pauses to take breath she is greeted by a gentleman highbrow acquaintance.

MISS MAUD MINERVA—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Galsworthy Hewlett? I'm afraid to move; it is so dark and the furniture is so murderous—carved rosewood, with razor-edged leaves and petals. Who is here today?

MR. GALSWORTHY HEWLETT (*with malicious joy*)—Not a soul but celebrities. Every man, woman, child and clergyman here a highbrow. But now let me tell you about a play I am writing. It is—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*in tones of consternation*)—You don't mean they're all highbrows! And it's my cook's day out. I would never, never have come here if I hadn't hoped to find some dear old body who would take me home in her limousine, give me a nice hot dinner and suggest a play or the Opera afterwards. (*Turning to the woman beside her and speaking with icy asperity.*) Will you very kindly take your elbow out of my ear? I think it has perforated the drum. How do you do, Mr. Rodin Cezanne? Painting a wonderful new picture, I suppose!

MR. RODIN CEZANNE—How do you do, Miss Minerva? (*In a husky whisper.*) Don't touch the punch; it's poison. And the tea! Carbolic acid, I think. Sandwiches not so bad, considering the Simple Simons' alleged brains. But let me tell you my great new idea for a play. Belasco—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*hastily*)—So interesting! Who is that over there?

MR. RODIN CEZANNE—Oh, that is the great woman pianist or composer or something—musical, you know. Interprets someone or other, or something or other. But about my new play. Lieblers—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*more hastily*)—Charming! How do you do, Mr. Strauss Debussy? How is the new symphony coming on?

MR. STRAUSS DEBUSSY—Given it up. Am writing a play—Henry B. Harris crazy about the first act, and the Shuberts offering any sum for it. The plot—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*hurriedly*)—So interesting! Who are those two young women glaring at each other over there?

MR. STRAUSS DEBUSSY—Oh, that's the young Russian girl who almost threw a bomb at the Czar and got a week in prison; and the other one is an artificially-fed-in-prison suffragette, who has thrown rocks at the Prime Minister. Naturally the Russian girl is quite upset about it, so she is putting her experiences into a play. And you would never think it, but they are all after mine—Frohman and Mrs. Fiske both clamoring for it. A new idea—fair young heiress, wicked guardian and a missing will. The first scene is—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*turning with a*

cold stare to the woman beside her)—Wha-t-t? Sorry, but how could I possibly know that my hatpin was in your eye? Oh, Miss Humphry Ward Glyn—so glad to see you! Stunning short story of yours in—er—um—m—m—'s this month; characterization, logical development, atmosphere and—er all enchanting.

MISS HUMPHRY WARD GLYN—Thank you so much, dear, but I'm not writing short stories now. I'm doing a play. In some mysterious way it got noised abroad, and every manager in New York is beseeching me for a sight of it. It is something quite new. The problem is, that a woman with a past wants to marry the heir of a great name and vast estates, and—

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*desperately*)—Fascinating! Who is that over there?

MISS HUMPHRY WARD GLYN—That is the great Norwegian actress. She detests our food, and always carries garlic and onions and sausages about in her handbag. See, the dear thing has a head of cabbage now under her arm, and is tearing off the leaves and eating them while she is telling everyone that she can't get a play to suit her, so she is writing one.

MISS MAUD MINERVA (*wildly*)—Good-bye, dear. Oh, Mr. Galsworthy Hewlett, would you kindly step off my feet? I dare say I've got to say good-bye to the Simple Simons. (*She moves forward, then stops abruptly and suppresses a groan.*) Oh, Mr. Rodin Cezanne, just give me your arm a moment! One of those rosewood chairs reached out and broke my kneecap. They are simply alive with malicious animal magnetism. Thank you; I think I can walk now, but I am faint with hunger. (*She advances toward the hostess.*)

Dear Mrs. Simple Simon, I always look forward so eagerly to your days at home. It is such a comfort to know that one isn't going to meet any Philistines, just all of us dear highbrows, with the same intellectual sympathies, the same consuming love for Art, the same intense admiration for each other's work and—er—utter lack of jealousy. So lovely and harmonious. But I really must tell you my little secret. I am writing plays for every manager in New York. They stand in line under my window and snatch at the scenes and acts I throw out to them like hungry dogs after a bone. So interesting, isn't it? Good-bye.



BORER—I've struck it now sure! Bound to make my fortune in six months!

RORER—What have you invented this time?

"A patent improved collar button. You know how it is when you drop a collar button. It always rolls across the room and then disappears. I've invented a self-acting attachment which turns the collar button into a tack the instant it touches the floor."

"But tacks sometimes roll."

"Yes, but they always stop where you can easily find them by simply taking off your shoes."



"WHAT are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone hours."

REPRESSION

By Phillipa Lyman

REPRESSION! I never see that word without feeling a sickening, overpowering sensation of helplessness that a wild bird must feel, beating its wings against the cruel, resisting bars of its gilded cage. My heart flutters in its prison of flesh and bone and cries to be released, to find expression, to be something besides a pump to send the blood coursing through my veins and to keep the spark of life in a body that might as well be crumbling back to the dust whence it came as to be gripped, past, present and prospective, by—Repression! The very word is a death-knell to happiness. The sound of it makes me heartsick and at the same time defiant, as a dying warrior feels in giving that last fierce spear thrust.

How different that sister word—Expression! It stands so joyously for the great things that are or have been in this world—in the field of art, in music, in literature—in *living*. It is the exact opposite of repression. One signifies life, the other death. One stands for triumph, the other for defeat. One means hope, the other despair.

Repression! Some women glory in it, in the self-effacement it means, the denial of all earthly joys, the dull, leaden-hued existence for which it stands. Such human martyrs plaster coat after coat of whitewash upon their souls, pore over the lives of the saints and believe themselves set above the world of sinners. Smug and self-satisfied as Mona Lisa, they sit with like folded hands and gaze out upon the world with an air of semi-detachment and polite disgust at those of their sisters who dare assert themselves. Their virtue is their most priceless possession. If they could display

it under a glass globe surrounded with wax flowers upon the parlor mantelpiece, or have it hung gold-framed where all might see, they would become even more self-satisfied, more smugly complacent than ever. But theirs is not real repression—it is only the denying of something that they do not want.

But repression—the stifling of every emotion in one's heart, the hushing of unsung songs, the swallowing of words that struggle up for sweet utterance, the passionate longing to put on paper thoughts that clamor to be written out boldly, the burning of unkindled kisses upon flame-touched lips—ah, there is tragedy!

The more defiant one becomes inwardly, and the stronger the desire for expression, the more relentlessly merciless is repression. For repression and pride walk hand in hand, and one feels in the moments of keenest mental anguish that the world must not share one's secret, that one must face life with a smile and give no hint of the smoldering volcano within which threatens to erupt and destroy when the flames of desire grow more and more intense.

Ah, the sordidness of that word! How it mocks at us, this jailor of ours, standing by the prison door with weapon in readiness to kill any waif of heart feeling that tries to slide undetected through unyielding bars. The word is a living thing, that mocks and scorns us as we stand quivering yet recalcitrant, seeking within ourselves the courage to throw off the shackles and to express freely whatever emotion comes first to the surface.

Were I forbid to tell my love,
 Its passionate declarations make,
 I'd seek an hour the wilderness
 And to the wastes the whole express,
 Then bid the echoes keep it trove,
 A treasure hid for his dear sake.

We rebel; yet from our ancestors, Puritan and Pilgrim and Quaker, we inherit perhaps the very qualities that enable us to make some outward show of the same repression which they were taught so long ago by stern and austere parents.

New England women, as none others, live lives of repression, smothering and subduing all emotion as some unholy thing, bottling up all their glad spirits and pressing the cork in tightly lest they overflow. They are grim embodiments of unloveliness unloved. I know whereof I speak, for I am one of them. My mother, my grandmother, her mother and her mother's mother, and so on back to some straitlaced dame of ancient Sussex, were all the same. That is our heritage, the curse of our Puritan ancestry, the incarnation of living death, the atrophy of all that is humanly best in us, the gloom of the grave hovering always over us, the sob of the dirge never so faint nor so far as not to be heard every living minute. Rebellion may rise strong within us. We may essay revolt and desperately tear at the fetters of convention; but they are too strong for us. We cannot shatter world laws. We even make it harder by disdain and drawing aside from any who continue to struggle. So we press on through life, each generation with its one or two paroxysms of insubordination, then quivering, branded rebels with slowly healing scars in our ranks thereafter, the rest with the best foot forward, a smile masking the side of the face turned toward the world, but a ghastly, pathetic ashen-hued despair graying the other as we watch the opportunities slip away on the current of the years.

It has been given to me, as to a multitude of others, to traverse regions where repression is most severe and exacting. The epitome of it is found in the small town. Look on the cool, shaded streets, the prim, sweet rose gardens and the bloom-flecked flower beds, the quiet,

well kept houses, the glimpses of the open country with the halcyon woods and fields of ripening grain seen in bits afar; but what of the women, the pitiful women? I have found them with a hunted look in eyes dimmed by tears shed in secret, with an austerity in dress of body and hair, with the tragedy of repression written even about their mouths. Some of them are married; some of them are not.

To one of these women I spoke one day. Something in her attitude interested me, and I drew her out. Timidly she spoke at first, like a prisoner who has been long in solitary confinement and is frightened at the sound of his own voice. Then, with added courage, a note of defiance and rebellion crept into her tone; thoughts secluded for years in the innate recesses of her brain at last found expression.

The reason she had not married, she related, was because of some boyish prank of her girlhood lover. Her stern, relentless parents kept her for days locked in her room lest she should steal out to see him; then he was sent West, and it never occurred to her to rebel, to write forbidden letters, to endeavor to communicate with him again, so strong was her custom-emphasized sense of obedience. So she lived, repressing all that cried out within her quite as her mother had done before her, bearing her heavy burden uncomplainingly. No other lover appeared to fill the place of the one who was gone, and thus time passed for her, forbidden even to speak his name at home, fearing to question his friends about him lest they should see her hurt rankling, proudly keeping her secret locked in her breast, but mourning him always while her hair grew gray, her eyes lost their light in many bitter tears and her whole spirit became broken. What wonder that her life was gray and colorless? The literature and music that have saved so many souls from despair were denied her. The reed organ of the country church, the *Agricultural Record* and the *Farmer's Almanac* were all of music and books that came into her life. When she sang about the house she was rebuked for making so much noise. Her

portion was to rise with the chickens, work all day at homely duties and to go to bed with the birds, weary of body, starved of mind and heart and despairing of ever finding happiness. Her father's fields were tilled by means of the latest labor saving devices, but her household drudgery was performed with the same primitive utensils that her great-grandmother had used before her.

So the years dragged on and the girl became an old woman before her time. When I talked to her she was thirty and looked forty, and within the slender frame burned fires that blazed fiercely after their years of smoldering when some word of mine had fanned her resentment into flame. With some natural outlet for her pent-up emotion, she even then might have grown beautiful, had she had a modicum of the care that her father devoted to his blooded stock. His horses must be just so carefully groomed, and their bran mash of just such a temperature and consistency; but his daughter's lot was weary labor and the rough fare of the average farmer.

I, too, am alone. So are a hundred thousand others in exactly my own state—unmarried, thirty, self-supporting and working half the day for the price of food and raiment and respectable surroundings. True there are the resources of music and art, books and—people. But what people! How well Browning spoke in saying, "Never the time, the place and the loved one all together!"

I go to hear "La Bohème," "Il Pagliacci" or "Carmen." From the moment the tuning of the instruments begins, preliminary to the exquisite melody of Puccini, Leoncavallo or Bizet, little thrills of anticipation pervade me entirely, and when the crash of the full orchestra comes in the wonderful regulations of the soul stirring music, I grip the arms of my orchestra chair and bite my lips and shut my eyes tight and suffer through sheer ecstasy of it all. Then I curse fate that there is not beside me one who understands, one whose hand might clasp mine in sympathy under cover of the darkness when Mimi's voice rises

and falls in exquisite melody, or who might even dare kiss my hand when Carmen's song of songs thrills us both to inmost depths. Instead, there is one who frankly yawns, studies the advertisements in the program and persists in reading all the jokes in it aloud—when he is not wondering if it is not nearly time to go home.

I stand alone in the Salon before "The Shower of Gold." Behind me there is one who shows disgust at the exquisite flesh tints of the beautiful figure upon whom Jupiter, taking the form of a shower of golden coin, is raining this shining tribute to the charm of the goddess. The one behind affirms that the nude should not be allowed in art, and points at a picture of a Persian kitten tipping over a workbasket. "There!" he says with a self-justified air. "That is what I call art!"

The while those lines come back to me from a certain book of verses:

And yet, so mellowly the sunbeams fell
Upon the sunburnt limbs, such subtle play
Of rosy light and tender shadow lay
Upon the upturned face, that all could tell
An artist painted with a poet's eyes;
While one who gazed with pleasure and surprise
Said—and I do not think he said amiss:
"He was her lover when he painted this."

And I, too, picture the rapture of the painter whose brush depicted upon the canvas all the soft curves of her beloved flesh.

One may as well bang one's head against a brick wall as to try to shake off the conventions, the shackles of a Puritanism that bind his soul close and sear it deep in any convulsive struggles to gain freedom. Moral laws are stronger than the laws of love, and one must obey blindly, even while the whole being rises up in revolt against the repression of all in him that one feels is best, is true, is worthy.

How many women there are, like the women of the farm, who yearn in vain for some natural outlet for all that they would express, but who are doomed to smother every feeling that would make itself known behind an exterior that seems passive and calm! How few, even of their closest friends and immediate family, may know the resentment that

grows steadily greater and greater and which rankles and corrodes within, finding expression only in secret? Long and tearful nights there are when they toss in anguish and sob in their pillows or lie and stare into the gloom dry-eyed, in tearless suffering that is none the less intense, and pray to God to make them over into beings of iron and marble and stone instead of living, suffering, palpitating creatures who must conceal religiously everything pertaining to an emotion.

There are women who will marry anything in the male form for the sake of a home. There are women who will feign affection for the man who loves them sincerely in order that they may share his bank account, and who will perjure themselves at the Court of Love in order to become what they are pleased to term "respectable married women."

I, too, could have married, and many times. But I have preferred, since I could feel toward none of the men who have wanted to marry me as I want to feel toward the man I would marry, to remain what my friends term me—an old maid.

Even in days when I thought I had at last found love it brought me no happiness. One man, who was to love and cherish me [for all time, was reserved and austere, although at will he could become brilliant and gay and merry-hearted. But he thought any expression of emotion "bad form," and during the long months of our engagement never wrote me a love letter. All his communications were cold as icicles and devoid of other sentiment than "affectionately yours." His kisses were perfunctory pecks, and I believe that he wished to marry me because I could cook and sew and keep a house tidy. He froze upon my lips any expression of tenderness that crept to their surface, and once in response to a playful query, "Do you love me?" said: "Oh, I've already told you that once; I don't want to be forever telling you again. Once is enough. I have told you that I love you and want to marry you. Please remember that for all time, and don't ask me again. If I didn't love you you'd soon find it out."

Well—I escaped. Thank God for that! For life with him would have contained even more of suppression than I suffer now in my spinsterhood. Since then the right one has not come into my life. Occasionally, it is true, I have met one whom I might have loved, but fate has not permitted him to enjoy the same feeling toward me, so even the thought has been repressed until nothing is left of it but a memory, very faint and very sweet, like a lavender-scented note of long ago.

And so it goes, and I am growing older and older every day. I go to see great pictures, but their messages to me are stilled on my lips, for there are always present those who would not understand—or I am alone. I hear wonderful music that grips my soul and thrills my senses—but either I am alone again or with someone who does not comprehend with kindred feeling all that it means to me. After such music I drag myself home, weary in body, worn of soul, and fling myself down upon my bed and grind my teeth and clench my hands in agony and strive to keep back the stormy sobs that will come in spite of myself. I read poetry that brings the tears to my eyes and books that drive me wild, for in them all is that expression of the same things which I, too, am burning to express—without which no really great things can be produced. I read between the lines and try to picture what life has brought the author that he could express so vividly those sentiments that hold the world spell-bound.

I cultivate an ironed-out countenance. I show no other feeling than that expressed by a polite smile even when Debussy is stirring my soul to its utmost depths. I stifle expression of pleasure upon hearing an opera with someone who goes simply because she has a new jewel to show, a new gown to wear. And when I meet one of the rare persons who I feel understand, I belittle myself by feigning an indifference which I am far from feeling, because I was taught that a woman must always be a creature of icy reserve with a man, and should let him be the first to show pleasure in her soci-

ety. But such persons usually freeze before they have an opportunity to thaw out their would-be friends in these days of passing ships; thus one after the other goes out of my life as casually as he came into it, all because I dared not show genuine pleasure in the meeting.

Repression! How sick I am of the word, which means mental and emotional starvation! How I loathe the convention that makes it necessary for me to live the life it embodies if I am to remain in an atmosphere of respectable spinsterhood! I am frankly rebellious, and I can sympathize with Marie Bashkirtseff and even Mary McLane in some of my mind's wild flights.

My life is like my dress, in pale pastel shades, somber grays and blacks and whites or the merest hint of an occasional sunset tint—the pale glory of the crescent newborn moon rather than the golden glory of the full orb in its star-studded sky—the scent of rosemary and rue rather than the sensuous perfume of a great crimson rose. It is like the echo of some forgotten strain rather than the crashing symphony or triumphant marriage song; the memory of what might have been rather than the promise of a thing to be; tears falling like rain over the ashes of a dead love instead of wet-lashed, shining eyes, looking upward joyously into a soul that shines from the depths of other dear eyes into mine. I fight against expression of my true self—for I dare not give way to it. I should dash against the high walls of stony conventions which generations of ancestors laid so patiently to protect posterity. I should be looked upon as a renegade by my family and my friends. The joy of creating something which will live after me is denied, because I am supposed to be gently submissive and patient and calm; and in the face that I have learned to turn toward the world there is no hint of the ceaseless storm that is going on within me.

But oh, how I yearn for the things that are denied me—for the songs I must not sing, the self I must not be! I may wear pearls upon a virgin bosom, but I long for rubies in all their roseate flame lying upon a palpitating breast.

Someone may send me lilies, when passion flowers and red poison-hearted poppies cry out to my senses and intoxicate me even as the perfume of a crimson rose while all the delicate fragrances of the emblems of purity are forgotten. I long for the forbidden things! I would give my soul to be that which I am not! I would change places with the Spanish dancing girl, her feet and her castanets keeping time as her body sways to and fro expressing in her dance the primitive passion which reddens her dusky cheek as she meets the eye of her picador in a corner of the wine shop. The Sultan's favorite sitting upon her cushions with his son playing on the tessellated floor at her feet; the little *midinette* in a corner of some dark Parisian café with her lover at her side, both drinking from the same glass; the dusky-eyed Sicilian with a stiletto concealed in her bosom to be plunged into her lover's back at the first sign of unfaithfulness; the gypsy following her dark Romany's pattern—would I, who am less than the dust, not change places with all of them—even with the slave who sleeps at the door of her master's tent, who may feel the cold steel of his knife stabbing at her heart? Are they not more than I?

I am a Thing in the guise of woman,
Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord,
Even less than these.

I personify Repression. I kill all that is best in me. My life is a living death. I am called good—but in my heart of hearts I sin. For whatever is in expression, that do I crave. I stultify myself in the life I lead, outwardly placid, inwardly rebellious. The person that people think me to be mocks at the real self, and every fiber of my being rises in revolt against the unnaturalness of it all.

For thirty years, as goodness goes, I have been good. I have tried to love my neighbor as myself; I have conformed to the ways of society; I have been outwardly blameless. But my life to me is death, because of repression. I feel like one buried alive in the tomb, like one in a faint who is stifling for air. My craving is the parched thirst of one

lost in desert sands. I yearn powerfully for freedom of speech and the right to assert my real self and the ecstatic pain of living my own life in my own way.

I want no more to destroy that which I have created. I want to sing my song, to write my verse, to pen the passionate letters to some loved one—to give all these to the world and to Him. No more should the song be hushed upon my lips; no more should the verses lie in some forgotten corner. No more should I pour my heart out upon paper, only to tear the letters later and lay them upon the

coals, to watch all that once glowed in my heart curl upward in vivid flames and finally burn and flicker away into naught but a gray and desolate ash under a cold, dark vapor like that which for so long has shrouded my soul.

I want to live, to love, to be myself and to fling off the shackles that have bound me all my life to conventionality! I want, without let or hindrance to tell—give—feel—all that God has planted within me as my woman's heritage—just to revel in telling, feeling, giving! Oh, to *live!*



A TIMID LOVER

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

I'D like to make a song to you,
A song so witching sweet and true
That even the least atune with love
Would, half-attending, hear it through.

The song lies sleeping in my heart;
I guard its slumber without rest;
For when it stirs I am afraid
And lay my hand upon my breast.

I hush it off because I know
It *is* so witching sweet and true;
I could not bear to give it life
Unless you'd let it live with you.



EMILY—Where did you get that sweet little cross?

MAUD—Oh-er—I forget. One of those cute little villages where they sell things for you to remember the place by.

MANY A TRUE WORD

By J. A. Callender

THAT part of a Yale commencement which finds unofficial expression after nightfall offers many inducements to join the party. But for once it did not appeal to Rivers. It was too early to go to bed, but as he lingered uncertainly on the hotel steps, Rivers was thinking that bed was about all that he cared for. Besides, as he had observed to Tinker that afternoon, when one is up against one's last night in New Haven, "you've either got to go to bed early or not go at all."

He started gloomily across Chapel Street and was aroused from apathy by the necessity of dodging an enthusiastic automobile liberally filled with rejuvenated graduates in ungodly habiliments. Having attended to this, somewhat to the quickening of his drooping spirits, Rivers turned into the campus, muttering sincere imprecations on all graduates in general, until it occurred to him that he was nothing but a graduate himself. The rather startling realization of his recent degradation—only that morning—from the status of reverend Senior to that of mere alumnus, drew a grim chuckle from him. He decided that he would go over to the Fence and smoke a pipe over it. Some of the crowd might be hanging around.

The whole campus was surging with the abandoned gaiety of the myriad returned ones—trust men who have been out of college for from three to twenty years to prove how much of joyous youth is still left unto them! And ever and anon they lighted their way with helpful supplies of the simpler brand of fireworks. In contrast to it all, it was a rather mournful little group

that Rivers found perched in bent meditation on the Senior Fence.

"You fellows," observed Rivers, as he hoisted his round form beside the far looming Tinker, "would make nice pallbearers."

"Where's your wife?" grunted Tinker, not that he cared, but he was glad of a little conversation.

"Henry," said Rivers, "is probably up in the room, writing a poem on 'The Last June Night at Yale.' Or else," he added, fumbling in Tinker's pocket, "he is writing for a job. You never can be sure of Henry."

Tinker felt tenderly in his coat, and finding that some matches had been left to him, thoughtfully filled his own pipe.

"I've got a job," he remarked complacently—"only I don't know whether it has a salary attached or not."

"That," murmured Bicknell, "is a sordid detail." He slipped down and quietly came along behind Rivers. "I'm not going up to the race," he said to him. "I'm starting South first thing in the morning." He hesitated for a moment, as if to say something more, and then abruptly started away across the campus. "So long," he called back. Rivers watched him in silence until he disappeared in the crowd and then slowly shook his head.

"Poor old Bick!" he said.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Tinker.

"It's a f-f-fact," grinned little Joe Lake, whose intelligence was always two leaps ahead of his speech, "Bick n-n-never looks r-r-right when he's s-s-sober."

"He's been sober enough today,"

said Rivers quietly. "His mother came up North to see him graduate."

Tinker turned his head questioningly. Something in Rivers's tone outside of the mere observation—fond parents are no novelty at graduation—had caught his attention.

"I wondered who that was," he said, "that you were traveling with yesterday."

"Yes," replied Rivers absently. "It was his mother." He sat smoking silently for a little while, until presently his pipe required attention.

"Yes," he repeated, "it was Mrs. Bicknall." Rivers hunched himself up into a more comfortable position. "You know, Bick wandered into my room yesterday morning, looking as much like the morning after as he ever did. Not that that's anything to get out an extra about with Bick, but he looked different from usual—like he had tried to raise all the hell there was and was afraid he had forgotten something. He didn't say anything for a while. After a bit he asked for a cigarette and said:

"Mother got in on the six o'clock last night."

"Looking at Bick, you couldn't have any doubt about the sum total of alcohol he had put out of business, and it struck me as sort of careless that he should have picked out the evening his mother was to arrive as an occasion for a very special session. I touched lightly on the subject, and he swore at me very satisfactorily and said that he hadn't known that she was coming. It seemed that he had tried to stall her off, but she wasn't good at being stalled. After he had cursed a comfortable amount, he said:

"Do me a favor, Jim?"

"I told him I was agreeable and asked him where he had lost it. I thought he had miscalculated in his treasury, but Bick grinned sort of foolish and said:

"Nothing like that. But—would you mind toting mother around until lunch? She isn't hard to entertain." Bick got off some stage business of gulping at this point, and the gulps were genuine, besides being uncomfortable

to look at, and added: 'She's so—so proud of me. They're trustful that way down in Georgia.'

"He was so blamed pathetic about it that I couldn't sidestep. Besides, there wasn't any doubt about his being in rather bad shape. So I smoothed him down nice and sent for some soothing syrup and told him to sleep on the window seat until I sent for him. Bick gave me a note to his mother, and we framed up some fiction for home use—Bick had to take a very special examination before lunch or he wouldn't get his degree. God forgive us, it wasn't artistic, but it was in a noble cause.

"I went over to the hotel and sent up my card with Bick's note, and Mrs. Bicknall sent word that she would see me in the ladies' parlor in five minutes. Far be it from me to state that I was real happy, but still, in my capacity of college orphan, I didn't have anybody else to look after. I suppose you might consider my job in the light of a polite attention from Bick.

"Well, at any rate, Mrs. Bicknall came down to the parlor, and I had used up about six inches of my speech without forgetting a word, when I woke up to her laughing at me. Not a distressing laugh like Joseph's—just human-like and quiet. Never saw a laugh look so well in white hair—her hair was all white, and fixed up the same way her daughters' would have been, if she had had any. And she got away with it and—that's Mrs. Bicknall for you. You could sort of imagine her down South forty years ago, being a little rebel spitfire, except—only—well, her mouth sort of looked, you know, as if it couldn't say anything but nice things. Then she slowed up into a smile and said, drawly, as they do:

"It's a shame to hitch me onto you, Mr. Rivers."

"Believe me, that little lady could talk attractive. Do you know in half a minute I was beginning to consider telling her all my boyhood troubles, until I remembered that she had some of her own—without knowing it. I could see Bick up in my room enjoying large and enthusiastic bromo seltzers. Funny

thing, you never think of that bromo orgy until too late."

Rivers knocked out his pipe and crinkled up his eyes reminiscently while he felt in his pocket for more tobacco. Tinker, from experience, merely heaved a patient sigh.

"As to Bick," Rivers went on at last—"well, I skirted the edges of that subject with delicacy. I condoled with her about Bick's nervousness, through which it seemed he had really not done himself justice in one of his last exams. I remarked on how hot it was to take an exam all over again. She didn't say much, just smiled sort of gently. You know," murmured Rivers, starting his pipe with a reflective cloud, "you know, a fellow's an ass to try and explain a fellow's characteristics to the fellow's mother."

"D-d-dare say," said Joe—"considering she k-k-knew him first."

"However," resumed Rivers, "Mrs. Bicknall, being a lady, did not call me a liar. I felt like thanking her for that. But instead, I suggested that we go out and look at the skyscrapers on the campus, and she said that she would be 'veh'y chahmed.' The way she said that was great! That was right where I signed her contract without conditions. It's a fact, I found myself trying to think of bright things to say—like Joe at a debutante dance—and I began to be afraid that somebody would drop along and cut me out. She—she was all to the nice. She didn't jilt me, and we spent a couple of hours wandering around. I never realized how well informed I was until I noticed the number of subjects I had intelligently broached just for the sake of hearing her talk. And all the time she didn't mention Bick's name more than once or twice. Most mothers can't pronounce much except their offspring's name in a strange conversation, but not so Mrs. Bicknall. Bick sort of went without saying, with her. And she didn't appear to be put out at his not being present—and damned badly accounted for, at that! Sort of as if the king could do no wrong, you know. I figured it out that, while nervousness as a reason

for failing in an exam didn't make much of a hit with her, nevertheless, my ravings about Bick's really being detained by a special examination had gone through unprotested. I felt pretty good about having put the bluff over, everything considered, in fairly good shape."

"You a-a-always were an a-a-artful d-d-devil!" murmured Joe.

"Well, we cruised along peaceable-like. I didn't dare to take her up to Bick's room. There's something about a bed which hasn't been slept in which is liable to arouse even the sleepest suspicions, and I doped it out that Bick had got about as near his bed the night before as an Arctic explorer gets to Hades—and so about one o'clock I steered back to the hotel for lunch and sent a boy over to the room to see if Bick's head was above water. It appeared that Bick considered it was—as near as Bick could see—but when he slid into the hotel half an hour later, all you could do was to take his word for it. I was just going to send him back to take his exam over again, when his mother came in. There wasn't more than a certain amount of hilarity in yours faithfully, but after the first second, I dug up one sigh of relief. Mrs. Bicknall didn't seem nervous about the outlook. As a matter of fact, Bick looked a good deal more human than he had, anyway, and I decided that Mrs. Bicknall held cheering views of what an awful strain examinations were on one. In my usual neat way, I think I remarked something to that effect."

Rivers's remarks were interrupted gently but firmly by a blissful half-dozen of carefree grads who swung along now and came to a stop in front of the mighty Tinker.

"That fellow," observed one of them gravely, pointing to Tinker, "can stay up for another hour." The speaker's gaze wandered to Rivers, and he fixed a watchful eye on his rotund person. "But this fellow—" He shook his head dolefully. "Don't you know," he asked sadly, "that it's very, very late?"

"I'll put him to bed by and by," grinned Tinker. "You'll find the kegs over to your right, I think."

Rivers's self-appointed guardian regarded Tinker beamingly as one who is freed from a great care. Then he bowed deeply and affably.

"Thank you," he said. "We had lost our way, and the night is—" and the noble half-dozen harmoniously faded away in mutual amity of soul. The little group on the Fence watched them with a judicial grin until they were swallowed up in the feverish kaleidoscope.

"They're doin' noble," grinned Rivers, as little Joe slipped down and stretched his arms sleepily.

"Was Bick's mother at the class 'Histories' yesterday afternoon?" asked Joe quietly.

"This motheaten Class Day game," growled Tinker, "of reading before one's assembled forbears alleged humorous *résumés* of one's student days ought to be stepped on." The historian who had had Tinker on his list had irritated Tinker exceedingly by discoursing on the latter's intelligence as well as effectiveness in his position of left tackle on the team. Tinker preferred to have his intelligence taken for granted.

"Yes," said Rivers in reply to little Joe, "Mrs. Bicknall was there. I wonder if you're thinking what I'm thinking?"

"S-s-suppose you t-t-tell me," yawned Joe, leaning back comfortably against him.

"Bick," replied Rivers, "got through lunch creditably, if not enthusiastically. Mrs. Bicknall looked at him once or twice sort of queerly, but she didn't say anything. I came away as soon as we were through, and Bick said that they would see me at the 'Histories.' I could see that Bick wasn't keen about being among those present at the obsequies, but it didn't strike me until later that it was anything but a natural regret at being kept awake. You remember that Thornton, our self-made wit, read the last of the histories, and for some reason or other all quips and quiddities on Bick's golden young college life were allotted to him. I didn't know it at the time, but I found out afterwards that Bick did, which explained more fully

Bick's parting murmur to me about not 'hankering for matinee humor.' He looked kind of worried, and at the time I wondered why he let a little thing like that bite him.

"At any rate, it was rather tough on Bick—considering his mother was aboard—to be handed over to Thornton. Thornton loves Bick the same way Bick loves Thornton, and the latter, with care, can get average mean in his observations.

"Tink and I, being some *blasé*, filtered into the exercises late, just when you were being hoisted on manly shoulders, Joey, for loving inspection by the girls. I believe they all thought you were real cute. Be that as it may, though, I sat drowsing along until I caught sight of Bick's mother up in the stands, and it occurred to me that right there was a chance for me myself to escape shameless publicity by hoisting. So I moseyed out unostentatiously and slipped up into the stands beside Mrs. Bicknall. She seemed interested in the proceedings and listened pretty closely to all the side splitting jests, and pretty soon she asked me who was the one who was going to say something about Bick. I was wondering myself why he hadn't come before, but when Thornton got up I told her that at last she would see her darling in the limelight."

Rivers paused to gather reminiscently another match from the handy Tinker. Rivers always claimed that he would never spoil the hang of his coat by carrying any.

"You remember," he went on, "Thornton's masterpiece on Bick? It was pretty raw, but I almost chuckled myself at his announcement of Bick's guiding motto as—'lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.' When I looked down at Bick—up on yours and Batty's shoulders, Joey—he was as white as a sheet on Monday. He gave one sickly glance up at us, and then looked back at Thornton—with his eyes half shut the way he sometimes has, you know—and if ever a man looked murder, it was Bick, right there.

"Moreover, I judged Mrs. Bicknall was not short on gray matter, and I be-

gan to be afraid as to how far behind Thornton's playful little effort she had gotten. Seeing that she was Bick's mother, it wasn't a nice remark for her to deduce too much truth from. There was too blamed much truth curled up in it. But when I glanced back at her she was smiling, and I felt better.

"Then she caught my glance, and I realized that that smile of hers was a pretty small one, and when she looked at me full face, she was all damp in the eyes."

"'Would you mind taking me out?' she said. 'I think that I'll go over to the hotel now.'"

"I led her down from the stands—Bick didn't see us; he was giving his entire attention to the ground—and all the way over to the New Haven House she didn't say a word. When we got there I asked her if she were ill."

"'No,' she said. 'Oh, no, thank you!' She hesitated a moment, and then she held out her hand to me. 'I wish that you would come down South often,' she said. 'I think that you are very good for my son.'"

"A thing like that scares you, but I got together and made a talk about how delighted I would be, and added in my best gazelle manner:

"'Bick will be good for me, Mrs. Bicknall. I'm a most wild fellow, and you know what Mr. Thornton said about Bick—'Lips that touch liquor shall—'

"I thought I was only skillfully glossing over that brilliancy of Thornton's, until Mrs. Bicknall dropped my hand

sort of sudden. She looked at me with that small-sized smile. Then she said, very quietly:

"'Please don't, Mr. Rivers. It's no use. You see—you see, his father was—went that way. Somehow, I want you to know. I was hoping that my son had—had not inherited that weakness, but—but it was so very plain what your Mr. Thornton really meant.'"

Rivers slipped to the ground with a little shiver, and absent-mindedly tapped his pipe on the rail.

"It wasn't such a joyous thing for her to come all the way up North for, was it?" he said. "They say that a drowning man can see his whole life in review. That's nothing to what I saw in her eyes while she was speaking. I saw a whole life's fighting—and—"

All over the campus, heavy with the smoke of much red fire and other exciting illuminants, swayed before them the gala festivities of this night of nights, when sons of the place, both young and old, belonging anywhere between Frisco and the Atlantic, meet in reunion long deferred to live over again in a few feverish hours the days that were. Over at the Silliman statue a couple of joyous members enthusiastically disputed possession of Benjamin's great bronze head as a throne wherefrom to survey the universe with the aid of able Roman candles. Rivers watched them with a grin for a moment and then tucked his arm through Tinker's.

"Come on," he said; "let's go down to Mory's for a last 'bunny' and toby of ale. Maybe we can crowd in."



CONSTANCY

By Betty Barlow

"YOU gave me the key of your heart, my love;
Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

KING OF THE SEA AM I

By Charles H. La Tourette

OH, I am the king of the wild raging sea, and my home is a dungeon deep;
I roam o'er the billows when waves roll high, and the mermaids sing me
to sleep.

Old Davy Jones' locker is naught to me,
For I am the king and I hold the key
Of the place below, where sailors go,
To take their last sleep in the storm-driven sea.

Oh, hi, ho! Oh, hi, ho! How I laugh when the ocean rolls high!
As I rule on my throne 'mid the heedless waves,
Where sailor boys sleep in their tearless graves,
No cares have I, storms I defy, for king, king, king of the sea am I,
King of the sea am I!

Oh, I am the king of the deep raging sea, and I never know want nor care;
I have for my pillow the wild ocean's breast as I lie in my slumber there.
My banquet halls ring with the siren's song,
Calling the sailor boy on and on
To the revelry beneath the sea,
Where many brave souls to their harbor have gone.

Oh, hi, ho! Oh, hi, ho! How I laugh when the ocean rolls high!
As I rule on my throne 'mid the heedless waves,
Where sailor boys sleep in their tearless graves,
No cares have I, storms I defy, for king, king, king of the sea am I,
King of the sea am I!



WHICH?

By J. H. MacLaughlin

WOMAN and Folly
Twin mimics are,
One understudy,
The other the star.

A MATTER OF SOUL

By Mary Glascock

WHEN he slept I crept out for a breath of air—not to look about me, for I had no care for dusk nor pines nor mountains. To me they stood for quiet, balsam and ozone—healing factors, not harmonies. A glimpse of these things had excited my patient into a rise of temperature. Foolish in him, when one place is the same as another—a house as symmetrical as a tree, a dust heap as interesting as a mountain. It is only the human mechanism that counts.

The trip up had not been as hard as I had feared. The patient endured the jolts and jars of the train admirably, and I gave an anodyne only once. He had not slept a wink during the night, and there was something about the grayness of his face as he lay with it turned toward the stars that I didn't like—a luminous quality that puzzled me when his pulse was as even as it was. I knew in such cases that the motion of the train must cause excruciating pain; but he lay with a half-smile on his lips—his eyes caverns of light.

It was a most interesting case—a disease known for only about a century. There was a reputation for the specialist, and perhaps myself, in the handling of it. The experience and research would count for something in the medical career I had planned. Why does the particular thing you long for dance so far ahead?

Next semester I had determined to matriculate if I could command the fees. I meant that Professor Thorne's case should see me through my first medical year. Ambition curbed by leanness of purse is grinding, but some day I'm going to make up to myself for a great deal!

I went in from the dusk—my lungs being duly expanded—to have a look at the patient. Something of the hush and purity of the night was in his sleeping face. Actually I wrote that puerile remark down in my chart without thinking. Silly of me! A patient is simply a broken down machine, of no interest but to set running again. I have a mechanic's pride in adjusting and patching. As to the personal element, it is absolutely nil to me. I find I can do better patching through detachment.

Waking, he smiled up at me as he had done the night before when his lips were pale and clinched.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he asked in a whisper. "I'm sorry I've been asleep and missed any of it. The voices of the night speak louder than the voices of the day."

I stared at him, and measured out a powder. "Sleep is most necessary for you," I answered.

"You haven't heard the night speaking yet," he said whimsically, "but you will some day."

"I prefer to sleep," said I shortly. I had no more use for sentiment than I had for syrup on muffins; both are uselessly sweet.

The night was still—a curious sort of stillness. I slipped on a kimono and threw myself on my cot—I was sleeping on the porch at my patient's door so as to be near if he called—but I could not sleep on account of the stillness. I have always found the rumble of cars and rattle of wagons more conducive than quiet to sleep—I am used to them.

A rested body and clear brain were needed for my work, so I turned my pillow to the cool side and tried my best to

cut short the thread of thought. Odd! The stillness was all sound! Beyond the orchard stretching down from the cottage to the fence wind-fretted pines murmured stealthily, and I felt that small, wild eyes were peering from the leafy shelter of the bushes looking me over. Then came soft sighs—of what? I thumped my pillow, closed my eyes determinedly and drew the covers over my ears to shut out the hearing of these things, but I could not shut the old Professor's smile from my inner eyes. It lighted more than his face—the whole room, just as a tiny sanctuary light I once saw in an old church glorified the entire altar, bringing out in delicate relief the wonderful carving and ancient crucifix above—the soul of the church, as it were. Nonsense! Here was I acquiring syrupy taste. I hadn't slept for twenty-four hours, and under that condition the mind is apt to follow the body and be a little low in tone.

When the morning sun struck through the branches of the cedar shading the porch, all the foolish night notions were swept from my head, leaving clean common sense the only furnishing. The Professor was decidedly better; and he shouldn't have been, according to theory. With little help he rose and sat in an armchair on the porch, facing the pine ridge—taking a soul bath, he declared. I should have called it a sun bath, rather. I intended to begin making notes that day that were to serve for a future thesis, but there was one symptom that puzzled me then—that has always puzzled me since—it was the persistent cheerfulness of the case. The disease should have induced depression. Perhaps it was his grace of humor that saved him from being too much of a saint. He was ever twisting pain into a joke, and that spirit of optimism drew others, who had come to the mountains for fishing or idleness, into his atmosphere of sympathy and cheeriness.

One afternoon when a fisherman—the convivial one in the next cottage—was spreading his flies for the Professor's inspection, I was writing up my notes in my room. The cottage was a little two-roomed shack somewhat like a henhouse,

and you had to leave the doors open to feel that you had room to breathe. The Professor beamed over the flies of many colors and shapes. Later I came to know the names of the lot, for the flavor of the place was fish and fishing; you inhaled it with the balsam, and ran up against a rod at every door. Every man that had not been born a fisherman was trying to acquire the art. I did not like the fish odor nor the fish talk. I don't care to hear of things that never come to anything—certainly the fish talked of were never caught—save once. The convivial fisherman brought me a fine German brown—the biggest in his basket, a three-pounder—to dissect. The Professor preferred small trout for breakfast or I shouldn't have had that.

To the convivial fisherman the catching of fish and mixing of odious cocktails seemed to be the *summum bonum* of existence. He was broad, red-faced, square-jawed, and had small eyes that looked out upon the world alertly, sharply. His girth of waist spoke of a truffled, mushroomy existence, yet the Professor liked him best of the people gathered in the house, while I resented his heavy presence on our cottage steps. He never came any nearer, but sat smoking fat black cigars, sometimes with a glass of Scotch in his hand, "to brighten up the Professor a wee," he said. I think he wished company in his drinking, for he always poured out a larger measure for himself, and seemed to find it amusing when I refused to taste the stuff.

The Professor was deep in fly-lore and tackle. He said there was always something to learn even when you had reached the border of three score and ten—that there was never anything in the world that did not hold some interest. That I couldn't see. I was sure neither fishing tackle nor the convivial fisherman was of interest to me—but I held my tongue. You felt as if you were breaking a commandment to dispute the Professor. Fishing is child's play; it's a waste of time for a man to squander long, useful days without receiving his hour's worth, following small fish. However, I went to making notes for my thesis.

When I came to look over what I had

written I read this: "The Professor's soul is a white flame pent in a house of alabaster—it shines through the walls. Even the red-faced fisherman of convivial habits sometimes catches a glimpse of the white shine."

I found myself listening to the two laughs blending over talk of the craft—one soft and low, the other coarse, I thought; that is, it was so deep and strong. The two heads were bent over a tangled line. With a "So long," the fisherman left; and I heard an elephantine crash as he awkwardly climbed the rail fence separating the orchard from the road and pushed down the river trail through the chaparral.

"I do not like that style of man. He's—he's—manlike, gregarious, tobacco-fouled. I don't like the saucy glint in his little eyes, and his hair—half-gray—has no business to curl short and crisp as it does." What was I writing? I had to tear out a leaf. Also I had stained a page of my *materia medica* in pressing a harebell the fisherman brought the Professor, and which the Professor had turned over to me. The book had cost a pretty penny, too!

I seemed to have been turning mental somersaults lately. I was firm in my intention not to think of the Professor as a personality—he was my case. I put on my starchiest, stiffest uniform—how the collar sawed my ears!—for dinner; the professional attitude must be properly clothed.

I asked the man of the house to set a couch in a patch of timothy and clover under a red fir a short distance from the cottage. The Professor thanked me gently. "I smell the spice of health in it, and I love the pink alfalfa flowers with their bumblebee visitors; they are such cheerful company," he said; and added: "The birds up in the tree are an excellent chorus, a sort of fir symphony."

I didn't know what kind of birds they were, but he introduced me to many. "Noisy company," I called them, for they sang, chattered and quarreled over his head the day long—robins, thrushes, vireos, warblers, crested magpies and I don't know how many others—but he knew them all.

The grinding pain grew worse and breathing was a struggle, but the Professor lay patiently on his back, and occasionally talked a little of himself as if he were reviewing another's life with calm criticism. There *must* be something in grit of soul! He had been a professor of English in a new college in a new State, he told me. "The college had so lately chipped its shell," he said quaintly, "that it still had room for old fogies who were content with small salaries. But when the new paint is paid for"—he laughed—"I shall have to give way to a young professor with young ideas—all a just plan," he explained without feeling. But this haziness about the future did not tend to hasten his recovery, I found. I rather imagined that the trip to the city, the big specialist and my services would about consume his accumulation of years. There was a son, a surgeon of renown in an Eastern city, he told me with unconscious fatherly pride. "But," he said, "Miss Fairfax, when you are a great physician, you will see how impossible it is to find time to run away from your work." This was in answer to my query as to when he had last seen his son.

"It is selfish in me to expect even letters when the boy is working so hard. He is building a reputation, and I will not have the construction stopped. Sometimes old folk are a drag upon young ambition, and they haven't the right to be. We've lived our lives, and in forcing our selfish parental claims, just think, we may be defrauding the world. Don't you see, Miss Fairfax? You will appreciate it because you are striving for the same thing that Ronald has about gained. You see, I'm sure."

I nodded, and loathed myself for assenting, for I saw—reflected in another's mirror—how little, how sordid I was, comfortably wrapped in a selfish ambition. I saw, but I did not care so much then—for I meant to succeed. Life had not been smooth to me, alone on the road, with my own way to make—a hard way for a woman whose ambition is bounded by only the sky. I was what that son was—a soulless machine. The revelation came suddenly as I stooped

over the Professor; he had fallen into a sudden faint.

For once I was glad to look into the face of the fisherman. He threw down his basket—fish tumbling out in the grass—and gently lifted the Professor in his arms and carried him to the room.

"Nurse"—he spoke sternly, commandingly, which I didn't like—"go to my cottage and bring the bottle of brandy you'll find on the table."

And I did as I was bid, poured out the brandy and still did as he directed. At that moment I was glad, thankful for his opportune coming. And the Professor, coming to, clung to his hand and mine. I watched the play of muscle in the fisherman's arms—the flannel shirt sleeves were rolled to the elbow. "Brute strength," I muttered to myself. That man was usurping my place, and I was angry as I stood unnoticed; and—worst of all—the Professor seemed to like it so. The room reeked of tobacco, fish and brandy—and my patient a pure flame flickering whitely in this atmosphere. I went out repeating to myself: "He is only a case—only a case." But in my heart I knew it was a lie.

I had had little time, little opportunity in my life for soft feeling, for soft doings; but now I knew that it was not for a thesis that I was doing this work, not for the chance of the medical school, but because I loved the old Professor, and I was jealous—I, Mary Fairfax, marked for favor by the great specialist as the nurse of calm brain, steel nerve, as a perfect nursing machine—was nothing but an ordinary woman after all. Under the red fir I heard my castles fall as I gathered up the Professor's belongings. I was sorry and very humble and a bit bewildered to find that I walked on a level with my sisters when I heretofore had looked down upon them from a height.

In my humbleness I stooped and gathered the fisherman's catch; it was a great one, the limit. I counted the fish as I put them into the basket and strapped the lid. What slimy, ill smelling things they were! I took them to him, and he reached for the basket as a matter of course, thanked me indiffer-

ently and went on talking. I glanced at him triumphant when the Professor turned to me with a pleading smile, saying: "Won't you sit by me, Miss Fairfax, and read a verse or two? I think I could go to sleep."

So he turned to the woman after all. I smiled in a superior way and looked up. There was a twinkle in the fisherman's alert little eyes; he was actually laughing to himself. My hand flew to my cap, my eyes to the looking glass over the bureau. My cap was on one side, half off. I remembered a low fir branch had caught it, and my hair was tumbling about my shoulders. I detested the little kink in it—so unprofessional; and I wished it was more sedate brown—the red crinkles are horrid—undoctory—undignified.

I couldn't help the color running to my face—it never did before. My cheeks must have been as red as his—and the redder they grew the more I hated it. And he stood, still laughing. I never knew a man so detestable.

He was on the porch when I came out, and jerked his fishing hat from the gray curls—absurd hair for a big man to have—and said: "Leave off the cap, Miss Fairfax. You've pretty hair, and without the cap you look like a real woman."

What else could I have looked like all this time? Vexation brought tears to my eyes. A real woman! I had been a machine—I had proudly trained myself to that—I had gloried in my nerve and control. I glanced at the mirror when I went in, and did not pin back the cap. A fir branch had torn a little hole in it, and I never could bear anything untidy. However, I wet my hair and brushed it severely back before I went to the table. A real woman indeed!

That night I smuggled the anodyne into the Professor's glass of milk because he needed to sleep. When the fisherman came to the steps to inquire how he was, I was sitting on the porch—for the night was warm—writing a report for the specialist in the half-light. I did not like that fainting spell—it had come without reason.

"This light is bad for your eyes," the

fisherman growled before I saw him. I rose stiffly. "Sit down." He motioned, airily puffing a cigar. I always detested a cigar, but this time the odor seemed to drift in with the balsam of the air, and there was about it a trace of the clinging incense in that old church.

It was a heavenly night. The sky was faint silver; a dim silver enfolded the trees in tender mistiness. It was a night when myths, dreams and hopes were not phantasms, but realities moving in the sharp shadows of slim trees; a night when things hoped for seemed near and haunting as the fragrance of the wild grape bloom creeping up from the river. It was a night when the spiritual wrestled with the material and rose to the uplift of the peaks—such a night as comes only to youth or to one in whom the flame of youth never burns out—a forecast of God's Heaven. Odd, it never struck me that way before, but it came to me full that night.

The silence between the fisherman and myself grew, and a groping sense of all this stirred the complacent depths of my mind. Of what he was thinking I had no clue, for he sat on the lowest step, a cedar branch shading his face already well hidden under the drooping brim of his fishing hat, the light of his cigar a glowing point in the silvery dusk. He cleared his throat and spoke a little gruffly.

"I've no right to interfere, and I generally attend to my own business, but I'm speaking because—well, I don't know why, but I like that man." He pointed toward the room where the Professor lay. "He's not my kind, but I like him. There's something bigger in him than in us common folk. It may be learning; it may be—something larger—"

"Soul," I answered before I thought, speaking the word in my heart.

"Just so." He made a wide sweep with his cigar. "Most of us have bound and dwarfed that article exactly as the Chinese women do their feet, until it is about as distorted." He puffed furiously at the cigar. "There's something about that man that draws you—you can't help it. He's not my sort, yet—" He

cut the sentence short and looked into the sky, showing a depth of feeling that I never should have given him credit for—or perhaps a weakness that I never should have suspected; I didn't quite know which way I wished to put it.

"I never had a patient before that wasn't 'just a case,'" I said slowly.

"You, too? I didn't suspect you had any feeling." I was angry; the red burned in my cheeks and I moved into the shadow to hide it. "Don't go in for a minute, please," he said. "I came to ask you if he has anybody belonging to him." I told him of the son. "Then send for him."

"I couldn't think of doing it without permission. I do not think it is necessary—yet."

"Do as I tell you; write tomorrow for him to come. The old Professor is an alabaster lamp, and the flame is flickering."

I looked at him, surprised. It was my simile.

He laughed awkwardly and rose to go. "I'm not getting into the way of dropping into poetry," he excused, "but, hang it, I'd like to see that man before he burned out if he were *my* father. Good catch today," he remarked irrelevantly.

"Yes, the limit."

"You counted them?" He chuckled. "You shall have the biggest for breakfast. I was going to send them away. They don't believe in my skill as a fisherman at the club, and I thought I'd give them evidence. But they'll have to wait this time. I lifted most of them out of the Willow Pool."

"They will be nice for the Professor's breakfast," I said primly. I was not going to accept favors from his hand, and said good night.

Next morning I ate no fish, and the fisherman made no comment, but casually observed to the table in general that he was going down to Tunnel Nine where big trout were supposed to lie, and he wouldn't be back until ten at night. He brushed by me upon leaving the dining room. "Remember, you're to write that letter today," he said.

I wished that he would stay at Tunnel

Nine and not interfere with my business. I take orders only from the specialist. When I carried the Professor his breakfast tray, I heard a furious stamping into wading boots, and a loud whistling out of tune from the next cottage; and rod a-sling over his shoulder, a cigar cornerwise in his mouth, the fisherman came down the steps. I pretended not to see him, broad-shouldered as he was, but I heard an amused laugh as he called to the dog to keep him company.

The day was long, and the Professor was not strong enough to move to the couch under the red fir, but it did not grieve him as it did me. He said that so much of the woods and mountains came through his open door that it didn't matter. I surprised a gray squirrel on the threshold, peering in, unafraid, when I came back from an errand. There was something so serene and gentle-spirited in the man that nothing was afraid of him. The squirrel darted to the roof when I approached, and a robin on a cedar bough spread wing.

"I've had fine company since you've been gone," he observed cheerily.

"And I've frightened them away," I said. "They will come back when—"

"When you find your soul," he supplied gently, and smiled at me. "And you will," he said half to himself. Just then I felt as material as the convivial fisherman, and hung my head. "My son feels as you do about ambition and accomplishment," he said suddenly. He seldom mentioned his son. "I have never known two people who would be so in sympathy—whose purpose in living is so strong, so deep. My son has realized what he set out to do. You will, too, Mary. May I call you that, Miss Fairfax? These days and nights we have been through together have brought you so close to me that I like to feel you are one of my own. Handles to names keep us distant from one another. Besides, Mary is a beautiful name; I like to say it. It was the boy's mother's," he said softly. I should like you to know my son, Mary—if—if he should come here and take a little vacation. I would like to see the boy!" A heart's longing was in the wish.

"Why not, Professor Thorne? I can write—"

"I've no right to ask the sacrifice." He shook his head. "He is a great surgeon in his city, and I have no right, for a whim, to take him from the sick who need his skill. No argument," he said firmly, taking my hand. "I have you, and when my time comes to go down into the silence, Mary, you'll be with me—it will be a comfort. I wanted the boy as much for your sake as my own. I wish you to know each other; so alike—so alike—to find each other," he repeated, trailing off into half conscious sleep.

Once I had addressed a letter for him to his son; now I addressed another, and enclosed a copy of my last week's chart. That must fetch him. What a physician he must be! I found that I was impatient for him to come. Had he a glimmer of his father's soul? I counted the days until the chart could reach him. Of his coming I had no doubt.

Late that night, past bedtime—I had been writing by the hot, smoky oil lamp and had stepped outside for a whiff of clean ozone—the fisherman passed by, his overalls wet to the waist, fishing coat torn by briars, his head hatless.

"Had a great day," he called; "a great walk home, four miles under the stars, and I'm hungry as an ox. You would like that tramp. The stars looked big as electroliers from the black gulch I went through. My, but the night's sweet! All the sweet smelling things seem to do their best at night." I listened perfunctorily while he halted. "Did you write?" he demanded. I went in and fetched the letter. He held out a grimy hand. I drew the letter back. "I owe you a stamp for doing as you were told," he remarked drily. "The nurse in you was too strong for the cat-tishness of the woman after all."

I was sorry that I hadn't posted the letter myself. It was only a step to the house, where posting a letter consisted of propping it in front of an old-fashioned clock until the man of the house finished milking and made up the post bag for the next day. Incidentally, the man of the house was postmaster.

"You've been reading that fine print medical book, I dare say," the fisherman accused, lingering. "What a waste of time!"

"An authority upon bones with very large print," I corrected.

He laughed. "You'd better have been out reading the stars with me."

I turned away in a huff, and he went off with the letter. I had no use for a man who despised books, and I'd much rather read about bones than gape at stars; astronomy is such speculation—so far away. What a vast difference in man-things! I mused, thinking of the old Professor, and—I thought of the time I caught the fisherman asleep on the lower step. Is there anything more disillusionizing than seeing a man asleep in the daytime? His stiffness is grotesque. Sleep steals away the spirit and leaves the body. And what a poor thing the body is! A mere ramshackle housing for the soul—an inn wherein the guest rests only for the night of life.

I wished that the convivial fisherman, when he returned from posting the letter, would not shout, "Sally in our Alley," quite so lustily on his cottage porch. I went back to reading of bones. I thought him selfishness incarnate to keep the mistress of the house up so late warming coffee and frying bacon for him because he chose to fish at Tunnel Nine. Strange, too, she actually seemed to like to do troublesome things for the fisherman. I was sleepy and nodded over the notes I was making. I was writing about the Professor again on my pad of paper.

"The soul of the man is in his eyes, his face, his body—shining through so brightly that sometimes the light blinds me. There is the limpidness, the sparkle of the brook in his mind." I had been thinking that, and had written it down unconsciously. I had found the father I had never known—mine died when I was so little—it seemed as if I could not let him go. My heart craved the comfort of his presence every precious minute. I cared nothing about my professional pride when the specialist wrote in praise of my skill, and I bundled all the notes for my thesis into the laundry

stove when the little woman was doing her day's washing.

Why the fisherman stayed on into the fall I did not know. The fishing was over; the low river was thick with moss and the trout had stopped rising. He said it was because he hadn't had a vacation in years, and when he had a good thing he was wise enough to hold it. The reason the Professor's son did not come was because he had several important operations on that would add to his fame—I am using the fisherman's absurd slang—"if he fetched them off." Spoiling the purity of our beautiful English is my abhorrence, and the fisherman's conversation was a pervert of its elegancies. Still it was to the point, I confess.

The specialist had been up at my request, and said that my patient might last until early winter—I had written young Dr. Thorne in late summer. When I told the fisherman the doctor was not coming, he said something very like an oath behind his hand and strode away. I should do the same as Dr. Thorne, I said to the fisherman, but I knew that I lied.

I went on bolstering up Dr. Thorne—by words at least. I had put the materia medica at the bottom of my trunk long ago, but I was a woman and could wait; and somehow the only thing I then cared desperately for was that the Professor should suffer as little as possible.

Of course it was all right in Dr. Thorne, but when the Professor lay spent, wistful and helpless under the red fir where the fisherman still carried him every pleasant day, ambition shrank to such a very small thing—a career didn't blot out the world to me then. There was something bigger—something I was slowly learning from one who gave out such large measure of it—and he was so humble in the giving.

The Professor said to the fisherman as we sat beside him, that his work had been such a small work in the world, and he had not done that as well as he might.

"The best work you could have done, sir, was just to have lived," the fisher-

man answered, and the water came to his eyes.

"Why don't that confounded man come?" he asked me that night.

I mumbled: "The operations—"

"—be hanged!" he concluded roughly.

"That fellow's losing the chance of his life not to see him."

I said nothing, for I was still loyal to the young doctor. I saw that the fisherman was offended with me.

"What are *you* studying medicine for?" he quizzed.

"Because I like it." I tried to put scathing dignity into my words. "And," I added the afterthought, "to help suffering humanity."

"That's a gag that's been sadly overworked. You'd far better be making a home for some suffering man with boarding house or club indigestion," he said, and had the audacity to laugh. The mocking laugh stirred up my color, and he said he liked to see it creep from my collar to my temples. I wouldn't tolerate him for a moment if it were not that the Professor was fond of him; and, in his heavy way, he was fairly gentle in handling my patient. But I stayed to tell him of the host of splendid women in my chosen profession—big-hearted, big-souled, even-poised women who had blazed the trail for us younger ones to follow.

"I take off my hat to them," he said, suiting the action to the words. "But you—" And he laughed again in that exasperating way.

What did he think of me? That I was not worthy of the company? Perhaps they did not rise by treading upon what I did! I did not care in the least what he thought. We never agreed; we never should. He had a sweeping way of looking at things. I considered them microscopically—the better way. I left him abruptly, loathing the laugh that followed me.

Now that the anodyne had lost its calming hold, the Professor lay through nights of uncomplaining pain, and the fisherman divided the watches with me, making me understand, however, that it was not for my sake.

"Look here, Miss Fairfax," he said to me after a bad night; "give me that cub of a doctor's address. He's got to come, and when he gets my letter he will come." The line of his mouth settled grimly. "It will fetch him."

So he wrote; and I broke the news to the Professor that his son was coming.

"So quickly, silently drifting," I wrote on the edge of my chart, where now each day I recorded a lowering of temperature, a waning of vitality. At night I fancied I heard the purr of the ebb tide at his door. I grew hysterical—the long strain was telling—I seldom took long cases. Before, I had always been interested in seeing how the machine ran down, but this gentle old man made me a child. I only held myself together for pride's sake—and fear of the triumph in the fisherman's eyes. I found out that I had nerves. Scientifically I was all astray. Perhaps God had not made some women to patch machines; perhaps He meant—The Professor said yesterday that He meant them to be His ministering angels upon earth, with just spice enough of mortal to be interesting. Perhaps—I was tired out, body and soul. I don't see why my nerves should have overridden the better part of me! For the first time in my life I loved and revered a human being. I was as soulless as Undine when I came to the mountains, and the Professor had guided me to my soul. I suffered—but I felt. How I worked! But it was for love I worked.

"The lamp is burning very low," the fisherman said to me, looking in and tip-toeing away. He was on his way to the train to meet the young doctor. The red had worn from his face, now that he couldn't go fishing, and it was not a bad face, if a trifle heavy. There was strength in it, purpose, will. You did what he told you to do without argument. Why? I dismissed the query with the answer that I was too worn out to resist anybody or anything.

I waited on the porch. The Professor had whispered a wish to me in the dark, when we wrestled with the Apollyon of pain, and I wished to see the young doctor before we met. The days were

short, and I looked down the road watching the purple pines, plumed soldiers guarding the pass. The road was narrow, a mere dusty thread through the woods. The evening star glimmered atop the tallest pine, a guidon of light, and in the pale sheen of the sky others promised, making a soft radiance that misted the ridge, as tender in color as the far ripple of the river was in music. There was balsam in the air—life. In the wideness of the world everything seemed waiting for me—big things—bigger than my ambitions. I drew in the breath of early fall—an acrid sweetness—while the silent, drifting leaves of the old orchard fell about me in a singular rhythm. My heart was filled with the beauty of it. It was good to have found a soul!

The fisherman was walking in the middle of the road; he seemed stripped of the material—an illusion of night, of course—and if he moved heavily, he moved strongly. A spare, wizened, old-young man minced at his side peering through big, round spectacles. I knew his kind when I led him to the Professor's bed—steel springs covered with hard flesh, steel nerve, steel brain, accurate hand, steel heart. I knew the kind well—the most successful in the hospitals. Once I had envied it and hoped to be of it. He would make a great surgeon—fearless, no sentiment to keep him from taking risks, but—

The Professor looked up. "My son!" he said, and the light of Heaven was in his face. I put up my hands and turned to go. "Stay, Mary," he called. I knelt at his bed. The young doctor stood at the foot peering over like a curious cat—no more expression in his face. I buried my face in the pillow; the old Professor

had taken my hand—the touch was cold. The young doctor came around, to study me probably as a new specimen of nurse, when, guided by the old Professor, my hand for an instant lay in the young doctor's.

"Nurse"—he jerked his hand away as if it had come in contact with a live wire—"you have a temperature. You must be relieved. I'll telegraph to the city for another."

I faced him, standing. "No one but the Professor shall send me away," I said stubbornly—and I stayed.

The fisherman waited outside on the porch. I had no idea that I had spoken so loud. He patted me on the back as I passed, and I tried to wither him with a look.

Toward dawn, in the tranquil, black hour when the world holds its breath waiting for the rebirth of things made shapeless by the night, when the pines no longer complained, but towered mute, listening, the ebb tide carried the old Professor down into the silence, where perhaps he heard more than we, his senses gaining immortal sharpening. Who knows? The fisherman, the young doctor and I were with him, and the fisherman and I were glad of his release. We told each other so. As for the young doctor, I think he would have liked to study the case a little longer—it was most interesting. Never for a moment did he remember that he was a son.

"Science perhaps may never have made a better machine," the fisherman said to me in his blunt directness under the morning star; "but God never made less of a man."

And I agreed—as I still do to everything the fisherman says.



FORTUNE smiles on some men—it can't help it when it finds itself in such ludicrous surroundings.

MRS. BILLIE'S BABY

By Harold Susman

“BEFORE I was married and had a baby of my own,” said Mrs. Billie, “nothing used to bore me so much as other women’s babies.”

“I know,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“It seemed to me that all babies were bad enough to have to look at, but were even worse to have to listen to,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Quite so,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“And when they were ‘shown off’ it was worst of all. I used to go ‘goose flesh’ when *that* began,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Me too,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“But then the average baby *is* an awful thing. And, even though I do say it as shouldn’t, *my* baby is *not* an average baby,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Of course not,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“In the first place, Augustus doesn’t *look* like an average baby; does he?” said Mrs. Billie.

“No, indeed,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“And in the second place, Augustus doesn’t *talk* like one, either,” said Mrs. Billie.

“I believe it,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“I just want you to hear the way he imitates the animals,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Imitates the animals?” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“Yes, *all* the animals,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Good gracious!” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“It is wonderful,” said Mrs. Billie.

“It must be,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“Just listen to this,” said Mrs. Billie. “Augustus, how does the bow-wow go?”

“Blah! Blah!” said Augustus.

“See!” said Mrs. Billie. “He knows!”

“Wonderful!” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“Augustus,” said Mrs. Billie, “how does the pussy cat go?”

“Blah! Blah!” said Augustus.

“See!” said Mrs. Billie. “That’s right!”

“Wonderful!” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“Augustus,” said Mrs. Billie, “how does the poll parrot go?”

“Blah! Blah!” said Augustus.

“See!” said Mrs. Billie. “He never makes a mistake!”

“Wonderful!” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“And now the hardest of all,” said Mrs. Billie. “Augustus, how does the choo-choo car go?”

“Blah! Blah!” said Augustus.

“See!” said Mrs. Billie. “Isn’t it *marvelous*?”

“It certainly is,” said Mrs. Van Martyr. “But the choo-choo car reminds me that I have to catch a train. I must go. I am not surprised that you are proud of your child. As I have said, he is—er—*wonderful*! Good-bye, dear.”

“Good-bye,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Good-bye, Augustus,” said Mrs. Van Martyr.

“Say good-bye to the lady, Augustus,” said Mrs. Billie.

“Blah! Blah!” said Augustus.

“See!” said Mrs. Billie. “Isn’t that cute? He knows that, too!”



JIMMY HAMILTON HELPS

By Vanderheyden Fyles

NO use denying it, I felt myself to be a much injured young man. If the note had been from anyone but Lydia— But then, what would I have cared for any other woman's change of mind?

Besides, Lydia understood. No twenty-eight-year-old enigma—and with eyes like Lydia's—is taken by surprise by the man who is determined to make her *his* wife instead of just the other fellow's widow. Furthermore, no woman could have sent so many men back to the débutantes, and with such maddening placidity, without recognizing the symptoms at a glance. Not that I ever made an effort to disguise mine. I allowed it to be evident from the first that my trouble was no juvenile spring fever, but a serious ailment, which must grow much worse unless much better.

Yes, Lydia understood. How many months ago she began to understand I cannot guess. But that day in the country left no doubt of it.

I scorned waiting for moonlight. The man of thirty-two who brings it—the big thing—about in moonlight is insincere, or a coward, or a trickster. Beside, Lydia and the moon, the river at our feet and at our rear the rhododendrons that girt the terraces rolling upward to the house would have meant one of those moments that make all the years of matrimony inevitably an anti-climax.

I did not even compromise on twilight. Her mother's place, at which we all were staying over Sunday, is one of those houses in which romance lurks by day as well as night. The hostess never bores one with singers who must be listened to after dinner. But an invisible pianist or 'cellist seems always part of the

establishment. And somehow, especially at twilight, vague harmonies steal from shadowy corners and at just the times when words begin to seem inadequate. I mean, *not* at the times when you think the stout broker who came out on the last train is about to drop a bit of "inside" information.

Sometimes I wonder whether the hired entertainers at Arden House are not diplomats out of favor with the current Administration.

But all this is just what I did not care to count on with Lydia. Previously I may have, but I did not now. I asked her in the noonday sun. And it was a broiling sun—one of those mid-June affairs that make marriage and everything else just hideously a fact. I don't mean that I mentioned marriage then. But Lydia understood. I knew she would be passing through town the next day, or the next, on her way to Lenox with the Pruyns; and I asked her to lunch with me or to tea, or if she would dine. I did venture something vague about asking others if she insisted; but I knew Lydia sometimes drew on her right as a widow to indulge harmless unconventionalities. So you see I left her ample opportunity to reject my love unuttered. For a girl with eyes like Lydia's might wound one of those boys who flock about her everywhere, but not a man—a man who has lived, and who waited before he worshiped. At least, I believed then in her considerateness.

In short I left her plenty of byways out of seeing me in town without taking the direct one of a "previous engagement" in New York and in June! And she understood. For she gave me a very

wonderful long look, and smiled; and then:

"I think over dinner would be the best time."

So you can see the way I felt when I received her note on Tuesday morning. Monday had been unlivable and unending. New York never was so humid, noisy, reeking; work never was so laborious or futile; the roof gardens never seemed such tawdry, vapid refuges.

Then, with Tuesday morning, her little mauve note arrived. She was very sorry. Oh, she was very, very sorry! She would not pretend to have recalled a forgotten "earlier engagement," but frankly would confess that the Pruyns, with whom she was to go on to Lenox, were landing that day. By wireless they had implored her to gather some people for the evening. "Any humans who are city bound," as Lydia expressed it. "Of course," she added, "you will understand and forgive, and join us." I must forget "our adventurous little party" and surely come. She would expect me.

Expect me! I wonder whether women realize that there is such a thing as expecting a man just one time too often?

I took considerable time over my reply. Just the desired note of polite but jaunty carelessness is not the simplest thing to strike. I said how sorry I should be to miss our little *tête-à-tête*. Yet in a way the arrival of the Pruyns was opportune. It let me out of a disagreeable corner very neatly. I twice had had to refuse dinner with a man I wanted very much to see, I let it be understood; and now he was to be off till autumn. To have invented or involved some woman would have been too obvious! But, I went on, this man—I had had to tell him that tonight again could not be fixed. As soon as her note came, however, it made everything all right. I thought that "everything all right" rather crisp and happy!

I sent the note. I sent it with gardenias. Then I sat down to think who the man might be.

It would be merely tiresome to rehearse the names I thought of only to dismiss them. Why the very one should not

have occurred to me first as well as fifth I cannot say. Naturally I counted on Lydia seeing us. The advantage of New York is that, there being really only one place to dine, one is prepared to see and to be seen. So my companion must needs be such an obviously amusing cuss that my very manner could not help proclaiming my forgetfulness of woman. Small satisfaction indeed to have Lydia glance over the heads of worshipers only to find me dining with an uncle left lonesome in town, or a tweed-suited youth who held records for everything except saying two intelligent things in any given fortnight, or with one of those diners who get through the meal as affably as they can so as to gain a friendly ear to a mining scheme with coffee and cigars.

Small avail, indeed. But Jimmy Hamilton! Good old cousin Jim! Nobody in the world has so good a time as Jimmy, and certainly no one shows it with such effulgent frankness. He is in demand everywhere and just for his exuberance and vivacity.

Jimmy was the boy for me. Man nor woman could look across a room and not envy whoever was with Jimmy.

I telephoned. But truth to tell, I had to admit my purpose before I could get him for the evening. He was to usher at a wedding on Long Island in the afternoon, and he didn't see how he possibly could get back in time. I offered willingly to set dinner late. But the bridegroom was Jimmy's chum, and he said he didn't want to feel tied down to leave till all the fun was over. I pointed out to Jim his selfishness. The idea of considering pleasure at such a crisis in my life! Was dining out with him—or with anyone else—going to mean fun for me? The situation was serious; it was harrowing; it was tragic.

Finally Jim consented, though not until I had reminded him of all the sacrifices I had made to help along his latest courtship. Indeed, a girl less worldly than Lydia might have doubted the purpose of parties I gave for a certain very sprightly lady of Broadway. But that is Jimmy's story, or one of the series—not mine.

I did not go to the wedding. I had no heart for levity and cheer. But I did go to Long Island. I wanted to look especially fit. It was a wretchedly hot day in town, but I was determined not to appear dragged down to Lydia. A brisk, salt swim would be the thing. So I cut work early and ran down to the beach.

It was hot. Crossing town, the wheels of the cab sank into the asphalt. On the train the scorching roof of the car seemed to press down on one's head and the cinders to grime into one's soul. I was more fagged than I had fancied. The salt water was refreshing; but, lying on the sand, I could almost feel the summer sun burning me to blisters.

Still, I had nothing to do but lie there. I was not to meet Jim until nine. And I must keep uppermost the precaution not to look tired or worried or pale.

When I could stand the sizzling sand no longer I put clothes on my sunburned, sticky body, and wandered along the deserted boardwalk. The hotel that practically "made" the resort had burned down in the spring. Now the place was an unpeopled desert. The sun beat down. I looked at my watch. Not quite four. Most of five hours yet to kill.

I wandered over to the clubhouse and took a chair on the veranda. But I ordered nothing to eat. Lydia must see how ravenous was my appetite. I just sat and waited. I tried to read. But mostly I just waited.

To while away the time I endeavored to invent little expressions, little gestures, eloquent of light carelessness and merriment. Clever ideas did not come, though there was nothing to distract me—a cloudless sky, a waveless ocean, vistas of unpeopled sand. Presently I found I was not quite utterly alone. The mosquitoes had found me out. Evidently they approved the color of my socks.

It was nearly thirty minutes before the next train was due for town, but I quitted the veranda and waited on a red plush seat in the parboiled car. My clothes irritated my raw and stiffened

skin. My ankles began to swell. I think I sighed.

Naturally, Jimmy was late for dinner. But I didn't much mind, because I seemed to feel the need of a drink alone. I had thought my manner as I entered rather jaunty, but the *maitre d'hôtel* greeted me with the query:

"Are you ill, sir?" And then: "The heat is very pulling down." And finally: "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, you've bruised yourself, sir?"

The last reference, I take it, was incited by the fumes of witch-hazel, with which I had bathed my burning body, or of the ointment on the bandages wrapped about my swollen ankles.

"Never better in my life," I growled, and swung on into the café.

I had just ordered when I spied Jimmy in the doorway. I called the waiter back.

"Make those *champagne* cocktails," I corrected. For Jim certainly did look fagged.

"Golly!" I greeted him gaily. "Been weeping with the 'mother of the bride'?"

"Marriage is nothing to laugh about," he replied with withering but unaccustomed dignity.

"Not sad with Midland Pell as groom!"

"Oh, Mid was gay enough. We all were— Here, waiter, what the devil's that stuff?" The waiter glanced appealingly to me. "None of that in mine."

"What sort of cocktail then?" I asked.

"Ammonia, I guess," said Jim.

As we made our way to the large dining room and through it to the terrace, I told Jim I did not want to hear a word about the wedding until dinner had been ordered, was wholly off our minds. Jimmy's descriptions are inimitable. That is the truth, even though I did have my motive for wanting to listen to so entertaining a narrative on the terrace.

Lydia was lovely. Her gown was of a wonderful vague green that seemed to catch the colors of the night. She wore no ornament in her hair. Anything would have looked tawdry against the glorious waves of soft, rich auburn.

I tried to tip Jim off to order, as though the dinner was his party. He paid no heed. I kicked him under the table. "Order," I growled.

"What?" said Jim.

"Order," I repeated. "Act like a host. Look like a host."

"Oh, very well." He took up the menu as though it were a dedication ode he was called upon to deliver.

"Make it look like one of those diners the man at the next table wishes he had ordered."

Jim simply stared at me.

"I'm paying for it," I put in—though I tried to speak with a shrug that would appear, at a distance, to accompany some trifling *bon mot*. While Jim was ordering I went over to offer my respects to Mrs. Pruyn on her return. As I left the table Jimmy was studying the menu very seriously. His brows were knit. The captain, pencil and pad in hand, looked on anxiously. The waiter also had an anxious look. Even the scurrying omnibus paused and seemed to entertain a doubt.

Lydia—after I had spoken first to Mrs. Pruyn—was very gracious. "I'm so sorry about tonight," she said. Then she indicated the white flowers nestling amidst the pale moon green of her gown. "Lovely," she said. "Nearest the heart, you see."

"Yet not *touching* it," I said, and went.

When I got back to Jim and was once more seated I began, with considerable gusto: "And now let us hear all about the wedding."

I looked for that odd hitch of Jimmy's with which he invariably begins a story he knows is going to be good. He didn't hitch. Indeed, he sank deeper in his chair.

"Well," I prompted.

"Midland's gone," said Jim. "Gone the way of all of us." And then he added very gravely: "Good old Mid."

I began to feel discouraged. But I persevered. "What stunts did the boys pull off?"

Jimmy shook his head. "None," he muttered.

"None? With that bunch? You can't tell me—"

"Broke a glass," Jim then allowed. "Broke a glass. Mid proposed, 'The Bride.' Then he drained his glass and shattered it on the hearth. Something about 'No lips shall—' Oh, it was sad, very, very sad!" Again he shook his head from side to side. "Poor old Midland gone!"

I caught Lydia looking at us. Her expression was peculiarly keen. "Yes, yes," I exclaimed to Jim; and I smiled—I chuckled—I laughed.

But I saw that as a subject the wedding stood no chance. "When I saw that last glass forever shattered," Jim was murmuring dolefully; "and when I think of poor old Mid—"

I veered over to Jim's own *affaire de cœur*—that is, to his latest one. "Was *she* there?" I queried, with what aimed to be a sly and leading wink.

"Yes," said Jim.

"And—" I led on, running up the scale.

"Has thought it over. Says she'll have me."

"Congratulations!" I exclaimed with gusto. "Here," I added, reaching toward the cooler; "we must drink to this!"

"Going home," said Jim.

"What?"

"Going home."

"Like blazes you are!" I hurled back. I hoped, however, that at a distance my manner suggested a vivacious pleasantry.

"A gentleman knows when to go home," insisted Jimmy.

"If you know what's good for you you'll sit right there. And you'll talk. Do you hear that, James Godfrey Hamilton—you'll talk!"

There was some flurry on the terrace. The Pruyn party were getting up to go. All eyes followed Lydia as she floated from the moonlight.

With a breadth of gesture I hastened to enlarge to Jimmy on his great good fortune, became poetic over the beauties of love and matrimony, prophesied for both a thousand years of bliss.

"Going home," was Jimmy's only answer.

Lydia was gone. Nothing mattered

now. "You can go to—you can go to any bloody place you please!" I belatedly out.

"What?"

"But don't let me ever see that grin of yours again."

"Grin? I grin? And with poor old Mid—" His voice sank to an injured groan. "Why, I haven't smiled since—"

"You bet your life you haven't smiled!" Fortunately I was interrupted by a waiter. He brought a note scribbled in pencil on a card. It was from Lydia.

"If you can decently lose your cousin," she wrote, "please come and take me home."

At the entrance Lydia held out her hand to me in a peculiar way. She seemed almost to crush my great paw in her delicate white fingers. I wondered if my scheme possibly had succeeded better than I had hoped.

Mrs. Pruyn seemed satisfied with Lydia's excuse that she wanted to get right on home because of the early start for Lenox in the morning. But as we went down the steps together I could feel more than one pair of eyes pierce into my back like daggers.

When I gave Lydia's address to the chauffeur she leaned out of the taxi and whispered: "It isn't late—and it's so—er warm; don't you think we might take one turn around the Park?"

As we spun up the deserted avenue Lydia chatted amusing nothings about the wedding.

"It certainly was fun," she finished off. "I've never seen Jim Hamilton so full of spirits. Why didn't you come?"

"Didn't feel up to it," I said. Then I kicked myself. I tried to cover my admission with twenty questions all at once. How did the Pruyns enjoy their year abroad? Did Italy seem to benefit old Mr. Pruyn? Had they decided to buy the place near Sorrento?

"Neither of us is really thinking a bit

about Sorrento or the Pruyns," Lydia put in with a little laugh.

I didn't quite know what to say. Suddenly I realized she had placed her hand on mine. "What is it?" she murmured gently.

"What is—what?"

"The thing—the trouble? Do you suppose I can't see?"

"Why, I—"

"You're not the sort to be so cast down without a reason—a good reason. And even Jimmy Hamilton! It must be something bad."

If it had not been for the catch in Lydia's voice I think I might have played on my advantage. But—

"You're mistaken, Lydia," I began.

"If you mean I haven't the right to talk to you this way—"

"No, no. I—"

We were scurrying noiselessly through the cool Park—on the one side the luxuriant green trees, on the other a sea of rhododendrons, and before us the broad road, white and glistening in the moonlight. And I always had declared it never should happen in the moonlight!

"Well, I don't mind," Lydia was saying. "I love you. There—it's said. If I ever doubted it, I knew tonight."

"Tonight?"

"When I saw the trouble in your eyes. Then I realized how much I wanted to mean to you."

I did not know just what to say. It seemed a sacrilege to squirm with sunburn on such a night, to speak of mosquito bites at such a moment. And how could I reply to her frankness, sympathy and love with mention of Jimmy Hamilton's failure?

But had he failed? That just occurred to me.

I bowed my head and lifted one of Lydia's white fingers to my lips. "I must explain a lot," I murmured. "But it won't be hard if at the end you'll say I may call up Jimmy on the telephone and ask congratulations."



FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LÉANDRE

By Helen Woljeska

FEW people are wise enough to be foolish at times.

The poorest in experience are apt to be the richest in theory.

Every woman has a comedy self and a tragedy self. Which of these shall be uppermost depends upon her lover.

Our lovers' biggest sins are their littlest sins!

They who live the artificially sheltered life of the *plante de luxe*, and through the panes of their hothouse look out upon the savage storm of life—they are ever the first to judge the flowers that yield to its passion.



LITTLE DIMPLES

By W. Edson Smith

WHAT'S a dimple?
Oh, that's simple!
It's a ripple in the whirlpool
Of a pretty woman's smile.
It may lead you to destruction—
Maybe start a rousing ruction;
It was placed there by the devil
With intention to beguile.

Change your dimple
To a pimple;
Twist the "d" around a bit—
It's just a letter more or less;
For a dimple—ah—inverting,
Makes a whole lot less of flirting;
And this topsy-turvy treatment
Has been needed long, I guess.

HIS CASTE

By Michael White

ON the map of the world there is a place called Suez. As a habitation of men it is unimportant save in one respect. Of Suez it is said that he who goes east or comes west to dwell across that spot on the border line between the Occident and the Orient will never be quite the same man to his own people afterwards, that the Occidental becomes vaguely orientalized—and the Oriental—concerning him let us take the case of Ram Nath.

Sivaji Ram Nath, as his name implies, was a Hindoo of high caste. What breath of Kismet it was which stirred in him the desire to acquire academic knowledge west of Suez, instead of taking the usual course at a native university leading directly to a position of patent leather shoes and gold spectacles in the Secretariat, Indra knows—this writer does not. In any case, Ram Nath came west of Suez to seek modern education, very far west considering that he crossed the Atlantic and landed in New York.

Though Ram Nath had discarded native garb in favor of a European ready-made suit, and removed the caste mark from his forehead before leaving Bombay, it must be understood he was still a Hindoo to the finger tips of his ethics on reaching the United States. As witness the revolting, sickening horror with which he first cast eyes on a Sixth Avenue butcher shop, for there were carcasses of beef—the sacred animal—exposed for the most sacrilegious of purposes. In his native town such a spectacle would incite the whole populace to a frenzy of riot, and the might of the British Empire in India would hasten to end that butcher shop for its own

sake. For the moment it struck at the foundation of his civilization, causing him to stand as one petrified by an unthinkable evil. Then he fled back to his room, where he shut himself in to write home in guarded language, lest he be set down for a profane liar, of the appalling thing his eyes had beheld. In comparison to this abhorrent wonder, skyscrapers, electric cars, and the amazing freedom of unveiled women dwindled almost into insignificance. Assuredly they were strange gods whom the Americans worshiped.

But after his patient kind Ram Nath was persistent. His purpose was to return to India with a university degree which he hoped would win for him immediate recognition in the Secretariat. Therefore he presently ventured forth to begin his college studies, carefully avoiding the region of butcher shops, and by other ways, such as cooking his own food, endeavoring to preserve his caste. In the meantime his father, uncles and brothers, in a town of the sultry Central Indian plateau, backed him with the family fortune, so that he might come to be their chief pride, *i. e.*, eventually support them all on the salary of his Secretariat position. Though utterly benighted in his methods, the pious Hindoo may be given credit for looking hopefully forward to shifting the burden of personal support onto the shoulders of any more enterprising relative. From his family Ram Nath received regular remittances, the gossip of his town, but above all strict injunction to preserve his caste. Upon that depended his whole career in India, at least according to his father's precept.

At exactly what period Ram Nath

began to lose caste it would be difficult to answer—to drink from a polluted cup being sufficient. But this much is certain, that a few weeks' residence in New York found him passing a butcher shop without a shock to his conscience; a little later he began to save himself trouble by purchasing cooked food upon the solemn assurance that beef fat did not enter into its preparation, and then he went downhill by an easy grade until he was tempted to save time by lunching at the college commons. Not until a fellow Hindoo student of low caste reminded him that he was actually eating beef, in the form of a satisfying and palatable stew, did Ram Nath realize he had tossed his caste to the winds.

"Hai, Nathji!" smiled the Hindoo fellow student, with a familiarity he would never have ventured upon in India. "We be all equal here. No one wears a caste mark in this country. I do not have to be careful lest my shadow fall on Your Godship's food."

"That is progress and modern civilization," returned Ram Nath. "I am for liberty and freedom. It is what we need in India."

"India!" repeated the other. "True, that is what we need. But consider, O Nathji, what would be said in India could it be known you were eating beef at the same table with one of my degraded social position? For me, who am of low caste, it would not go well—this stew of beef which is very good; but to your family how would you explain?"

For a short space Ram Nath shifted in his chair, like a man who, easy in his mind regarding the commission of a crime, suddenly has the finger of detection pointed at him. Presently he waved the unpleasant thought aside with a gesture.

"Those are foolish ideas. I have passed beyond that stage. Perhaps I shall not return; but if I do—"

"Ah!" interjected the other. "But if you do, O Nathji?"

"Who—will know?" he answered, lifting his shoulders slightly. "For the present I am like the Americans. See"—he beckoned to the waiter—"I order pie made with lard; that is pig's fat, and

the gods do not fall upon me. *Bus!* Enough! That is all nonsense."

Thus was Ram Nath's decision taken and his future course laid clear. Thenceforth he strove to cut his cloth entirely according to the American pattern, and his letters home at longer intervals were eulogistic of conditions in the New World. To these came replies proving that what he wrote was not understood, but reiterating the parental injunction regarding his caste. Otherwise, as Ram Nath possessed the politeness of the Oriental in addition to a studious intelligence, he made friends in certain American circles. He was even guilty of playing baseball, very creditably indeed considering that his strength lay rather in brain than muscle. Finally he took his A. M. degree with honors, and according to his original plan should have departed for India. But if an A. M. degree would help him in the Secretariat, how much more might be gained by a post-graduate course! That was the excuse he offered his family for remaining in America. But there was another reason.

Ram Nath had become enamored of an American girl—a professional dancer. Friendly relations between the two had been brought about through her desire to portray a Vedic character. That was all there was on her part. But in return for his indefatigable labor of instruction, the grateful nods and smiles and the sweetly spoken, "Oh, Mr. Ram Nath, you are just too lovely for anything to go to all this trouble!" sank into the depth of his Oriental nature, and there kindled all manner of vain dreams. That was the real motive why Ram Nath had pretty well set India aside in his future reckoning, as he had previously tossed away his caste. At least he remembered it only to the extent of writing home for costumes which could not be procured in New York, and covertly lying about their purpose by saying they were to aid in spreading the truth of Brahma, according to the sacred dance of the temple. To be sure the dance was to take place before a painted plaster figure of Shiva, but the stage of a vaudeville theater is hardly the same thing as a Hindoo

temple. It was not of course praiseworthy in Ram Nath so to deceive his people, but then what will a man not do for the woman upon whom his being is set? Let the daily newspaper bear witness of worse than the prevarication of Ram Nath. So Ram Nath trod the path which others have gone before, cherishing crumbs and scraps of comfort strewn by her hand on the wayside. Perhaps she rather liked Ram Nath; probably she was sincerely grateful for his efforts in her behalf—he, even he, painting the dummy image of his god for a playhouse and setting upon its forehead the mark of his caste—but beyond that Indra alone knows what is in the thought of a woman.

Let the success of her first performance be accepted, for is it not written in print how she grasped with subtle insight the mysterious nature of the Vedic character she represented, and carried her interpretation of it to a dramatic triumph? A half-dozen calls before the curtain! On that score, what more need be said? But concerning the other drama of which the audience saw nothing, its *finale* came in the hour of personal congratulation. It was to a young man of her own tribe she first turned with the light of supreme joy in her eyes, and not—not to Ram Nath. Had he been truly conversant with American ways he might have gained an inkling of the situation before, but how was he to discover until his error was clearly apparent? How was he to know? Had she not smiled sweetly upon him and given to him many pleasant words? In India there could not be greater encouragement. Ram Nath did not give any sign at the moment of emotions, which, as it were, had been torn up by the roots and scattered. His feelings were not unlike those when he was struck dumb with horror at the public exposure of the sacred kine. He merely slipped unnoticed from the congratulating group and fled to his room as he had done before. He knew nothing of the search which was made when his absence was discovered, and how she was quite distressed when he failed to respond to her summons. But those Orientals were

such curious folk. You never quite understood them. That was how it seemed to her.

When Ram Nath had shut the door upon that outer American world, after all so impossible to understand, he found thrust beneath the door a letter bearing the postmark of his native town. He opened it with nervous fingers and read by the light of his student's lamp. The meaning of that letter was perfectly clear. First, rebuke in that he had failed to write for several months. Then a parental demand that he return as soon as possible. For these reasons: The crops had failed and the gaunt hand of famine was stretched over the land. Rents had fallen into arrears, and recourse to the money lender resulted in exorbitant terms. Therefore no more money could be sent for him to continue his studies. It was, in fact, high time he applied for the Secretariat position, which, if obtained, would replenish the family purse. Moreover Ram Nath's child wife had now come to the years when it was his duty to take her to his home. At such a crisis her marriage portion would be of great assistance. Truly his gods were summoning him to an account. He must return, since all that had seemed sure ground in America had suddenly slipped from under his feet.

Ram Nath set to work at once making preparations. He spent the night destroying many things, among others those scraps and crumbs of comfort on which he had raised such a delusive structure. Morning found him with one small trunk packed and all obligations settled to the uttermost cent. A little later he took a car downtown for a steamship office. A vessel was sailing at noon, and he managed to secure a passage relinquished at the last moment. This settled, his eyes wandered to a telephone, and he requested permission to use it. When he had called up a certain number, he spoke with even, deliberate tones. "Yes, I leave at noon. . . . You are surprised? But I have news which compels me to return to India at once. . . . You are sorry? Yes, I, too, am very sorry. But I must go. . . . Thank you. I am glad you are so fortunate

... No, I do not think it will be permitted that I shall come to this country again. . . . Please do not trouble to see me off. You, you have so much else of more importance."

Ram Nath went on down to the dock, and as he left nothing of interest behind he occupied his mind with the future. A few minutes before the vessel sailed an automobile dashed into the shed containing a jolly party. She was the first to spring lightly from the car followed by the Other Man carrying an armful of packages—a box of cigars from the Other Man among several parting gifts. Stewards had to be sent scurrying in all directions before Ram Nath was brought from seclusion into the light of the upper deck.

"Why, Ram Nath!" she cried, greeting him with ever so much kindly regret in look and voice. "You have surprised us. Just think of your leaving us like this to go all the way back to India!"

"Yes," he answered gravely. "I must return to my own people."

"Bet you'll be in for a rousing reception when you do get there," remarked the Other Man, speaking recklessly and without knowledge of the subject.

"Yes—there will be much to be said," was Ram Nath's answer.

Thereupon the cry of "All ashore" went up.

"Good-bye, Ram Nath." She held out her hand frankly. "I am real sorry you are going, and remember, I can't say how grateful I am for what you have done."

"Yes," added the Other Man, patting Ram Nath on the shoulder. "And piles of good luck go with you. We shall expect to hear you've been elected Grand Mogul. Maybe some day we'll take a trip to your country just to see you decked out in gold and jewels."

Ram Nath went to the rail and stood holding the presents just as they had been thrust into his hands. The last he saw of America was the flutter of a handkerchief through a mist which was not of the atmosphere, and the memory of it remained with him when all else was long forgotten.

"Queer fellow that Ram Nath," re-

marked the Other Man as he led her back to the car.

"Yes," she nodded. "I never could quite understand him. He seemed so like a—well, a faithful dog. He was so eager to do one's bidding."

Ram Nath reached Bombay in the now uneventful manner. He there exchanged his straw hat for a turban, but otherwise retained his Occidental garb. Then he took a train which crawled up over the Western Ghats and on into the plain of Central India. At last he came in the morning to a way station, where he left the train and climbed into a cart yoked to a pair of bullocks about the stature of big dogs. When it occurred to the driver that the time was propitious for him to start, he grabbed each bullock by the tail and jogged them into an easy trot. Thus all day along a dusty road which seemed to lead nowhere, and with nothing to relieve the eye of a land parched by drought. Finally toward evening thatched huts rising on either side of the road announced the approach to Ram Nath's town. As he glanced from the bullock cart he observed no change, no hopeful progressive sign of any kind. The half-nude figures lounging near their huts appeared thinner and gaunter of limb than when he had departed, and the ravenous crows and cur dogs fought more fiercely for any already clean-picked bone discovered.

Many would die of famine, but enough always remained to replenish the age-weary stock. For a moment his thoughts flew backward, contrasting this land of his birthright with the one he might have wished to adopt.

Ram Nath's father was reckoned as a man of possessions; therefore a mud wall inclosed a small court and the rambling roofs of the family dwellings. At the gate of the court sat Ram Nath's father, just as he had sat there when Ram Nath bade him a dutiful farewell. From the old man's motionless pose a stranger might have taken him for a permanent fixture, never lifting his eyes from the ground or acknowledging the respectful salaams of the passer. He was waiting for Ram Nath. With a tinkle of bells the bullock cart was pulled

up before the gate and Ram Nath descended. The old man lifted his head and shot a piercing, all-embracing glance upon the figure of his son. For an instant the eyes of father and son met. Then Ram Nath hung his head as one convicted of a crime. No word was spoken, no greeting exchanged. Ram Nath's father had marked the absence of his son's caste mark, and by other signs that which proclaimed him a sacrilegious outcast—an eater of sacred flesh—an abomination in the sight of gods and men. The old man rose with the painful travail of years, gathered his robe about his loins and passed in at the gate. Ram Nath knew better than to attempt to follow. Without a sign the old man turned, closed the gate and bolted it securely. Ram Nath, with his A. M. degree, was shut out utterly from the communion of his family. Had his pockets been filled with gold it would have mattered nothing so far as that parental sentence was concerned. On behalf of Ram Nath's father it may be said, such is the rule of caste, he would not have dared to do otherwise.

And that was the "rousing reception" given to Ram Nath. A little later, when darkness screened the act, the gate was opened stealthily and a bowl of food set outside by a woman's hand. But the gate was quickly closed when he made a movement to restrain the donor, and Ram Nath knew that, rather than eat from that bowl into which his fingers dipped hungrily, each member of the family would prefer to die of starvation.

For Ram Nath there remained but one course open. He must propitiate the temple priests in order to regain his

caste. He sought them without delay. But when they heard his plea, judgment was delivered according to the measure of his sin as applied to the height from which he had fallen. Before the sacred thread could again be wound over his shoulder, or the trident caste mark set upon his forehead, he must make a pilgrimage to the holy river Ganges. Also he must give a sum of money to the temple which Ram Nath knew was utterly beyond the straitened means of his family, even if all the women's trinkets went into the melting pot.

Ram Nath therefore did not return to his father's gate, and the bowl of food which was surreptitiously placed outside next evening remained untouched. Ram Nath discarded his Occidental clothes, shaved his Occidental clipped hair, and with staff in hand started off to regain his caste.

Thus Ram Nath, A. M., is to be encountered at a spot on the Ganges bank many hundreds of miles distant from his native town. He would hardly be recognized by his former American fellow students, even less so by her who made great reputation in the Vedic dance. In a tattered sheet he sells wreaths of marigold flowers to pilgrims. He has performed the first act of purification by bathing in the holy river, and he hopes to regain his sacred thread at the hands of the Brahmin priests by the proceeds from the sale of his wreaths of marigold flowers. In the fullness of time perhaps this will come to pass. But never, never until that fortunate hour arrives can he associate with his own kind. He is not even Ram Nath, but a nameless outcast—though, to be sure, he is still an A. M. of an American university.



"YOUR cook is a very handsome girl."
 "She is. She mashes the potatoes by simply looking at them."



NOTHING will keep a person so busy as an idle rumor.

A BALLADE OF EXCUSE

By William Wallace Whitelock

YOU ask me why I've never wed;
Although I long have skirted near
The shores which wily bachelors dread,
With vague, half-fascinated fear,
Why I my skiff did thither steer,
Yet anchored not—I will confess:
Though beauty smiled from rock and pier,
I feared it cost too much to dress.

Once in the past, now long since dead,
The sirens, who with voices clear
Enticed to land, on lovely head
Bore simple crowns from wood and wier,
And simple all their flowing gear
To simple eyes, but ne'ertheless
To beauty's call I gave no ear—
I feared it cost too much to dress.

Those days are gone; the years have sped;
Not e'en to simple eyes appear
The costumes simple now; instead,
Confections seem complexly queer,
And "beauty unadorned" a mere
Deceptive phrase that doth obsess
The poet's mind—nay, beauty's dear—
I fear it costs too much to dress.

L'ENVOI

I scorn the cynic's shallow sneer
Who carps at love and beauty's tress,
But do not think I'll plunge this year—
Love costs, alas, too much to dress.



GUEST—That's a superb statue in the drawing-room.
HOST—Yes, it's a fine piece of work.
"What's it made out of—bronze or copper?"
"I made that out of cotton."

THE OTHER WOMAN

By Louise Closser Hale

CHARACTERS

MRS. GRÊNA DOSSITER
MRS. RODMAN BLISS

PLACE: *Mrs. Dossiter's apartment.*

TIME: *The present.*

SCENE—*A drawing-room. The room is unoccupied as the curtain rises. After an instant a confusion of women's voices is heard at the left, and MRS. RODMAN BLISS enters. She is in evening dress, carelessly cloaked and ungloved, and carries a silken bag swung on her bare arm by ribbons, from which protrudes a stiff official envelope. She is distinctly agitated and gives no heed to the bag, which slips from her wrist to the floor at the right side of her chair. The closing of an outer door at the left is heard and MRS. GRÊNA DOSSITER enters.*

MRS. DOSSITER

I'm sorry if I've kept you waiting,
Mrs. Bliss. I've just come in.

MRS. BLISS

I know it's late, Mrs. Dossiter—

MRS. DOSSITER (*interrupting*)

Only for chickens. (*She seesaws at the chiffon coat.*) Take this pretty thing off.

MRS. BLISS (*yielding the coat*)

And I didn't want to, but I had to come.

MRS. DOSSITER (*playfully shaking her*)

Eh? Forced into it?

MRS. BLISS

There wasn't any other place.

MRS. DOSSITER (*puzzled, but clinging to her levity until she can see clearly*)

Don't tell me you've mislaid your latchkey—that's a man's excuse.

MRS. BLISS

No, I haven't mislaid it, but I'm thinking seriously of throwing it away.

MRS. DOSSITER (*as she deposits the wrap at the head of the chaise longue*)

Don't do that. I threw mine away once. Another woman found it—and him; and they both lived happily ever afterward.

MRS. BLISS (*icily*)

She can have it—and him.

MRS. DOSSITER

There is a "she," then?

MRS. BLISS

There is always a "she," and then the trouble begins.

MRS. DOSSITER

No; there are always two "shes." And then the trouble begins. Come, sit down and tell me all about it. (*She pats the pillows of the chaise longue.*) You know, I'm a past master in troubles.

MRS. BLISS (*eagerly as she seats herself*)

Yes, that's what I said to myself when I tried to think of someone who could

advise me. Mrs. Dossiter has had troubles too, I said, so she'll enjoy hearing about mine. (MRS. DOSSITER assents to this with dancing eyes. The situation is very grave indeed when she can find no humor in it.) I don't know you as well as I do some of my other acquaintances, and yet marital difficulties seem to create a sort of bond, just like a—a—surgical operation. Don't you think so?

MRS. DOSSITER (*dropping into the uncomfortable chair at the far right*)

Possibly—I will give it deeper thought. But are you quite sure you need to be operated upon?

MRS. BLISS (*as though her husband were an appendix*)

Yes, I must lose him. (*Tragically.*) I have lost him.

MRS. DOSSITER (*leaning forward in the chair; her soft evening coat, falling away from her shoulders, has quite concealed the bag*)

Dear, dear! Have you searched well?

MRS. BLISS

Only as far as the letters.

MRS. DOSSITER

There are letters, too?

MRS. BLISS

When there are women there are letters, *always, always*; and what is worse, when there are letters they are always found. As soon as one gets a nice house and everything in it to make a man and wife comfortable, she finds letters, and must "act." But I don't know how to "act." And so I've come to you. You "acted" once, I believe; and what I do must be done quickly—Rodman will be back by midnight. Why, it's all happened within the hour! When Rodman's clock down in the studio struck ten I was a happy woman—an ignorant but happy woman. Then I found them, and stuffed them in my bag, and came to you. Here they are.

(*Both women rise. The guest lifts her arm on which the bag has been swinging, and discovers it gone.*)

Why, where is the bag?

(*As she speaks she swings around to*

look into the seat of the chair which she had occupied, and in that instant, MRS. DOSSITER, also searching, sees the bag by her chair. With a quick glance toward the guileless MRS. BLISS, she slips off her evening coat and lets fall its shimmering folds directly over the trophy.)

It isn't in the chair. Don't tell me I have lost it! I had it; I know I had it. I must have dropped it in the hall. I wouldn't have them lost, now they are found; they are my exchange for a husband.

(*As she is speaking she starts toward the hall left, and, still talking, makes her exit. She has been too perturbed to notice MRS. DOSSITER or to find anything extraordinary in her enthusiastic agreement that the bag of letters must indeed be in the hall.*)

As soon as MRS. DOSSITER is left alone her manner changes; hunted, at bay, fearful yet dominant, she seizes any weapon for protection. It is not a great hall that MRS. BLISS is charging through; the time is incredibly short for action. MRS. DOSSITER sweeps up the wrap with one hand, seizes the bag with the other, then lifts a bit of heavy old brocade that covers a small typewriter on the table, and is about to thrust the letters under this cover, when she undergoes another change of manner. It comes to her that she has never succeeded with small methods; that the hiding of these imprudent evidences of a stolen love will not alter the fact that they have been discovered, and that the skill in dissimulating which she has, perforce, acquired in the last few years would serve as a better cloak than a piece of old brocade. She replaces the cover over the typewriter, but the bag of letters is clasped against her breast.)

MRS. BLISS (*reëntering*)

Not there!

MRS. DOSSITER (*extending the bag, smiling blandly*)

Could this be—

MRS. BLISS

Yes!

MRS. DOSSITER

It was under my wrap.

MRS. BLISS (*as she faces her in the center of the room, in turn clasping the letters*)

Thank heaven! I'm glad you're keeping cool, Grêna—I may call you Grêna, mayn't I—quite *en famille*?

MRS. DOSSITER (*curiously*)

Quite so. And, as one of the family, your grief is mine.

MRS. BLISS

Thank you.

MRS. DOSSITER

How did you find the letters? (*She has crossed the room to a chair at the extreme left, deposits her coat, and returns to sit upon the chaise longue.*)

MRS. BLISS (*seating herself enthusiastically in an armchair at the left of the table*)

By rare good luck.

MRS. DOSSITER (*with irony*)

For whom?

MRS. BLISS

For me. You know Roddy, being an artist, isn't quite the business man that I should like to have him. I have to look after those things he calls "the trifles," such as investing money and paying all the bills. I even have to watch his life insurance, and since it's all for me, naturally I take an interest. Tomorrow he must pay his premium, so tonight I opened his safe and started to take out the policy.

MRS. DOSSITER (*startled into an exclamation*)

Opened his safe?

MRS. BLISS (*gabbing on*)

Oh, yes. You see, I learned the combination when I gave it to him for a Christmas present. Roddy says there's nothing half so dangerous as a safe when a man's forgetful; he even gave the combination to the cook in case I might be out. (*With growing understanding.*) I now know why he told her.

MRS. DOSSITER

And he kept those letters in that open safe?

MRS. BLISS

Yes! *In my Christmas present!*

MRS. DOSSITER (*almost pleadingly*)

But surely not scattered carelessly

about! That would be too cruel—to you. (*She has risen to her feet.*)

MRS. BLISS (*opening the bag and handing over a large official envelope*)

Well, in an envelope. Here they are; look at them yourself.

(*They meet in the center of the room, shoulder to shoulder.*)

MRS. DOSSITER (*reading the inscription*)

"To be destroyed in the event of my death." (*To MRS. BLISS, with uplifted eyebrows.*) And then?

MRS. BLISS

And then of course I steamed it open. See how skillfully I did it. (*Piously.*) God has a finger in this.

MRS. DOSSITER (*taking out the letters with something like a grunt*)

Ah! Not very compromising in appearance. All typewritten.

MRS. BLISS

Yes, my dear, without a name or an address. Oh, when I think of the cleverness I must contend against before I'm through, my poor little brain whirls! That is the reason that I come to you before any other woman. Brain must match brain—and I can't make the fight alone.

MRS. DOSSITER (*gasping at the grim absurdity of the situation, but responding to the appeal of the weak little woman*)

So we must make the fight together?

MRS. BLISS (*with relish*)

Yes. Let's sit and do it. (*She snuggles into the long chair.*)

MRS. DOSSITER

Not I. I must fight on my feet. (*She begins the attack.*) What do these letters prove?

MRS. BLISS

That for years he has loved another woman; for years she has loved him. That they meet almost daily—in the most casual way, before everyone we know.

MRS. DOSSITER (*dreamily as she replaces the letters in the envelope*)

Yes, the dear intimacy of a secret that

only two share in a room where *all* are comrades.

MRS. BLISS (*startled*)

Why, she says something like that in a letter—let me see!

MRS. DOSSITER (*drawing the letters to her*)

That—that is a quotation. It isn't mine—nor hers.

MRS. BLISS

And she never used quotation marks; I call that stealing. Oh, these bad women! He is welcome to her and she to him.

MRS. DOSSITER

Not much joy for her in that, after the squalor of a divorce court.

MRS. BLISS

That is nothing to those lost creatures.

MRS. DOSSITER (*too deeply intent upon winning to resent unconscious thrusts*)

Perhaps not, but—think more selfishly. Do you know what *you* must go through before that hour comes? You must find her name, and you must have proof. (*Walking about with measured steps.*) You must employ one who will soil his soul for a fee. You must pay for that work with the money your tracked husband gives you. The records may be slow in coming; and you must live on in his home, ordering his dinner, shielding him from petty cares, soothing him when he is tired, smiling to avert suspicion, greeting him and parting from him with a kiss. And at last, when the evidence is within your grasp—the divorce court and the reading of the letters and the facing of the other woman! Oh! (*Her imagination is too much for her. She shakes with horror, then laughs in an embarrassed fashion at her excess of emotion.*)

MRS. BLISS (*wonderingly, as she advances*)

Grëna, dearie, are you crazy? Don't take it so to heart. You don't understand at all. Read those letters in a divorce court, name a woman whom my husband loves and tell it to the town? Never!

MRS. DOSSITER (*eagerly*)

You would protect the woman?

MRS. BLISS

No, dear; I'd protect myself. Do you suppose I'd let anyone but a woman of your type, whom somehow we don't associate with men, know that I couldn't hold my husband? I'd like to see myself!

MRS. DOSSITER (*sinking into an arm-chair*)

There is a profundity of canny wisdom in some little bodies that shames my poor brain. Go on, dear Mrs. Bliss.

MRS. BLISS

Oh, call me Ruthie.

MRS. DOSSITER (*beaten*)

Ruthie.

MRS. BLISS (*parading about in turn as she unfolds her plan*)

There is another way. I must tell him of the letters, tell him I know that he no longer cares for me, but *I* shall be the one to go—I shall do all the deserting. No one but you and that other—will know that I was driven from my home. I shall go proudly, as a woman can in these days. I can do something—work—go on the stage perhaps. Yes, that is it! The world can say that I am stage-struck! Think of the women who give that reason for leaving home; and all the time it's letters! Then he can go to her—can take her in my place—*bind* her wedlock in the holy *chains* of matrimony—but I—I shall be free! (*Triumphantly.*) Well, what do you think of that?

MRS. DOSSITER (*Temptation assails her; her eyes are luminous as she encourages this mad action*)

It is a good plan.

MRS. BLISS

And while I shall be flying all about, just anywhere, untrammelled, she will be ordering his dinner, keeping off annoying people, making the house pretty for him (*falling a little*), seeing to the darning—yes, and going in and out where all his clothes are kept. (*Her voice breaks.*)

MRS. DOSSITER (*wheeling upon her*)

You love him still!

MRS. BLISS

I don't!

MRS. DOSSITER (*fiercely*)

You love him still!

MRS. BLISS

I do! (*She covers her face and sinks upon the chaise longue.*)

MRS. DOSSITER (*speaking slowly as hopelessness sweeps across her face*)

The plan—is not—so very good.

(*A sob from MRS. BLISS arouses her. She crosses to the long chair and seats herself by her guest. From now on the fight cannot be solely for her own protection; her larger duty lies in the protecting of this weeping little suppliant.*)

What nonsense you are talking, Ruthie! Leave your nice warm nest to make the struggle all "untrammelled"? All alone, you mean. "Flying about," yes, but flying to the managers. I can see you furbishing up your shabby garments to make a brave appearance. I can see you waiting in their offices among the many waiting ones, with nothing, after all, to say except that you are there and would much rather not be. I can see you going through the night alone—as players must—afraid of the blackness of the streets, afraid of the blackness of your lonely room. And always before you the picture of *her* playing your role of the wife. Stay with him; don't give up the part. It was offered to you first.

MRS. BLISS (*tempted for a moment, then petulantly crossing the room*)

How could I do it now? I have the letters. He would know I know; he would despise me for my lack of pride. It would never leave his mind. In the morning at the breakfast table, if I didn't have my hair fixed, he'd be thinking: "I could do better," and if I *did* have it fixed, in an attempt to please him, he'd be thinking: "My God, how she clings!"

MRS. DOSSITER (*thoughtfully, then with growing conviction*)

Why should he know that you have ever seen the letters? This envelope could easily be sealed again. Why not? Why don't you put it back?

MRS. BLISS (*violently resenting this with many negations and climbing into the arm-chair belligerently*)

No! Never!

MRS. DOSSITER (*advancing upon her sternly*)

Yes, you *must* do it. That is the solution. Think of the misery that you can avoid.

MRS. BLISS (*suspiciously*)

Are you on my side or the other woman's?

MRS. DOSSITER (*thinking quickly*)

I am on his side. Preserve man's home, and you preserve his pride. Crush his pride, and with it goes his moral fiber. Don't desert him.

MRS. BLISS

Don't desert him? How about *my* pride?

MRS. DOSSITER

Pouf! Crumble it to dust like a dead rose leaf. We women can do that and still lift our heads. (*Taking another tack.*) You say he would despise you if he learned you'd read the letters and still loved him. He might; but not for the bigness of your soul, rather for the meanness of the spirit which broke the seal. No man despises the forgiving woman. Her very need of him administers directly to his vanity. (*With nose in the air she crosses the room.*)

MRS. BLISS

But how could I endure the agony of knowing he was loving her—that I was only second best for him? How could I smile when he went out, and smile when he came back? How could I *live*, forever the third person in the scheme?

MRS. DOSSITER

The third person? No, not you! You have first claim. If you and she were drowning, he would strike out for his wife. The other woman could use her wits to save herself. He will come back—they all do in the end. You keep on clinging.

MRS. BLISS (*weakening, but arguing ever*)

But I shall have to watch him suffer-

ing before that time will come. I'll have to watch him coming back unwillingly.

MRS. DOSSITER (*smiling with the sadness of one who has paid a price for wisdom*)

Oh, he won't suffer much. He has proven that. A mere envelope is all the protection he has offered her in exchange for the love she gave him. Fools write letters, but knaves keep them.

MRS. BLISS (*spilling herself out of the chair*)

Kindly remember, you are speaking of my husband.

MRS. DOSSITER

I beg your pardon. I was thinking a little of the other woman.

MRS. BLISS

Yes, the other woman! Do you think, if I won't give him up, that *she* will do it? Married men are their prey. The single ones might take a chance with the conventions. A married man is safe from compromising her through his own fear of a scandal. And he's so charming. How *could* she give him up?

MRS. DOSSITER

Oh, those lost creatures, as you call them, are only things of impulse. (*A resolve comes to her.*) Put back the letters. Tomorrow, even now, before the clock strikes twelve, she may be sending a last line to him, closing the door upon him—as she welcomes in another. Trust her—trust him—and above all, trust yourself.

MRS. BLISS

I've a great mind to try it. Is this the best advice you have to offer?

MRS. DOSSITER (*simply, tragically*)

I offer you the best I have, the best of me. (*She proffers the letters to MRS. BLISS.*)

MRS. BLISS (*taking the letters*)

I'll put them back. I do love him. A husband is a habit, somehow. (*She crosses the room to don her wraps gaily.*)

MRS. DOSSITER (*drooping, exhausted by her giving*)

Don't break it. Other habits not so good may take its place.

MRS. BLISS

And yet you left your home. Now, tell me, Grêna, how is it, with all your wisdom, you gave your husband up? Were there letters, too?

MRS. DOSSITER (*completely off her guard*)

Oh, yes; he found them—(*She pulls herself up with a quick indrawing of breath.*)

MRS. BLISS (*after an amazed second*)

He found them! Who?

MRS. DOSSITER (*as one who has fought a good fight but has lost*)

The murder's out. This great brain of mine is growing tired. (*Her voice struggles with the sobs in her throat. She is the pitiful one now.*) My husband found the letters, or, rather, intercepted them. He took the blame. He gave me my divorce. I loved this other one. I told my husband so. (*Her back is to her guest. Her words are torn from her.*)

MRS. BLISS (*a mountain of strength*)

And you've kept on with him?

MRS. DOSSITER (*head down, breathing it out*)

I love him still.

MRS. BLISS.

Grêna, I am shocked. Why don't you marry him? It is the salvation of you both.

MRS. DOSSITER (*turning upon her, eternal hope in her heart*)

And the salvation of Rodman Bliss, too, is it not?

MRS. BLISS

That is different; there is me.

MRS. DOSSITER (*regarding her curiously*)

Yes, there is you—the other woman.

MRS. BLISS (*sharply*)

Am I in that class also?

MRS. DOSSITER (*crossing to the wife*)

To her you are. Every woman at some time in her life steals the happiness of someone of her kind—unwittingly enough perhaps. To those around her she is a harmless creature. To the one who cries for happiness she is a vampire who greedily sucks up the joy they both are yearning for. Strange—though the

world is full of sunshine, only one of them can drink its glory!

MRS. BLISS (*with a touch of awe in her voice, as though in the presence of a grief of which she has no understanding*)

You may be right. I'll try to make up to him for that other woman. And I'll never nag him once about her.

(MRS. DOSSITER'S *humor flashes forth at this, and she summons a smile for the*

departure of her guest. Then she turns swiftly to the table and throws off the cover of the typewriter. She selects from a drawer a piece of paper corresponding in color to those carried in the scene and starts to write. After the address, she makes as if to rush into her subject, but she hesitates, and as though what she must say would be hard in coming, she drops her head into her hands for a brief respite—before she keeps her pledge.)

CURTAIN



THE AWAKENING

By Theodosia Garrison

WHEN the white dawn comes
 I shall kneel to welcome it;
 The dread that darkened on my eyes
 Shall vanish and be gone.
 I shall look upon it
 As the parched on fountains,
*Yet it was the blinding night
 That taught the joy of dawn.*

When the first bird sings,
 Oh, I shall hear rejoicing,
 And all my life shall thrill to it
 And all my heart draw near.
 I shall lean to listen
 Lest a note elude me,
*Yet it was the silent night
 That taught me how to hear.*

When the sun comes up
 I shall lift my arms to it;
 The fear of fear shall fall from me
 As shackles from a slave.
 I shall run to hail it,
 Free and unbewildered,
*Yet it was the fearsome night
 That taught me to be brave.*

RANDOM DEFINITIONS

By D. B. Van Buren

THRIFT—Building a dam around your income to form a financial pond.

SPENDTHRIFT—The one who gets all the fun and the fish out of your beautiful pond.

METER—An apparatus for proving that darkness is cheaper than light, also for the discouragement of bathing.

MANNERS—Too often, embroidery on a doormat.

HERO—The man who doesn't tip the waiter.

LUSUS NATURÆ—Five minutes' silence at a feminine bridge party.

LOAN—A thing that *he* displays his meanness by refusing to *you*, and *you* display your prudence by refusing to *him*.

EXPERIENCE—A commodity we spend our lives in acquiring only to die before we can enjoy it.

HEAVEN—A place we all expect to get to without paying the fare.

REPENTANCE—A highly meritorious performance, the credit for which is lost by the man who never does anything of which to repent.

MARTYR—A nuisance who is dead.



THE hand that cradles the rocks is the hand that rules a nation.



WHEN our friends tell us we are too sensible to be flattered we know they are sincere.

JEAN OF THE SILENCE

By Victor Rousseau

THE bird whose soul goes forth in song at mating time knows no such happiness as that which filled the heart of Jean Dupuy as he strode up the last hill caroling. Upon the crest he paused, shook the accumulations from his snowshoes and made a hol-low of his hands through which to peer.

Out of the gulf uprose the orb of the sun, piercing and rolling back the mists that clung to the land. Like ghosts of night they fled through valley and cleft, disclosing the long reaches of the shores. He knew each pin point in that home country of his: Mont Ste. Marie, Mont St. Siméon and the white sands of Baie du Caribou; further, St. Joseph, where the fierce maskinonge lurked in the brown weeds, Ste. Anne des Matelots, lastly St. Boniface, his goal, six hours away. Six hours, twelve miles—what did they matter to him, who had covered a thousand in the white North and crossed the lower gulf in a *chaloupe* through drifting ice floes, rich with his spoils of winter furs? He shouted and sang from joy, jingling the gold pieces in his pouch and crinkling the paper piasters in his bulging belt. Thus he stood, looking now seaward, now to the land, its white snows glittering beneath the first March sun, that brought the first warm south-born winds with their promise of spring. His long blond beard, unshorn since his adventuring began, swung to the breeze; his hair, of woman's length, he had bound back over his shoulders with a deerhide thong. With his lean arms outstretched he gloried in his man's strength and all the hopes of life.

For he was returning to his wedding with Marie Lavergne.

For six years he had wooed her, since that memorable day when, ceasing to raise her as a child in his strong arms and toss her skyward, he had grown suddenly abashed at sight of her and consciousness of his love awoke in him. His wooing then became worship; nor had her shy consent kindled it into flame and fire until the rigors of the wilderness had steeled and strengthened him and taken his youth's heart and dowered him with a man's. They had been betrothed before Father Sebastian; and when he should return in earliest spring, with gold for slaughtered ermine and the rare arctic fox, she was to be his. The spirit of adventure should stir in him no more. He dreamed of quieter years and the maturer joys of life that they should garner—they and their children.

He was a week too soon, yet even now he could endure no longer. Stark as a Viking he strode on, with his fur coat flung back that the cold air might chill his blood pulsing too fiercely. He called welcome to each familiar tree, each bowlder on the bleak hillside.

But when toward evening the bending road disclosed the village of St. Boniface, he became silent and newly shy. Though the sun lacked yet some spans before he dipped to the hills, the settlement was still; all were ensconced by fire and chimney nook. He saw his house, the first in the long street, before him, and with a strange eagerness to prolong the delicious agony of that suspense, he entered, passed into the small sleeping chamber, opened the window wide that the fresh air might enter, and flung himself upon his bed. He lay there, dreaming still.

Some moments afterward came the awakening.

Two farmers, passing from their cattle sheds, halted near by. He knew them, babbling old men, gossips of the settlement.

"'Tis time that Jean Dupuy returned to his nuptials," said one to his companion. "Yestere'en I saw Marie Lavergne sewing her bridal dress behind her open door."

"'Twill be a sad day for the chit when Jean comes back," the other answered.

"How so, neighbor?"

"Hast thou not heard it said how sore her heart was set on Edouard Smith when he came here last fall to take our strongest fellows for his Maine lumber camp?"

"I heard him boasting in the store, but I thought him a liar."

"Liar he is, and yet he swore that, should he speak the word, she would set shoe on his sleigh step when he departed."

They cackled and moved onward. But Jean lay still upon his bed. In the reaction from his love rage choked him, and he struggled and gasped and moaned in doubt and miserable pain.

He knew the man, Edouard Smith, a Yankeeified Frenchman, the boss of the Maine lumber camp, who came to St. Boniface and the gulf villages for recruits each autumn. He himself had spent one season with him in the spruce forests. He was a man well matched in strength with himself, fearless and reckless, a practical joker, well liked by his men, but a scoffer at women and a teller of brave tales of his prowess with them by the night camp fire to the fascinated Canadians. Jean had listened among the rest and the stories had passed through his head lightly; now they came back to him.

Their tenor was that woman was light as the wind, unstable, false, liar and trifier always. Jean had laughed openly, thinking of his own. But if those tales were true—what then?

As he stumbled toward the door he saw his answer in a rusting knife on a shelf, and picked it up, hiding it in his sleeve. Then he walked down the street

until he came to Marie's door. He opened it and went in. Marie was seated at the table, stitching, stitching; over her gown a garment of white hung down, and she hummed as she hemmed it. But when she looked up hastily and perceived Jean standing there the garment dropped unheeded upon the floor, and she ran to him with a low cry, clasping him round the neck and looking up into his eyes. Jean's head hung down.

"It is thou, really, Jean?" she murmured, incredulously. "Thou hast returned! Art thou not glad to see me, Jean?"

Slowly he raised his face, dark with angry blood. On either slender shoulder he placed one clinching hand and he looked hard into her face. Then with her child's strength she drew him toward her; he bent his lips to hers and the knife clattered upon the floor.

He went into the parlor and sat down, while Marie ran to bring her mother from the byre. "It is a lie!" he thought as he sat there. "God help the liars if I meet them before my blood has cooled!"

He looked round him. He knew each nook of the small house, each object in the small room, bright with chromos from the Quebec trading firms, with pictures of the Virgin and the village patron, St. Boniface. Here were the horns of the great caribou he had killed, there the lace curtains, tied with ribbons of blue, the missal there, there the black walnut table with its photograph album, on the first page of it his photograph and Marie's. He had given the girl a newer likeness of himself before he left for the North, to wear in a small locket that he had purchased for her. This was an old one and not well liked by either. The plush binding was thick with dust. Jean raised it idly, then slammed it down and sprang to his feet with a choked cry.

At Marie's side a photograph of Edouard Smith stared up at him—Smith, bold and complaisant, in stiff collar and white tie, and inset so neatly into the stiff paper that both seemed to form one picture.

He composed his features hastily as

he heard Marie returning with her mother.

"Thou hast become so silent, Jean," said Marie, presently. "It seems as though the cold of the North woods has frozen thee. And I—I have longed for thee."

He felt helpless as a fish, trapped in the nets, that swims in its narrowing space of water before the sides close in. Why had she this photograph in place of his? Would he have found it there if he had not arrived earlier than was expected?

The old hate surged back into his heart again tenfold, hate of a heart betrayed, of a love wronged beyond redemption. But mingling with it was the craft of a slow, murderous vengeance. He would match guile against guile. It was not for nothing that he had opposed his cunning against that of the crafty beasts of the North woods.

Afterwards Jean was gayer than any man among the throng that gathered to welcome him.

He watched their eyes and seemed to see the knowing looks that passed. He longed to take each by the throat and wring the truth from his lips. But a stronger motive held him. From Smith's own lips, while she stood by, truth should be wrung, in fair fight, eye against eye and knife to knife. But he should never possess her. He would fulfill the betrothal contract. Afterwards let the shame of a repudiated wife be hers.

That night, when Jean confessed, Father Sebastian discerned the heaviness of his heart.

"Thou hast told all, my son?" he asked gravely. "Thou knowest unless thou confess all it is a mortal sin. If death should overtake thee so—"

"I have told all," said Jean.

The wedding was to take place on the sixth day. That night he announced that he had a journey to make, a matter of trading in Quebec which would not wait. By sleigh he could make it and return within five days.

Marie looked up, wonder in her blue eyes. "Thou must leave me again, Jean?" she said, tremulously.

She felt his lips like ice upon her own.

"'Tis the last time," he said. "It is true that there will be a second journey a week hence, but we shall make it together, thou and I."

She was overjoyed then. She had never been further west than Tadousac. Next morning he harnessed two horses to the sleigh, and he drove all that day and all of the next over the frozen trail. Winter had returned, more fierce for its eclipse; the trees cracked under the frost like guns discharging, and the keen winds searched out his breast beneath his furs. But keener was the ache in his heart, which, no longer stirring to simple passions, seemed to respond to some furious demon that watched there and strove with him.

He did not enter Quebec, but stopped at Ste. Anne de Beaulieu and passed at night into the famous shrine. Kneeling before the altar rail alone, between two piles of crutches that the devout had cast away, he made his vow to the saint:

"From his own lips, Blessed One, I will wrest truth; and as he answers me in one word, 'yes' or 'no,' when death is at his throat, swearing by thee, so I will deal with him."

All the next day he drove back again, and the next, while the snows whirled and tempests blew and winter raged about him; and all the while the devil within his heart grew more insistent, so that his purpose became quite clear to him in every detail. On the third morning he stood up with Marie before the priest and they were made one.

"And they start upon a wedding journey to Quebec," the gossips whispered. "What if the snows begin once more? He must have a mint of money at stake to make the venture."

"Easy come, easy gone," others replied.

Jean had harnessed the horses and placed the cushions in the sleigh. Under the seat he laid a pack such as guides carry, then turned to help his wife who, with one foot upon the step, bade adieu to the villagers. As he approached her, holding the bearskin robe, a vague unrest showed on her face; for the first time some premonition of impending

sorrow beset her. She leaned toward him as he enveloped her; he felt her heart fluttering.

"If ever I wronged thee, Jean, tell me thou hast no shred of malice in thy heart for me, as I have none for thee," she whispered.

He trembled so that he caught at the sleigh side to steady himself. The devil within his breast prompted him with mocking words. "Guard thyself, Jean," it sang. "Guard thyself; wait." Her words awoke no pity in his heart. He turned abruptly away, untangled the reins and sprang into the sleigh without a word.

She watched his face as they drove on. She knew now that he was in the grip of some mighty emotion, but, daring to think it love, nestled against him, drawing the robe round them more closely so that it covered both and only his gloved hands emerged. She watched him again, furtively. His lips were firmly clinched over his teeth and his eyes shone with somber fires. She grew afraid. She caught his free hand in her own trembling ones; it was ice cold and unresponsive to that least timid pressure of hers. At last she summoned strength to speak. He did not answer her. Only the hoofs of the horses answered and the song of the runners. At last, terror-stricken, she desisted and sank back against the cushions, looking at him with anguished eyes. This was not he who once had been so tender of her; this was some dreadful dream, not the reality of their love's fulfillment. She clutched at his arm. "Jean, what is the matter?" she pleaded. "Art thou ill? Have I offended?" He answered nothing, but stared at the snow, and his face was convulsed with conflict.

At the fifth mile the road divided, one path running parallel with the shore toward Quebec, the other turning inland among the country villages. Jean turned the horses' heads.

"This is not the way, Jean!"

He looked at her so menacingly that she began weeping hysterically; as she did so he drew further away, so that the robe no longer enveloped him. This guile should never soften him. This

was the power of girls, Smith had said laughingly. To man, the fist and the knife; to woman, tears. He lashed the horses furiously and they bounded over the frozen road. So they drove on all day, only halting at noon to feed and rest the animals, while Marie wept and pleaded in alternation and he answered never a word.

Sometimes, drying her tears, she made believe that he jested. At others she became cold, seeking to respond in kind. He was not moved. Only once when, overcome by panic, she sought to spring from the sleigh, he put forth a restraining hand and forced her back into the seat again.

By afternoon the road had dwindled to a mere cart track through the snow. The settlements had been passed; they were approaching that vast interior forest belt that still covers the eastern portion of Quebec Province, extending south through Maine. Now their path was a mere woodman's trail, a trapper's way trodden among the trees. Jean had taken it two years previously when with his fellows he had accompanied Smith to his lumber camp in the heart of the woods. At last they stopped; neither wheeled vehicle nor sleigh could proceed farther. Jean sprang down and swung Marie to the ground.

Still his heart was stirred momentarily when he saw her wan face and beseeching eyes. But the violence of the man's love had found its own equivalent in hate. He led the horses round, and, cutting one from the harness, smote the other upon the flank. It bounded forward and stopped; he struck it again and it broke into a gallop back along the homeward path, dragging the vehicle behind it.

"Jean, where art thou taking me?"

He answered for the first time. "To thy lover," he said.

She sank into the snow, knelt to him with clasped hands and hair unhooded. "Jean—tell me my sin—pardon me! How have I erred? What have I done against thee?" she prayed. She clutched at her throat. "It is little that I can give thee, Jean, except my love, and that thou hast always. See, here is thy

picture; night and day my heart has beaten against it. Forgive me—love me—my heart is breaking!”

Then, since his heart was breaking, too, he poured it forth in such a torrent of furious speech that she rose up from where she knelt and faced him, a new dignity in her eyes. Love, wounded unto death, had made himself a little shield of pride. “I have vowed to obey thee, Jean. I will go whither thou leadest me. Do what thou wilt with me,” she said.

“No prayer shall turn me from my resolve,” Jean cried wildly.

“I shall beseech no more,” she answered.

“Then mount this horse and ride, and I shall lead him. And see that thou say no word to me henceforward, for I shall make no answer until I learn the truth.”

He lifted her as easily as when she was a child and placed her on the beast's back, wrapping her in the bearskin robe. He took the pack on his back, thrust an axe through his belt and, reins in hand, followed the forest path, only pausing from time to time to lop some overhanging branch that obstructed it. At last, when the way was too dark for them to proceed farther, he scraped a resting place among the snows, set loose the beast to find what sustenance he might and felled dead trees for fuel. He ringed her round with fire, and when she left the food untasted, covered her with the robe, then, lying at her feet, watched all night that the flames might not burn low and the wild creatures that moaned mournfully from afar creep in on them. Yet once he heard a panther cry, and, later, starting out of a doze, leaped to his feet and hurled his axe at a lean form that slunk into the shadows of the trees. The wind woke and shook the burden of their snows from the dark hemlock branches and the frost groaned in the trees. When, after she had sobbed herself into unconsciousness, Marie awoke, it was dawn; a soft pillow rested beneath her head and Jean stood furless over the embers. Over her and around the fallen snow was piled, but she was warm and dry.

So they passed nights and days, and neither spoke. On the fourth morning the horse stumbled as she mounted him; he had found no sustenance among the snows, and now, with gaunt and heaving flanks, rested upon his knees and watched the preparations for departure. He struggled to his feet and stumbled after them, whinnying—fell, rose and sank in the snows again. Jean went back with the axe.

The third morning after should bring them to their destination. But that night, when Marie waited while Jean gathered wood for the fire, she heard a tree crash, heard him cry, and, running in the direction of the sound, discovered him lying unconscious upon the ground, blood on his face. As the tree fell a stout projecting branch had struck him on the head and knocked him senseless. She raised him in her arms, and with all the strength at her command, dragged him into an open space, where she sponged his face with her skirt and washed away the blood with snow. At first she thought him dead, but presently he stirred. Then, leaving him, she hunted in the pack for matches with which to light a fire. The food was all but gone and he had not stinted her; she looked into his thin face and tears sprang into her eyes. When she got back she heard him murmuring. She listened—it was her name he spoke.

He woke to find his head pillowed upon her knee and her bending over him with compassionate gaze from which all else had disappeared but love. He thought that her lips moved as though she meant to speak, but no word came from them; he was glad, for he must learn the truth before their silence was broken. Yet something melted in the breast of the man and all at once the flood of his fierce hate dissolved. What if she had been faithless? Even so, had not men been the same?

With this lowering of his esteem came a more human judgment, mingled with a great pity. Surely some madness had possessed him that he had dragged this little creature through the deep snows upon that desperate mission. And he had wronged her beyond all redemption,

for so long as life endured they were indissolubly bound. But he must know—he must know.

Although it seemed but an hour, three days had really passed while these thoughts possessed his mind. When at last his brain was clear he seemed to have awakened in a world of silence. The demon voices that had rung through his ears were gone, and, with this internal peace, external quiet seemed to wrap him about so closely that he might have moved in a dream world. Though it was cold the great trees crackled no longer; the very fall of his snowshoes was muffled, and he was vaguely conscious of a vast peacefulness into which he had entered. That healing calm renewed his strength and he strode forward fiercely and eager as before.

That afternoon, halting to adjust his shoe, he allowed Marie to precede him for a few paces; and when he followed after her to resume the lead he saw a thread of blood upon the snow. Her shoes were ribbons and her feet cut and bleeding. He caught her in his arms, raised her to his shoulder and, holding her with both hands, struggled on with pace hardly diminished.

Their food was gone; they had not eaten since the preceding morning. The next day he found her weight increased perceptibly; by noon she was a burden. At last, gasping, he set her down and, rendered desperate by hunger, set forth, axe in his hand, to seek for meat. Fate favored him; three hundred yards from the resting place he saw the white underside of a deer's tail flash warning through the brush. A large herd, huddling nose to nose, had stalled themselves against the bitter wind, and now, bewildered and terrified, came breaking through the gnawed trees in his direction. As they flashed past, with a true aim he sent his axe against the neck of a fawn, and as it stumbled to its knees he ran forward and killed it. He returned laden with meat; afterwards, scraping and salting the raw hide to make it pliable, he fashioned a pair of moccasins for her.

And twice that day, watching her secretly, he saw her lips begin to move

and cease, as though she meant to plead with him.

He was glad she desisted, for the weight of his remorse had grown too heavy for him to endure speech with her. His plans were matured. With knife at throat he would force the truth from Smith; but, if the word were what he feared, he would turn the weapon against his own breast, not his enemy's, thus saving her from a long life of bondage.

On the third morn they came into a place of blazed trees and felled timbers. Here was Smith's land, spread through five thousand acres of virgin spruce and pines; near by the river ran; through the trees curled the smoke of the camp kitchen. And suddenly a tall, blond man, bare of arm, shaggy of beard, strode out of the woods.

For an instant Smith looked at the pair in amazement; then a grin spread over his cheeks, wrinkling the corners of his mouth and eyes. Never had he expected such a consummation of his jest. What a tale to tell! And a woman was at the bottom of it. But as Jean advanced menacingly his smile became more sheepish, until at last, when they stood face to face, it had faded into a dogged stare, wherein anger was fast enkindling anger.

Immovable, feet wide apart, they sought to measure each the strength of his adversary, and only their arms were engaged as each sought for a vantage hold. Then suddenly Jean knew that he was no match for his antagonist. Fever had weakened and hunger wasted him, and he had not reckoned with these enemies. In a trice Smith had pinned his arms and forced him backward against a tree, where he held him and stood grinning at him.

Shamed, humbled, Jean found his speech.

"I have come here," he said tremulously, mumbling like one not fully awakened; "I have come here to learn whether you be her lover or no.

"I have sworn by Ste. Anne of Beaulieu that you shall tell me," he went on, his voice now choking. "But I should not have harmed you. I only sought to know. Take her, if she is yours.

But I must know. Set my hand free."

Smith's grasp relaxed; some pity moved his heart. His jest had had a difficult finale.

As he released Jean's left arm the Frenchman drew the knife from his belt and cast it into the snow. Then, looking up, he saw Smith's lips moving, but no sound came from them. It seemed that he mocked him.

"You will tell me," he cried. "For, see, if she is yours, I shall never molest you. You shall not see me again to trouble either of you. And I have brought her to you."

As nobleness kindles a flame in others' breasts no less serene, so pity leaped in the breast of the lumber boss and shone out from his eyes. Again his lips moved; still Jean could hear no sound. He thought Smith mocked him; and now he turned away and, leaning against the pine, wept helplessly. He had lost all; he had lost love and manhood, honor and pride; he bowed himself to the snows—then saw the knife and stooped for it.

But small hands clasped his own, and his wife's arms formed a soft, impenetrable barrier about him. Her face was raised to his; he looked into it and once again saw her lips moving. And he heard nothing. And as in bewilderment he looked from face to face, still hearing no sound, it was borne in on him that neither did he hear the sough of the pines nor footsteps nor the drip of the snows. Ste. Anne had answered him.

He knew all now. He understood that he must walk thenceforward in a soundless world, never to hear voices, never to learn from the lips of his enemy what he had vowed to know—only to accept his heart's conviction of his wife's truth that he had denied in madness.

He knew that miracle of her love now, love that she had given back for hate, faith for unfaith, trust for disloyalty, love stronger than broken pride and honor shamed, yet softer than the warm airs that breathed on them as they passed into the sunlight.



WITH GOD APART

By Joaquin Miller

THE eloquence of silence is
 As Sunday in some sacred wood.
 A hopeful, dreamful motherhood
 I think is something like to this.

I think to walk with God apart
 A privilege so sacred that
 I fain would, silent, lift my hat
 To every tree and cross my heart.

I dreamed a dream one sweet May morn:
 Ten thousand maids, mid silk-tipped corn,
 And all so sane, so silent all!
But these had never yet been born.

NIGHT WATCHERS

By William R. Benét

“**H**OW goes the night, Faun?”
Lo, the woodland crier’s eyes
Piercing through the velvet dark with answer like a jest:
“Hours three to bright dawn!
Still the white owl flies
Blund’ring like a rabbit ghost—cruel on his quest.”
Then his running hoofs that spurn
Clinging vine and heavy fern.
Dryads stir in rich, rare dreaming, with the sorrow dreaming trees.
“Remember—remember the golden-prowed embarkments—
The old Grecian glory—the wonders of those seas!”

“How goes the night, Faun?”
Feet that pause and breath that shakes
Rustle in the covert as he gasps to ease his side,
“Hours twain to bright dawn!
Only now the snail wakes,
Trailing phosphorescence down the leaf track he must glide.”
Then his running hoofs that take
Crackling hurdle of the brake.
Dryads sigh to dulcet dreamings, as the tall trees with the years.
“Remember—remember the slow, enchanted dawning—
The white and vestal altar and olden lovers’ tears!”

“How goes the night, Faun?”
Dim he halts beyond the copse.
Glimmer of bright horn tips and wan wraith face half descried.
“Hours one to bright dawn!
Wane the stars. The sun drops
Cloak and covering from him, and o’er hilltops comes his stride.”
Then his weary hoofs that fade
With light patter down the glade.
Dryads bud to lovely waking as the trees take gradual light;
But ever—but ever—their phantoms to my waking!
Though blithe they haunt my day dreams, I know them but by night!

A WOMAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW

By James Vincent Hickey

"SOME men chew, too, Edith," said Gordon, half maliciously, half mischievously.

Miss Carew looked at her cigarette, merely dropping her eyes to where she held it. She knew Gordon loved long lashes.

"But," looking at him squarely with a smile half peeping from the corners of her mouth, "you know I really enjoy it. Then, too, your insinuation is a bit conventional, not very original—for you," she added by way of softening the rebuke.

"Well, why shouldn't I enjoy it?" she demanded in answer to his unexpressed doubts. "Good heaven, is a woman so physiologically different that she can't enjoy the same physical and mental sensations as a man? Oh, dear, I am orating like one of those horrid suffragettes!"

"Women always make pigs of themselves," he announced with maddening cocksureness.

"So do men."

"But one expects it of them."

"Why should a woman be burdened with living up to the stupid angelic pedestal upon which some selfish man has placed her—a condition to which he would aspire, but which requires too much trouble to attain?"

"Think of a goddess's privileges!"

"Yes, a grudgingly given seat in a crowded car, a raised hat, the *pas* at a door; that for this!" She included with a gesture the porch where they sat, the horizon, Gordon himself and the cigarette.

"Your neighbor, Mrs. Stanley, has most of these things," he suggested mildly.

"But think of the husband that went with them!"

"This is all my own," she continued, "every bit of it. Stop laughing at me! Besides, while I think of it all the time, you are the only person to whom I can say it."

"To return to our muttons," he said, "if you like it, good; but most women who smoke do it to show that they are emancipated, not narrow."

"But why should aping men prove that?"

"God himself is at times, I've no doubt, surprised at the working of his own handiwork, a woman's mind."

"Why is it," she mused, "that men are always cynical just before dinner?"

He picked up a book she had let slip from her lap to the floor and stood near her chair leafing it over. She smothered a yawn with a pretty, plump little hand, and watched him amusedly.

"Heavens," he ejaculated, "for a novel with a new theme! Always two women and a man or two men and a woman."

"After all, Walter, what would we poor writer folk do without the characters you mention? They and their variations constitute the sum total of fiction."

"But the variations have been so few of late. Write something new, Edith. Have the heroine in love with her husband."

Edith's stories are all very clever, but she is loth ever to concede the possibility of conjugal happiness.

"To be interesting, married people must be unhappy with each other." Edith fearfully drew away from a caterpillar that, with waving front, threatened to bridge the distance between a clematis leaf and her lace-covered shoul-

der. "Otherwise," she continued, "they grow fat, smug and uninteresting. Walter," pleadingly, "shoo this worm away." He smiled nastily. "Do it, Walter, not as a goddess's privilege, but just out of charity."

He plucked the leaf that held the yellow, woolly creature.

"After the thing becomes a butterfly, Edith, it will no doubt long to be a worm again, so that it can smoke cigarettes, say 'damn' and make cynical remarks; and it will do all this because it is the female of its species."

"I hope when you marry—as you certainly will; you are so impressionable—that your wife will beat you," she said viciously. "Come; the others are waiting for us, I know."

They were. Billy Watts was unfolding his *serviette* and dodging behind a candle shade to annoy Clara Spencer opposite, who was trying to talk to him.

"Edith," Clara called, "don't you think Billy is silly?"

"Billy, are you?"

"Heavens, yes. Why deny it when everybody knows I am madly devoted to Clara?"

The arrival of Mrs. Murchison and O'Donnell interrupted further banter. They had been motoring to Bradford that afternoon, and while the women discussed the criminal shortcomings of Bradford's shops, O'Donnell, for the benefit of the men damned the internals of all automobiles and of his own machine in particular.

"I thought you were married to that machine, Terence," said Billy. "Nice way to talk of your wife's vitals to other men."

"What are you saying, Billy?" demanded Clara.

"Terence is talking of his domestic unhappiness in a way that reminds me of one of Edith's novels."

"Talking of that," said Terence, a big handsome man of thirty or thereabouts, Laura seemed to find infinite significance in the fact that we met Stanley and his wife together in Bradford today."

"They seemed so domestic," returned Laura, "so happy, when every-

body knows that they were almost divorced last summer."

"Nobody knows it," interposed Gordon, almost roughly. "But all you women were hoping for the best."

"I don't blame 'em," announced Billy. "I don't think there is anything so pleasant as a good big scandal followed by a divorce among your friends when you know everybody concerned. There's some satisfaction in knowing people who are in the papers. I'm awfully disappointed when I read the list of the dead and injured in a wreck or something and don't find anybody I know in it."

"But you women had the Stanley affair worked out to the finest details," persisted Gordon. "I attribute your vulturelike search for a domestic carion—"

"Stop it, Walter," shrieked Billy.

"—to the pernicious teaching of Edith and her novels."

"I wonder, Walter, how much you believe of what you say?" asked Edith in her softest tones.

"All of it; Stanley and his wife fulfilled all the conditions of your fondest theories. Their situation was identical with situations in which many times you have placed your characters, but they failed to react as you thought they should. They persisted in being absurdly happy. Then some idle gossip magnified a monotony breaking spat into a possible *cause célèbre* and the three of you sat around here grinning like a Cheshire cat and saying 'It was inevitable.'"

"Yes, Clara," thundered Billy, wagging his finger at her like an accusing lawyer; "and you told me that she had been no better than she ought to be with that Ganley man."

"Billy, how horrid of you! I never did! Why, I wouldn't; I—"

"You did. You told me on that very porch there, around on the other side by the clematis vine; and Laura was sitting just inside the window and nodded her head at everything you said, as though to say, 'I thought as much.'"

Laura laughed lazily.

"And Ganley was a nice innocent

boy, too," said Terence sorrowfully. "I knew him at college."

"But Terence," said Clara, terror-stricken, "there's not a word of truth in what Billy says. Don't, for heaven's sake, think that I—"

"Oh, there must be some fire where there's so much smoke," he returned with exasperating stubbornness.

Clara almost tearfully turned to Edith.

"Clara," she said, laughing in spite of herself, "can't you see that they are only trying to torment you? Stop it, both of you."

"But she did," insisted Billy, pursing up his mouth and opening wide his eyes.

"That's one reason, I should say," went on Gordon, while Billy continued to regard Clara with a shocked and pained look, "why women are not more successful as scientists. Facts must conform to their theories or else the facts must change."

"While men change their theories," Terence finished for him.

"Exactly."

"Admitting that, because men's minds work so, should women hasten to conform?" asked Edith calmly.

Gordon saw the trap. "There is a difference between methods of thinking and smoking cigarettes."

"A difference of degree."

"The difference between vice and virtue."

"Isn't that statement typically masculine?" asked Laura, turning to Edith. "What man thinks he ought to do is virtue; what he does but thinks he ought not do is vice."

"Yes, and he insists that we do what he thinks he ought to do," answered Edith.

"But the standard of women's conduct has not been created by man," Billy declared.

"But it has!" chorused the women.

"Oh, excuse me," meekly from Billy.

"To epitomize the situation," continued Edith, "man has set up a standard for woman, which she must live up to, and has created one for himself, which he need not even approximate."

"So be it," said Terence; "but where is the discussion leading to?"

"To where it started," responded Billy; "a discussion with women always does." Whereupon they all laughed.

"Come," said Edith, rising; "if we begin another circle, let it be on the veranda."

Edith has the pleasant custom of serving coffee and things to smoke in our favorite corner, where after dinner the moon, when there is one, sails over the lake and makes eyes at us through the clematis vine.

"By the way," began Clara, after preempting the most comfortable chair, near Edith, who was manipulating the coffee machine, "guess whom I saw this morning on the road from Bradford."

"The Archbishop of Canterbury," ventured Billy.

"Silly."

"A hippopotamus"—this from Terence.

"I think you are both *perfectly* silly."

"Who was it, dear?" asked Laura, laughing.

"Jane McDermott."

No one spoke because no one knew what to say. Each one longed to look at Edith and Gordon, but all resisted the temptation as suggesting an intrusion where a friend would want to be alone.

"Just walking along the road, swinging her arms free and easy like?" asked Terence, with well simulated anxiety.

They all laughed gratefully, except Clara.

"No, of course not," she responded scornfully. "She was in Stanley's big car with Mr. Stanley."

"Ah-ha!" cried Billy. "With Stanley? Just note the date, Terence; Clara is starting another scandal."

"No, Billy, you don't understand, explained Clara with absurd seriousness. "They were going toward Stanleywood. I think he had just gone down to the station to meet her."

"Very likely—with an army of servants at his back," scoffed Billy.

"Do you suppose she is staying with them?" asked Edith, no longer smiling, turning to Laura.

"She probably is. Mrs. Stanley told me of meeting Jane in Paris last year."

"She surely is a beautiful woman," continued Clara. "Really better-looking now than when she was younger."

There was a long silence after this. Gordon puffed his cigar nervously; Laura looked at Billy and Billy at Laura, while Terence watched them both, and Clara, realizing too late that it would have been better to have refrained, wished she were well out of it.

"I tell you what I'll do with you men," broke in Billy suddenly; "I'll take a long wet swim with you tonight before we turn in."

"All right," responded Terence with more or less enthusiasm.

"Not tonight, thank you," came promptly from Walter; "my soul does not thirst for night air when taken *au naturel*."

"Oh, we'll wear something. Meantime, let's go play some billiards." Billy included all in his invitation.

"No," Clara answered; "we are going down to the lake to see if it's warm enough for you to go in. If it isn't, we'll make you wear your mufflers and rubbers."

Gordon started to follow the two men into the house; Edith turned toward Laura and Clara, who had preceded her down the steps. Then for a moment they were almost alone, he standing in the shadow of the doorway, she on the top step. By common impulse they turned and looked at each other.

"Well?" he said, half smiling.

"It's queer that she should be here; I wonder if we'll meet?" she answered.

"How avoid it on Thursday next?"

"If I thought Mrs. Stanley knew—but she can't."

"Perhaps Jane has forgotten."

"Women don't."

"I am rather curious to see her, and I believe you are, too, Edith."

"Perhaps I am," she answered, from the foot of the steps.

Gordon, calling to the other men that he had changed his mind, sat down again in the shadow of the clematis and watched the white-clad forms of the women, as they strolled slowly toward

the beach. It had been a favorite trick of Gordon's to compare Edith and her companions to Sappho and her fair disciples. The comparison again flashed into his mind, suggested by the pale moonlight, the dark groves and the white-pillared boathouse, toward which Edith and the others were turning. He wondered, half amused at the idea, if the Greek had taught *her* disciples that marriage from a woman's point of view must be a failure. Clara, he realized, followed her friend more through affection than through any real appreciation or concurrence in Edith's teachings. With Laura, however, it was different. She, a widow of some three years, had apparently accepted without reservation Edith's views on matrimony, finding for them a verification in her own married life with a husband who had been more or less of a brute.

Edith's contentions were set forth in several novels that had brought her fame dear to her feminine soul, and fortune that had made possible an independence, maddening to Gordon, who for five years had tried to persuade her that marriage with him would furnish a glorious exception to prove her rule. Marriage, with the subsequent life it entailed under modern conditions, she insisted, was a survival of medieval barbarity, a relic of the harem. People who were happy in it, she said, were anachronistic. The sanction that church and state gives the bond, instead of blessing, cursed the relation, made women slaves and men slave drivers, or turned woman from a negative economic nonentity into a positive parasite, a denizen of boarding houses and hotels, whose only function in life is to dress and eat beyond her husband's income. If they would live together, she insisted, admitting the necessity of the relation, let them do so without the blare of trumpets, the sounding brass of a modern marriage; and when the relation becomes irksome, why, forsooth, let them sever it as quietly. "And the children?" Gordon might inquire. They *would* be a stumbling block at first, she admitted, and would continue so till the state took them and reared them as good citizens. Such a

readjustment, she pointed out, would not only give a simple remedy for social evils, but suggested a solution of the great problem of government. And women, he might suggest, would be willing to bear the pains of motherhood and claim none of the recompense? Why not? Men laid down their lives for their country; could not women be asked to do less than that?

"Piffle!" thought Gordon, as he reached this stage of his meditation. "And the worst of it is, she believes it." He went into the house.

Some two hours later Billy and Terence, dripping and glistening in the warm moonlight, were perched comfortably on a pile of rocks some quarter of a mile's swim from the Rockwold pier.

Terence turned from his companion and looked far out over the dimpling and quivering water. The sound that usually accompanies the striking of a match made him turn around. To his amazement he beheld Billy in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"Now, where the devil—" He stopped.

"Simply a little foresight," returned Billy airily. "Don't ask me, but as old Ginkus used to say at college, 'Think, young man, think.'"

"My rapid fire mind has eliminated every possibility except your mouth."

"That's unkind of you, Terence, but I see I'll have to explain. How many times," he continued oracularly, as with exaggerated signs of enjoyment he permitted the smoke to roll softly from his lips, "how many times have you and I been caught on these identical rocks at night with nothing to smoke and a great longing, therefore, possessing our souls! Countless times! Myriads of times. As often as—"

"Yes, yes, dear heart, I catch the thought. Go right along."

"You oughtn't to butt into a pretty thing like that. Well, anyway, I borrowed this tin box from Edith's angelic cook"—he reached around the boulder on which they sat and held up to view a small tin box—"stuck a box of cigarettes in it and some matches, trotted

around here this morning and secreted the treasure in the cavernous depths of this rock. Hence my happiness. You may have one."

"I'd like to see you prevent me," returned Terence impolitely. "Say," he continued, "what the deuce was the row about this Jane McDermott? Of course I know that she and Walter and Edith were in some sort of a matrimonial *mêlée* once upon a time, but just what was it, do you know?"

"Yes, in a way. About five years ago she and Gordon were to be married. Edith was her best friend, and Jane trotted Gordon up here for inspection, but our dear Walter gummed things terribly—fell in love with Edith. Jane discovered it some way, broke the engagement and denounced Edith as a traitor in a very melodramatic scene. Edith and Walter tried to explain but it was of no use. I always had the idea that Jane, while not exactly insane, was what might be inelegantly termed a trifle dippy. I mean she believed in living her own life and all that sort of rot; that is, she believed in doing as she damn well pleased, no matter what it cost other people, and if anybody objected, why, she'd roll her eyes at him and say she was living her own life. You know the type. Well, she didn't believe, evidently, in Edith's living her own life when it included Gordon's, so she flopped off to Europe somewhere and has been there ever since."

"How about Edith and Gordon?"

"Edith was naturally very much broken up about the whole affair, not that she blamed Gordon—what woman would?—but of course would not marry him because of all that tommyrot, in which she actually seems to believe."

"And has made other people believe," returned Terence grimly.

"Laura, for instance," suggested his companion, grinning.

"Yes, and I think Clara, too."

"No, Clara thinks she is a Free Lover or a Holy Roller or whatever they call it, but she isn't. She doesn't know what it's all about. Let's go back," he continued, after replacing the box. "I'm cold."

Terence responded by suddenly seiz-

ing his much smaller companion around the waist and depositing him gently in the smiling waters.

"You great big Turk!" spluttered Billy as he rose.

"Be civil now," said Terence, unexpectedly near him in the water, "or I'll throw you back again."

II

As Gordon dressed for dinner, he realized that he had before him somewhat of an ordeal, this meeting for the first time in five years the woman whom he had confidently expected to make his wife. As a rule, when he thought of Jane at all it was the Jane of their last meeting, and as a rule, too, he promptly thought of something else because that Jane was not pleasant to contemplate; nor was his role in the trio one that a man would care to enact more than once, even mentally. However, as he went on with his dressing, it was not the unpleasant phases of his relation with Jane that passed through his mind, but the days when, like all young lovers, they felt that love had been created for them alone. He smiled reminiscently as he thought of the hundred little nothings that turn the commonplace into dream-land during the doubting stage when neither is sure of the other; the happy misery of it, when each became an expert in reading the other's thoughts, when what is very plain English to the outer world becomes romance's own code that puts a chapter into an inflection and a volume into a word. He remembered one June evening how he and Jane had wandered into one of the amusement parks that furnish pleasure to Chicago's South Side multitudes. They had found a table in a quiet corner of the light-blazing Casino and with much curiosity watched the beer drinking, chattering crowd around them, that with its noise had almost succeeded in submerging the band. Presently he lost interest in their surroundings and began to talk to his companion in a voice calculated to penetrate the din. Suddenly he realized that he was shouting; the noise had

ceased. Then, clear as a bell, from the bandstand came the note of a cornet in haunting, mellow, almost sorrowful music.

"What is it?" he whisperingly asked.

"The sextette from 'Lucia,'" she answered with a little gesture of silence.

The Italians seemed inspired. As the melody in utter sweetness swelled into the more glorious harmony of the trombones, he felt that it was rolling like a river between the crowd and himself and Jane, cutting them off from all that was sordid and vulgar. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed and the color was faintly showing in her usually pale cheeks. The momentary silence, when the rafters had returned the last sweet notes, was shattered by the roar of applause.

"Come," he said, seizing her almost roughly; "let's get out of here before they encore with ragtime."

That night marked the end of the doubting period. He remembered how it came about. Jane was starting for New York next day. She and her mother were going abroad for six months. With self-repression that would turn a Spartan green, on the way home and as he sat with her for a while on the porch Gordon talked commonplaces. He rose to go and after perfunctorily bidding her good-bye grasped her limp little hand and carefully avoided her eyes. He strode over to where he had thrown his hat, picked it up and stalked toward the steps.

"Walter," came wailfully from behind him. He turned, and there she stood with the light from the window reflected in her big, tear-filled eyes, and her face the picture of woebegone sorrow and desolation. He took her in his arms and whispered consolation and called himself a brute. Yes, he'd write every day. And she must remember that she was going to new places where she wouldn't miss him while he stayed at home with nothing left of her but the place she used to fill; the world couldn't be the same without her. But she *would* miss him everywhere she went; she would think of him all the time; if she were presented to the Pope, the first

thing she'd tell him would be what a nice man was Walter Gordon. Whereat they both laughed, thinking how surprised the Pope would be. Then he kissed her again and went home, the richest, happiest man in all the world.

That, according to Edith, he recalled, should be the normal state for a man and woman in love with each other; and is terminated only by man's stupid institution of marriage, which, by removing all doubts and uncertainty, destroys romance. As in religion, man, finding subtle doctrines too fine to hold, symbolizes them, and straightway begins to go through a perfunctory ceremony, and thinks he has satisfied his religious cravings; so with love, at the altar man and woman begin to worship their marriage certificate and forget each other.

"Oh, tush!" said Walter, and started down the stairs, softly whistling the sextette.

He found Edith waiting for him in her roadster; the others had gone on in Terence's touring car. It was late August and the day was all gone except for the faint red-edged streak of cloud in the west. The road was perfect. Usually under such conditions and with Edith beside him Gordon felt almost vacuously contented. But his previous train of thought had left an afterglow in the light of which Edith looked a trifle faded and Edith's conversation seemed a trifle pert and artificial. He hated himself for such a feeling, much as you would dislike a man who pointed out a flaw in what you had always considered a spotless diamond. She, by the wireless that seems to tell a woman the mood possessing the man in whom she is interested, knew the sympathy that usually bound them was lacking. It flattened her usually buoyant spirits because never before had she experienced such a feeling. Gordon, for the first time in their intercourse, had gained the sentimental ascendancy over her. The thought silenced her. Gordon, too, was silent. Thus they bowled along till Stanleywood, old and rambling, gleaming in moonlit whiteness through the trees, fell upon their vision as they rounded the last hill and struck the broad road along the beach.

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"Gorgeous!" he murmured half to himself.

"Mrs. Stanley certainly improved it. Her taste is good."

"Except in husbands," he answered rather peevishly.

"Except in husbands," she repeated.

"I still wonder if Mrs. Stanley knows?" she queried, as Gordon helped her from the machine.

"Nice sense of the dramatic, if she does."

With thirty or forty rooms to choose from, Stanley and his wife preferred to live most of the time on the broad, screen-closed veranda built out over the lake on the west side of Stanleywood. One end partitioned from the rest with glass formed a dining room, while the remainder was given over to wicker chairs, lounges and tables, with an occasional bookcase. Here Mrs. Stanley, a sweet-faced young matron, received her guests. The veranda was unlighted except by the moon, now claiming her own, and the faint glow from the shaded candles on the gleaming table at the dining-room end. And so in this romantic twilight Edith and Gordon, who were the last to arrive, once more met Jane McDermott.

"I learned only this afternoon," said Mrs. Stanley, addressing Edith and Gordon, "that you and Jane are—had met before." She seemed annoyed at her momentary hesitation, and looked imploringly at Edith.

Edith and Jane confronted each other for a moment, each striving for a clue to the other's attitude. Then by common impulse, with joy on each face, they were in each other's arms, back to where they stood before this troublesome man had intervened.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, too, Walter," said Jane a bit tearfully, stretching out her hand to him.

"Tom," began Mrs. Stanley, referring to her husband, "still prides himself on having won a great victory over me in establishing the flannels-coatless régime for dinner. Why is it that men always insist that they must dress uncomfortably in order to please us?"

"Way down in your heart you don't like it," returned her husband.

"At any rate, whoever is responsible for it," remarked Billy, "ought to get a Carnegie medal for life saving."

"Men are queer creatures about their clothes," announced Mrs. Benton placidly. "They have the queerest faith in their coat collars. If a man is caught in the rain, he turns up his collar and feels that he has done all that can be expected of him. If it turns cold suddenly, he does likewise and is as happy as though he had on a fur coat."

"But, Mrs. Benton," asked Billy, "do you think that men consider coat collars such a universal panacea as women do rubbers? I never saw a woman yet who wouldn't undertake to wade across Niagara, if she only had her goloshes on."

"I am afraid, Mr. Watts, that you are exaggerating."

"Not a bit of it. I remember once reading of a man who sued his wife for divorce because she persisted in putting on goloshes before going to bed for fear the sheets would be damp."

"I'm sure that's a newspaper yarn," returned Mrs. Benton, with perfect seriousness when the others had stopped laughing; "but it's not a bit more ridiculous than the reasons one reads of people giving as grounds for divorce."

"No," said Stanley gruffly; "a man and woman have a little row over something and helped on by their friends, find themselves in the divorce court in no time. Perfect nonsense."

"They surely never love each other," said Mrs. Benton simply, "or such little things wouldn't matter."

Billy, as they went in to dinner, whispered to Clara:

"Now, what about your scandal-mongering theories?"

Afterwards, in thinking of the events of that night at Stanleywood, Edith, with her keen appreciation of the artistic, could not but admire the technic of Fate, the master craftsman, in placing each happening so that by steps that fully prepared for what to follow the climax burst upon her ready soul and engulfed

her before her finely working sense of reason could utter a protesting cry.

To begin with, after dinner, while the older guests and their host settled down to an evening of enthralling bridge and the younger ones found that the more than capacious veranda offered all that the heart could desire in places for *solitudes à deux*, Mrs. Stanley persuaded Edith that the views of the moonlit lake from the roof were adorable. As they turned to go up the stairs, Edith, through the doorway, caught a glimpse of Gordon and Jane on the veranda; she looked a second time, and with a queer little feeling in her heart realized that they were much interested in each other. At dinner Jane's manner had been perfect. She was brilliant and interesting in a quiet, thoroughbred way. Gone were the nervousness and the little *gaucheries* that five years before had detracted from the effect of her beauty. Even the quality of that had changed; now it was the conscious, forceful beauty of a beautiful woman. Edith heaved a little sigh, wondering why she felt a bit weary.

She found that a portion of the flat roof had been furnished with rugs, a few chairs and a table with a telephone. They stood leaning on the parapet and talked of indifferent things till the soporific calmness of the night silenced them.

"How utterly useless words are!" said Edith. "Nor could it be painted; music alone could express what one feels on such a night."

"But you, Miss Carew," answered her companion dreamily; "you can't know what it really means."

"And why?" asked Edith gently.

"Because you have never known what it is to love a man with all your heart and with all your soul. Perhaps you wonder at my speaking so. I've read your books, and you don't comprehend what love is or you would not speak as you do of marriage."

"But," protested Edith a bit faintly, "it is my belief that marriage as it is today kills love."

"And why?"

"Because it seems to me that conjugal happiness should be less a question

of duty and more of love. A man and woman instead of enjoying the most perfect intercourse because they love each other, now simply make the best of a relation made irksome by society. They settle down to a hopeless, monotonous jog, because to break the bond requires a hateful publicity and process that big-souled men and women must loathe."

"Of course," responded Mrs. Stanley, less dreamily, "there are a few men and women who have made mistakes and suffered martyrdom, but, my dear, they are very few. The little souls fly into the divorce court, but what do you suppose keeps the great majority contented with the monotonous jog? Because it is not monotonous and the jog takes them through the loveliest valleys in all the wide world, made lovely by that artist, my dear, whom I fear and regret you have never met, although you have libelled him terribly at times."

"But should a woman be forced to give up her mind, her friends, everything simply because she loves a man?" Edith demanded, a bit wildly.

"Forced? Never! But she gives them up willingly, as she gives up everything else to the man she loves if he wants them. I met a Sister of Charity once, who told me of a woman's commiserating her on a nun's unhappy lot. 'To think of having your hair cut off!' the woman said. 'Never would I sacrifice my hair.' In telling me the Sister, laughing, said: 'As though that were a real loss compared to the other things a nun must sacrifice!' So it is with you women, who speak of retaining your independence of thought, your friends and what not. As to choosing between them and your husband, such an alternative never rises if you love him. Of course they go, if they interfere. Your recompense is a minute in the arms of the man you care for above everything else in the world; there is your kingdom, and Love, not Duty is prime minister."

"But," queried Edith, now almost timidly, "what does he give in return?"

"Himself, and to you alone; his whims and fancies and vagaries that the best of them are subject to, and which any right-minded woman with a sense of

humor must delight in; and to you and his children and yours, the sweat of his brow day after day in office or shop. Oh, Miss Carew, forgive me if I have seemed ungentele or abrupt, but I hate to see a glorious woman like you deprived of her natural heritage, a husband and babies, and just because you don't understand."

Edith glanced half timidly at her companion and found that her eyes were shining with tears.

"Come," she said gently, taking Edith's hand and leading her to a chair, "now I am going to tell you something that I have told no one else. The other day in Bradford Tom and I met Mrs. Murchison and Mr. O'Donnell. I could see by Mrs. Murchison's manner that she was more or less surprised at seeing Tom and me together, and I guessed that she had heard the rumors so rife about us last summer. You, too, are familiar with them?"

Edith nodded slowly.

"Then you knew that the name of Bernice Latham was connected with Tom's in a way that could be nothing but galling to me. Then I retaliated by flirting desperately with little Mr. Ganley. It was not long before the crisis came. One night—" She stopped. "Oh, what a foolish woman I was only a year ago! One night we confronted each other; the others were all in bed or away somewhere, just he and I alone on such a night as this on the west veranda. He told me gently that if I would be rid of him he would do everything in his power to make it easy for me. To other people," she continued wistfully, "Tom may not seem a ravishing beauty, but that night he seemed the handsomest man in the world. My heart was fairly aching with hunger for him, and his words, instead of meeting with the joyous response the dear old goose expected, almost threw me into hysterics. I could only wail: 'Tom, Tom, don't make me go away; don't make me go away!' And then—but I can tell you no more. I have only told this because I think you are worth saving. In short, when the sense of duty had deserted both of us, it was our affection for each other

that saved us—something you never seem to reckon with in your novels."

Edith was silent. She felt that her fondest theories were weak and impotent before the reality of such a passion. She wondered dimly if she had been writing and teaching only from the fullness of her ignorance.

"But after all," she asked, "don't you think that you and your husband are rather the exceptions?"

"No," Mrs. Stanley responded placidly, "we are very mediocre people, quite typical, I think. Why, my dear, most women are never so disillusioned as during the first few weeks of their marriage, when, like frightened creatures, they don't know whether they have married a man or a beast. Then the sense of duty holds them till love can claim its own again. By your philosophy, that is the time the relation should cease. But—" She was interrupted by the tinkling of the telephone bell at her elbow.

"Tom tells me to come down," she said, hanging up the receiver. "The Forbes are going; we must have been here a long time. Will you come with me?"

"If you don't mind, I'll stay up here for a while. The night speaks for itself, and you have set me thinking."

"Surely you may stay, and Tom and I will come up when we have said goodbye to the Forbes."

The doubt flaming in Edith's mind was in strange contrast to the golden peace of the night. Was it possible, she queried, that love could sanctify the commonplace as Mrs. Stanley had said, make a sacrament out of the darning of a pair of socks? Was it love and not fear of a nauseating publicity that held men and women enthralled? Love the magician! Love the conqueror! How she hated the poet's rhapsodies that had seemed like spume and froth eddying only on the surface of turbulent, unquiet minds. When she had considered the passion at all, it was promptly relegated in her mind to the place occupied by hunger and the other physical appetites. She realized that never before had she considered it seriously in its

more ethereal aspects, and, as what Mrs. Stanley had told her flashed into her mind, she knew that this love was a practical thing, too, both too high and too low for theorists to juggle and play with, as intangible as the sobs of a violin and as much a leveler of rough roads as a steam shovel. The duality of it baffled her, and she sat numb with thinking of it. Was she incapable of loving any man? Was she a sexless, perverted creature? The thought almost stifled her. She sprang to her feet, threw her arms across the coping of the parapet and buried her golden head in them. What had Gordon done to deserve that the offering of his heart should be cast before such as she? But, she remembered almost bitterly, Gordon had already found solace in Jane. Not in years had he deserted her as he had that night. He and Jane would pick up the ends of their broken romance and enjoy for life what she had cast aside in her ignorance.

Edith found sweet torture in the thought; for like the light breeze sweeping over the water below, there swept across her mind the consciousness that she loved Gordon. She had robbed herself; she alone was to blame; and like the hollow booming of a tolling bell there rhythmied back and forth in her soul: "Too late! Too late!" "It is not too late," her thoughts almost shrieked. She would go down to him now and throw herself on her knees before him, though all the world might be there, and beg him to forgive her—if only for one instant, to hold her in his arms.

Numbly, almost blindly, she groped down the stairs and made her way along the half-lighted corridor to the first door leading to the veranda. She stopped as she saw that a man and a woman were seated in the shadow, her head resting on his shoulder and his arm about her. Edith's heart seemed to pause till, with heaven-sent relief, she saw that it was Laura and Terence.

The sound of voices made her pause at the next doorway, through which, she remembered, she had seen Walter and Jane as she went up the stairs.

"Surely I ought to be the happiest

woman alive," said a voice which she recognized as Jane's. "I hope with all my heart that you are." It was Walter speaking. "And I promise you this—"

Edith waited for no more; crushed and broken in spirit, hardly knowing where she went, she made her way through the drawing-room and library and onto the veranda on the other side of the house. There, leaning against a pillar like one utterly weary in mind and body, she stood and suffered dumbly.

She recognized that the terrace in front of her was dark with the shadow of the house—that somewhere on the other side some one was laughing; but not until there was the sound of a man's footsteps approaching hastily, footsteps clattering on the hardwood floors of the drawing-room, did she look up, and then did not turn till Gordon called her.

"I've been looking all over the place for you; we were afraid that you had fallen off the roof." Then catching sight of her face: "Good heavens, are you ill?"

What is it, Edith?" She shook her head like a little girl, not daring to speak. "What is it, Edith?" he insisted gently, coming toward her. "Tell me."

"I heard you and Jane," she stammered.

He was puzzled. "Well, what did you hear?"

"You are going to marry her?"—more as a statement of inevitable fact than a question.

Gordon, about to speak, paused and then laughed, as a man who is happy laughs.

"Edith, would you care so much? No, Jane is going to marry some bewhiskered, bemonocled Englishman, and I—well, I think I am going to marry you."

He drew her toward him, and in his encircling arms she felt a woman's joy in that sweet surrender.

"And to think you really care, Edith—after all!"

"Care! Walter—*my* Walter!"



"**W**OULD you rather have been born rich or lucky?"

"Rich; then I'd have been lucky."



WHEN engaged in the pursuit of happiness too many people disregard the speed laws.



"**D**ID he marry well?"

"Yes, but he's been sick ever since."



AN optimist is a fellow who chases rainbows, while a pessimist is one who has given up chasing them.

THE SILENT BATTLE

By "Pontifex Maximus"

THE war that Spring and Winter wage
Goes on in silence day by day:
Strong Youth against decrepid Age,
New growth opposed to dark decay;

The strife of Hope against Despair,
Life against death; and morn by morn
A tenderer warmth is in the air
And richer hues and hopes are born.

And lo, on every side appears
The hurrying host of Spring's advance—
The crowding grass, with bristling spears,
The brookside rushes' ready lance;

The javelins of daring reeds,
The iris sprouts' keen bayonet thrust,
With rank and file of sturdy weeds
Rising exultant from the dust.

Each day a fresher guidon flaunts,
Marking the vantage ground by turns,
The arrowheads of water plants,
The hard clenched fists of valiant ferns.

The willow's pennons, brave and fair,
The wild flag's sharp and slender blade,
With every force of earth and air,
Join boldly in the glad crusade,

Till Winter's sullen struggles cease,
And cold and darkness fail and flee,
And all the hills are fair with peace,
And green with palms of victory.



WHAT is commonly regarded as Opportunity knocking at the door is none other than Responsibility in search of a master.

THE FATHER OF HER CHILDREN

By Emma Wolf

“FOR you know, my dear,” Mrs. Rogers ran on, drawing her needle leisurely in and out of her embroidery, “that, while there’s a time for considering, there finally comes a time for deciding. And you must realize, Betty, that your dilly-dallying and coquetting with each of them in turn, as the fancy strikes you, is neither sensible nor good form. It grows disgusting. Both your father and myself wonder that they put up with it. It’s—it’s simply abominable, and I want you to stop it.”

Mrs. Rogers snipped her cotton conclusively, glancing expectantly across at her daughter, who, curled up in a deep chair, was absorbedly reading a novel and gave no sign of having heard the august ultimatum. The rain beat down with a repetitious outside insistence, a running chorus to Mrs. Rogers’s words.

“But”—Mrs. Rogers bit the end of a new needleful and threaded it aggressively—“we might have known you would be the same in this most serious affair of your life as you are in the trifles—absolutely capricious and unreasonable. And the time has come to put an end to your nonsense. We are becoming not only anxious but ashamed.”

The assault drew no blood. The small brown head continued to bend almost caressingly over the book; the slender curled-up figure remained motionless.

“Did you hear me, Betty?”

Mrs. Rogers’s voice rose to stentorian sharpness and Betty sprang to her feet, letting her book clatter to the floor.

“Good heavens, mother!” she exclaimed in aggrieved astonishment. “Were you speaking to me?”

“Speaking to you! I’ve been speak-

ing to you for the last half-hour, and you know it. Don’t tell me you haven’t heard me, because—”

“Not a word, honest Injun. Such a book, dear!” She recovered her treasure and plumped back into her chair with a far-away laugh in her eyes.

“Evidently. More interesting, no doubt, than your mother.”

“Pardon, dear; were you really saying something?”

Mrs. Rogers’s lips set ominously. “I shall not repeat. Yes—I will. It’s for your good, not mine.”

“What?”

“That you finally make up your mind which one you are going to take.”

“Take? Take which—where—when?”

“Betty!”

“Yes, mother, dear.”

“You know perfectly well what I am speaking about. Neither Mr. Armsby nor—”

“Oh, that! Yes, I’ve just been thinking about them.”

“With your head in a book!”

“And in such a book, mother!”

Mrs. Rogers’s exasperation vented itself in a parental glare. She reapplied herself to her embroidery.

“There, little girl, don’t cry,” coaxed her daughter softly. “Tell us what the trouble is all about.”

“You are facetious at the wrong time, my dear.”

“Me! Why, I’m in dead earnest. I have been thinking about them all through the book.”

“What book?”

“This. It is not exactly a book a young girl would recommend to her mother. But it really does help, and it’s such fun!”

"Fun?"

"Deciding."

"Deciding what?"

"What we've just been talking about: which would make the best father to—"

"The best—"

"Father to my children."

"Betty Rogers, I am amazed at you!"

Betty laughed outright at her mother's unfeigned horror, ran to her impetuously, hugged her, and left the room, taking her book with her.

She danced, in spirit at least, toward the seclusion of her own room, where the pregnant sentence which had so intrigued her buoyant imagination continued to jingle in unimpeded hilarity in the ear of her mind.

"It is the privilege of every civilized young woman to choose the father of her children."

"It's like Portia and her caskets," her brain laughed.

She was twenty-five, and, although modernity had marked her for one of its spoiled darlings, she was still happily innocent of all Shavian iconoclastic philosophy and therefore a quick and delighted recruit to the new idea thus presented.

Who had ever heard of such a view of it? She chuckled to herself, keenly understanding. So that was the sophisticated view of matrimony—to say nothing of love! That was the way of it—the "it" at this point being a mental bird's-eye view of life. And life, to the Betty Rogers sort—modernity's darling, unmarried, aged twenty-five—was simply and solely a question of taking, or being taken, in marriage.

"What a lark to decide it that way!" quoth the sprite within her, brimful of audacity.

"Try it, anyway," it suggested, prodding her on. "Go it, Betty! Think of Armsby—Hiram S.— Oh, Lord! Think of Larry—that's enough to make an owl laugh! Think of— There, there, that will do."

She grew suddenly sober, smoothing out her handkerchief with desperate attention to the corners, glancing up blindly once as though to throw off the insupportable weight of the deep flush

upon her face, then bending closer to her improved ironing.

"But it isn't so bad an idea, after all," pleaded the little capricious sprite, grown strangely grave. And Betty's face gradually lost its flush; a far-gazing wistfulness took possession of her eyes, her mouth, the very pose of her girlish figure. She was standing attention to wave after wave of beautiful thought. And the effect of the vague, passing glimpse of something wonderful beyond the immediate horizon vouchsafed her did not wholly fade, even when the imp of mischief again began chasing gleams of irrepressible mirth into the corners of her mutinous mouth.

"What a lark!" young thought repeated with its limited madcap vocabulary.

"It's the most original thing that ever occurred to me. It's an epoch—it's a real, live adventure. I'll wager none of the other girls ever dreamed of such a thing. Bravo, Betty! Go forth and find."

She sat for a moment, her whole head quick with lightning thought. Then she went downstairs to entertain a visitor. It was a remarkable visit. Florence Chesterton had never seen Betty Rogers quite so unexpectedly "funny."

And all the while the "lark" soared in her brain, until when night came and she stood arrayed in fleecy white ready to go to Gertrude Waring's wedding it was caroling through her flashing, laughing eyes, inspiring every motion with the grace of joy. But she kept her own counsel. And finally, when in the crush of congratulations Hiram Armsby solicitously drew her out of the confusion into a secluded nook, it was singing full heaven.

Her eyes—she was aware of their impishness—were lowered to his consciously correct pumps as if she had been asked her opinion of their fashion. And if she had been asked, she might have answered with apparent irrelevance: "Forty years old, warranted not to hurt, crack or give under the stress of any emotion, narrowing to a more decided point than comfort demands, but excellent form all told; awfully fit—money no object."

Being, however, responsive only to her obsession, "Wasn't it bully?" she murmured, fanning herself assiduously, her mouth sweetly demure, her eyes still fastened upon his conscientious footgear.

Armsby's gaze followed hers as if in self-protection, but seeing nothing to worry over, he renewed his surprised questioning of her face.

Receiving no response, she forced herself to look up at him, and meeting his surprised but indulgent smile, she began to caper—mentally—toward her goal.

"Wasn't it?" she repeated in provocative innocence.

"How very boyish you are, Miss Rogers!"

"Me boyish?" she queried, wide-eyed.

"That is, your—er—form of expression—your choice of words."

"Choice of words! That's rhetoric, isn't it? I never choose my words—they just come. What dreadful thing have I been saying now?"

Armsby eyed her somewhat dubiously, but held his point stanchly. "Why, your use of the word 'bully,'" he began in deep-chested elucidation. "It is a regrettable sign of the times that the young people—more especially the young women—of the present day are prone to prefer a word derivative of the sporting field or the stable than of the—er—classics."

"Yes; aren't we degenerate! Much, much more classy than classic," she agreed, pensively. "But then we are forced to keep such dreadful company, you know."

"Dreadful—"

"The men we know," she returned, sadly contemplative. "They really are brutalizing, come to think of it."

"Really, my dear Miss Rogers—"

She hastily intercepted his flushed, egoistic reproach. "Not you, Mr. Armsby, surely never you! Do you know, I always feel that you are teaching me something I ought to be ashamed not to have known before. You are so correct—ive. And I do appreciate differences. Really, I do value your opinion highly, and—oh, would you mind? It would interest me greatly to hear your opinion of something I saw yesterday.

Talk about brutalizing! Well, I won't prejudice you. I came into the house of a friend yesterday, and found her in a dreadful state of hysteria because her little boy, who had been caught playing hookey— You know what playing hookey is?" she interrupted herself with some doubt.

"Truant," he responded, solemnly.

"Exactly," she nodded, delighted. "No—not exactly; 'truant' is a nice little stepbrother to 'hookey.' Well, her little boy had been caught playing hookey, and his father, for punishment, had tied him up for the day like a strayed dog or colt to a column on the back porch."

She paused for his comment, but none came—Armsby, listening with severe attention, being unaware that one was expected.

"And that's why," she concluded, dramatically, "his mother was in such a state."

"Naturally," he returned, sternly.

She almost gasped her amazement. "You mean," she faltered, "you mean it was unreasonably cruel?"

"Not at all. I think it only natural that a mother should be in a piteous state over the discovery that her son had indulged in such a flagrant misdemeanor."

"O-oh! I see. But what I wanted your opinion about was the punishment. Now if you had a boy, aged ten, who had deceived you in this—flagrant manner—"

"No offspring of mine could deceive me in that manner, Miss Rogers."

"Ah—offspring! But suppose your little boy, aged ten—"

"Impossible. No son of Hiram Armsby could so deny his fathering. It would be outside his potentialities." He was actually smiling his hereditary virtues upon her.

She drew a long breath. "Oh," she sighed, "the little prig! The poor, dear, innocent little prig!"

Armsby was saved a rejoinder by the approach of a large, blond man with Irish eyes, who claimed her for a supper partner and bore her away.

"What's the row?" he asked with

easy intimacy as they sauntered on. "Armsby looked as though he had been assisting at a prize fight in high disapproval and much against his will."

"He *was* assisting at a prize fight, but he didn't know it."

"I take you."

"What?"

"For better or worse, Betty, mavourneen, as I've told—"

"Don't Irish me, Mr. Huntleigh. How dare you?"

"What? Take you? You know I'm only—"

"Really, Lawrence—"

"Lawrence! Now your Irish is up. And me only saying I know a prize fight when I see it!"

"Oh!" She shifted her gaze under his merry, keen eyes. "You are terribly clever, Larry, but—" She stopped short, her face suffused with a soft flush.

A tall, fine-faced, bearded man had arrested their progress to the supper room. His eyes held Betty's intently while he addressed her with obvious pleasure.

"Then I'll come for you after supper," he concluded in a quiet undertone as Lawrence Huntleigh made a brusque move to draw her on.

"Do," she murmured, her sweet eyes raised, her cheek still adorably flushed.

"What was your hurry, Larry?" she asked, frowning, as they moved away. "Really—"

"Really I don't propose to stand all night waiting for that egotistic ass—"

"Ass! Lawrence Huntleigh!"

"—that mannerless, egotistic, stage-acting ass of an architect to take notice that there are others living besides himself."

"My!" she purred, gently. "What a temper you have, dear!"

He stalked ahead with her, deigning no reply. She let him sulk.

In truth, the gay little party of eight at their table were approaching coffee before Betty, somewhat mollified by the light talk, turned her full attention to her provokingly laconic partner.

"You wanted to know what the row was about," she suggested, noting with

a quick change of manner his white, pained face.

"What row?" he vouchsafed gruffly.

"Between Mr. Armsby and me."

"Oh!" he condescended, more amiably.

"I want your opinion, Larry," she coaxed, prettily—"two lumps, please—about something that interests me immensely. You know yesterday I dropped in at Mabel Marvin's, and she was crying her eyes out because Tom had tied Billy by the leg—by the leg, mind you—to the back porch, because they found out he had been playing hookey from school; and he wouldn't untie him till six in the evening nor let Mabel speak to him. And there he had to stand like a dog in the pound, and poor Mabel—"

At this breathless point the taciturn Mr. Huntleigh threw back his head and laughed oddly.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she protested angrily.

Huntleigh's abortive laughter subsided as suddenly as it had commenced. "Neither do I," he returned, his face setting darkly while he spoke. "I know what playing hookey means, and by George, if he were mine—"

"Yes?" she breathed eagerly, while he paused as if to gather together all his forces.

"If he were mine, I'd not only tie him up by the leg, but—he'd go to bed without a bite, mind you."

He picked up his cup and seemed to swallow his malignity with his coffee, for as he finished he turned his wonted beaming glance upon her.

"Mavourneen," he began, caressingly, "what's the use—"

"Don't speak to me," she broke in hotly. "What did he ever do to you that you should treat a poor little fellow so viciously? Why, I—I—"

"Betty! Why, child, what's the matter? What did I—"

"Nothing at all. Be still. You make me sick, that's all."

"Once upon a time—"

"I am not a child—though it seems to afford you pleasure to think I am—and I don't want to hear your old stories. I

simply hate you!" She gazed upon him in calm defiance.

He raised his brow, glancing quickly at her. At the same instant he rose, feeling the approach of Keith Duncan, the architect, who presently stood beside them. Thereupon Huntleigh drew himself up stiffly, curtly acknowledged Betty's cool bow and murmured word and turned abruptly away.

Betty wandered on toward the quieter spaces with Keith Duncan.

"I am so angry with Lawrence Huntleigh," she remarked, impelled to explain her mood, as they crossed the great hall where the embowered musicians were weaving magical romances of sound.

"Indeed?" responded her companion, his eyes on a covered veranda beyond the conservatory. "Shall we go over there to that embrasure? It is open to the terraces, you know."

"Yes, do," she said, noting its abandoned seclusion.

"Just about room for two," he commented as he leaned with her on the low wall and looked out into the still night humid with the smell of drenched earth and grass.

"A selfish little spot," she laughed, "but I like it."

"Of course. The selfish things are always the most delightful. Shall I get you a scarf? Wait—here's my muffler; may I?" Without awaiting her assent, he folded the silken thing about her soft, round throat, and Betty let him, vaguely troubled but acquiescent.

He had his own peculiar methods of entertaining, had Duncan, and in this instance he chose a fitful silence as the best medium for his "effect." And again Betty was acquiescent in a stirred, troubled way. She did not know whether it was due to the close presence of the man beside her or the far-away strains of the music or the culmination of her mood, but she felt herself dangerously near to tears. Her responses to his occasional low-spoken comments were wordless. But suddenly Betty, the fighter, rebounded and found herself again.

"Do you like Lawrence Huntleigh?" she asked with curious irrelevance.

"You mean the young lawyer, your supper partner just now?"

For the life of her Betty could not have told what, in his tone, put her now completely at her ease. She nodded.

"Always reminds me of a huge, sportive mastiff," he said carelessly.

"Does he? I wonder why."

"His physical bigness, I suppose. They say he's a jolly good fellow, and keen enough when he's a mind."

"Oh, Larry's clever. Everybody knows that. His great fault is his—his—"

"Yes?"

"I don't know just what to call it, but I suppose it's his ungovernable—not temper—temperament."

"Hateful word—temperament! Done to death. Hateful thing, too. Argues weakness—lack of control—somewhere."

"Oh, generally Larry is anything but that. It's the most charming thing in the world. It's the drop of Irish in him, you know. But tonight he was beastly."

"Not to you?"

"Oh, no; to his little boy."

"Pardon—is Huntleigh married?"

"Dear me, no! But if he were—I mean, we were talking about a possible child of his and the way he would punish him."

"Punish his hypothetical child?"

"Yes—"

"But how absurd! The real thing must be nuisance enough without quarreling over the imaginary. 'Sufficient unto the day'—you know the rest. Besides, the only place for a child is in the nursery. Baby talk is positively unendurable in a drawing-room. No dogs or children allowed. Very boring, indeed, I wonder at you, Miss Rogers."

He smiled down at her in cynical amusement, she up at him in startling mental disarray.

"What is that they are playing?" she questioned, gazing beyond him.

"From 'Madame Butterfly,' I think. Too warm?"

She was drawing his handkerchief from her throat, and his fingers lingered over hers as he took it from her.

"We haven't seen the presents yet,"

she suggested, hurriedly, moving toward the opening.

"One moment," he protested quickly, but she shook her head mutinously without turning, and he followed perforce, striding in order to keep pace with her flying feet.

Toward midnight she was standing with a group of merry mischief lovers, ready to pelt the impatiently awaited bride with rice, when a laughing whisper in her ear startled her roughly.

"But don't you worry, mavourneen; I'll be sure to smuggle a piece of bread and butter out to him unbeknownst to his mother—not for the little rap-scal-

lion's sake at all, at all—only for the sake of the boy I left behind me."

Before she could turn to retort he had passed on, shouldering his stalwart way through the throng.

But later, in fact, just as she was falling asleep, in that sweet transitional state between dream and slumber, she might have been heard to murmur incoherently!

"Poor, poor little fellow! Never mind dear; mother won't let him hurt you; mother won't let him hurt her little boy."

And she turned on her pillow and slept.



CUPID'S REVENGE

By Rex T. Stout

DEMOCRITUS I'd chosen for my guide.
The love of man for woman—all a joke.
I felt that I would be well satisfied
With but a book to read, a pipe to smoke.
I laughed at those who languished for their love;
I laughed at those made happy by a kiss,
At those who swore that *she* came from above,
At passions frenzied, at sweet dreams of bliss.
I laughed.

And then I met a maid—oh, wondrous fair!
I laughed no more; 'twas driven out by love.
But she looked on me with indifferent air,
And all my prayers could not her pity move.
She laughed because I asked to be her slave;
She laughed at supplications, threats and tears,
At vows that I would love her till the grave,
At agony that kills, at pain that sears.
She laughed.



THE man who has his price usually gives himself away.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIE

By William J. Lampton

IT is common report that the Devil is the father of lies. Perhaps he is.

He is the author of everything else wicked, and there is no valid reason for making an exception in this instance. If he is, then the polygamous old scoundrel must have all the women in the world for wives. Have you ever thought of the number of lies that spring into being every second of time? Only bacteriological billions can be compared with such a birth rate; and lies are worse than bacteria, for some bacteria are benignant. If ever a lie is benignant, it is unnatural, an anomalous production of virtue resulting from the force of circumstances. So much for my introduction; now for my own particular self.

I was born in New York City one evening not so many years ago. My mother was Miss Cassandra Knickerbocker, a young woman of wealth, fashion and family. She was very prudent, very particular and very Presbyterian. She was, by all accepted standards of ethics and morals, most exemplary; but she was a woman.

Peter Van Stuyvesant, Jr., was a man. There you have the primal cause of woman's profoundest sorrow, and, as well, of her supremest joy. Cassandra loved Peter and Peter had told Cassandra that he loved her. He was as rich and as fashionable as she was, and there was no reason why he should not be telling her the truth. Possibly he was at the time, but men's hearts are variants and their estimates fluctuate. Peter Van Stuyvesant became aware of this cardiac peculiarity when he met Janet Hudson, a slip of a girl as sweet as a flower, as frolicsome as a kitten and as innocent as a lamb. Janet loved the

light side of the world; she sought the sunshine, and when it was not, she found a pleasing substitute in the glitter of the electrics. It was light she must have, whatever the light, but it was always white. She was an artist living in her own studio, a plain little one, around the corner over a stable. She was not conventional, not even as particular in all her associations as she should have been, nor as prudent, nor as Presbyterian, but she was Janet Hudson. What she was was not of her making, and what she was she could not change by contact with social conventions. But she was guileless, so guileless that she thought the whole world was as good as she was.

It was at Cassandra's own house that Peter met Janet—the intelligent rich often patronize art—and when Cassandra saw them talking together, saw Peter look into her eyes and heard him ask eagerly if he might walk around to her studio with her, she knew, as women know, that a stronger claim than her own had fallen upon the man she loved. But Cassandra waited to be sure; and there were not many days to wait, for a young man's fancy comes quickly into view. That Peter loved Janet there could be no doubt. He not only told her so, as he had told Cassandra, but very differently, for he believed it as he had never believed what he had told Cassandra. Whether it were honorable or not he had not yet stopped to consider. In such instances the rich young man sometimes lacks consideration, or to consider becomes a matter of compulsion.

That Janet loved Peter admitted of question. She was flattered by his

attentions, for Peter was really worth while, judged by society standards. Love does not beget love, although accepted rumor would have it so. This may be proved by the love of Cassandra for Peter. Cassandra knew this, but she did not consider it. Nor did she hold Peter as culpable as Janet—Janet, who loved Cassandra and would have despised Peter had she known the double part he was playing. In Cassandra's opinion Janet had no right to permit Peter to do what he was wholly unable not to do. At the beginning Cassandra suffered in silence, but the time came when she must speak, and she spoke to the man. To the woman, of course, she said nothing. Janet she scorned as beneath her notice. Peter argued in his own defense after the negative manner of men in such cases, but it was not effective except to convince Cassandra that she was losing him forever. She was desperate that evening when he kissed her at parting, and that night I was born.

I was a puny little thing at first, but Cassandra was wise in such baby lore, and I grew rapidly by careful and persistent exercise directed by my zealous mother among the women of her acquaintance. Several of them mentioned me incidentally to Peter, and later I was introduced to him. Peter was a cad and a prig, and he believed that I was exactly as represented. In a remarkably short time I had met all the friends in the circle of Cassandra. Some declined to recognize me, but most did not, especially those who sought the favor of Cassandra. While Cassandra was thus busy extending the circle of my acquaintances, I was not introduced to Janet. Cassandra managed better than that. Janet did not know of my existence; she did not know why so suddenly and mysteriously she should have been ignored, almost insulted, by those who had before been polite and ready enough to receive her as Cassandra's friend. She knew that she had lost Cassandra through Peter, but she did not understand why, and she would not ask. Peter fell away with the others, but this did not pain Janet so much as to lose Cassandra, who had

been very kind to her until Peter appeared between them. Janet was helpless in her own behalf. She could not defend herself, for no one openly gave her an opportunity.

At last one day Janet met me. A good friend, who had declined to recognize me when I had been introduced, took me to her. By that time I had grown to be such a strong and healthy lie that I compelled recognition, and this good friend thought it best that he should take me to Janet rather than that someone less kindly disposed should do so. Poor little helpless Janet could not understand me at all, and I had no explanations to offer; I simply confronted her and waited. I did not tell her who my mother was, for Janet would have denied the relationship in horror. Cassandra had been her best friend, and she could not possibly have believed me had I told her. No, it was not for me to tell her. I had a different mission.

When Peter shunned Janet as though she was some unclean thing and had come back to Cassandra again as the clean, she, my own mother, began to neglect me, but others cared for me and would not let me die. Why I do not know, because they could have had no interest in the cause of my existence. I lived on, following Janet wherever she went. Slowly she faded. So sweet a flower could not live in the biting winds of gossip, and one morning Janet lay dead in her studio and an empty vial stood silent, but not expressionless, on the table by her bedside. The newspapers told pathetic little stories of the passing of Janet, and if they knew of me they were kind enough to suppress the knowledge.

My mission was completed; my work was done; and Cassandra's world forgot that either I or Janet had ever existed. Now as a ghost I flit about, and like a child I follow my mother, haunting her. Others may forget, but she cannot. She shall not. And Peter? Oh, after a few years as husband to Cassandra—happy years I may say, being what I am—Peter died and his widow wept over his coffin. She had won him at a cost he never knew.

L'HIRONDELLE

Par Leo Larguier

NOUS buvions un verre de vin blanc, mon ami Bernard Jeanville et moi, sous la tonnelle rougie d'un cabaret des Cévennes, au bord de la route, en regardant le soir tomber sur les combes houleuses de cha-taigniers mordorés. Les hirondelles s'ap-prêtaient déjà à partir. Il y en avait en plein ciel qui semblaient des guetteurs, et étaient sans doute montés plus haut que les autres afin de scruter l'horizon.

Ces oiseaux rapides faisaient des visi-tes à tous les toits, criaient, s'effaraient, et paraissaient tisser dans l'azur la trame encore invisible du crépuscule.

Nous ne disions rien. Lorsqu'on fume, que le couchant est devant vous et qu'on se connaît depuis vingt ans, il est bien inutile de parler.

Soudain, Bernard me toucha le bras : "Je crois que je ne t'ai jamais raconté mon histoire de Lucerne. Ecoute; ce sont ces hirondelles qui m'y font penser.

Tu te souviens que j'étais en Suisse, l'automne dernier. Un matin, des mil-liers d'hirondelles s'abattirent sur la ville, harassées, presque mortes de fati-gue. Il y en avait sur toutes les ter-rasses, sur tous les arbres, j'en trouvai même une déjà froide à ma fenêtre.

On pouvait les prendre avec la main, et les employés de la ville les ramas-saient et les mettaient dans de grandes cages hâtivement fabriquées.

Je m'inquiétai de leur sort. Qu'en vou-lait-on faire?

Mais j'avais tort de me méfier des Suisses, et ces ramasseurs d'oiseaux obéissaient à un décret de la municipa-lité qui eût ravi le bon Michelet.

On allait tout simplement les soigner, les laisser se reposer et les transporter ensuite jusqu'à la côte africaine.

Elles arrivaient des quatre coins de l'Europe et devaient avoir fui sans repos, devant Dieu sait quels pirates acharnés de l'azur, quels grands rapaces qui les avaient obligées à brûler les haltes que font les migrations, aux mêmes endroits, depuis des millénaires.

En tombant, elles avaient dû songer confusément, avec leur admirable in-stinct, qu'elles étaient loin, des régions chaudes de l'Afrique, des eaux vierges des grands lacs ignorés où elles buvaient, et qu'il devait faire bien doux sur les toits de boue et de feuillages des villages nègres où les jeunes filles nues et lui-santes comme des bronzes s'arrêtaient un instant de piler le maïs dans le mor-tier de pierre, et, rêveuses, les accom-pagnaient du regard!

Je trouvais fort touchante cette pieuse idée, et j'eus voulu lire la page qu'eût pu écrire Michelet, apprenant qu'on avait voulu éviter à des hirondelles lasses les périls d'un voyage entre le ciel et la mer, et qu'on en avait fait de petites pas-sagères effarouchées et pressées.

Elles étaient sous les vastes hangars de la gare, et je fus les regarder.

Leurs serres aiguës s'accrochaient aux fils de fer des cages, leurs ailes lisses se froissaient avec des bruits d'éventails.

Il y en avait, il y en avait de quoi an-noncer, l'an prochain, le printemps à tous les villages, à toutes les villes de la vieille France!

Je leur fis une dernière visite le matin du jour où je devais partir.

Devant la plus grande des cages, une jeune femme élégante était accroupie. Je la reconnus tout de suite.

Tu as entendu parler de Lise Avrilée; tu l'as vue, au Bois, conduisant elle-même un tonneau rouge qu'enlevait un che-

val isabelle. C'était elle. Tu te souviens qu'elle dansa, l'an passé, dans un music-hall à la mode, et qu'on s'est ruiné et quelque peu tué pour elle.

Je la connaissais vaguement, ayant soupé avec elle chez un ami. Tu sais que c'était une grande fille brune, qu'elle jouait adorablement les Espagnoles, et les affiches et les photographies aux devantures ont pu te renseigner sur cette belle tête aux yeux de chèvre et de favorite d'émir.

Elle se retourna, m'aperçut, et je m'inclinai; mais je remarquai que les sombres prunelles orientales étaient pleines d'eau et que son pur visage était livide.

S'appuyant sur une ombrelle de dentelles, elle se redressa.

Lorsqu'elle releva la tête, deux larmes pareilles à des perles de cristal liquide coulaient le long de ses joues.

Elle me conta son histoire. Voici; ce n'est pas bien terrible, mais tu verras, que le hasard est un étrange maître.

Lise Avrilée, qui ne m'a pas dit son véritable nom, donnait, il y a quatre ans, des leçons de piano. Elle était orpheline et avait une petite chambre au sixième, sur les quais, en face Notre-Dame.

Le soir, après avoir couru le cachet, elle rentrait, préparait son repas et, selon la saison, lisait au lit pour économiser le feu, ou cousait devant sa fenêtre ouverte sur les gargouilles apocalyptiques qui hérissent la cathédrale.

Elle connut un jeune musicien,—il est presque célèbre aujourd'hui;—ils s'aimaient, cependant ils ne se voyaient que dans la rue, lorsqu'il la raccompagnait.

Un soir, il monta jusqu'à sa chambre. C'était un soir d'été. La jeune fille le reçut effrayée, tremblante, et ils n'osaient parler ni l'un ni l'autre.

Ils s'accoudèrent à la croisée ouverte sur l'antique paysage de ciel et de pierres, regardant le crépuscule noyer le bestiaire fabuleux de la vieille église.

Comme ils se prenaient la main, quel-

que chose tomba du toit, qu'ils pouvaient toucher en levant le bras. Ils se penchèrent. Une petite hirondelle battait de l'aile sur le rebord de leur fenêtre. Elle était blessée, sa patte cassée pendait.

Ils pansèrent l'oiseau pépant, lièrent les deux tronçons de la patte brisée avec un fil d'argent tiré d'un bijou ancien, et purent le replacer dans le nid. Trois mois après, le musicien se maria et partit pour l'Italie, laissant la jeune fille seule et plus blessée que l'hirondelle.

Elle ne m'a pas avoué comment elle en était arrivée où elle était, à sa réputation de professionnelle beauté, à ses succès de music-halls, à sa fortune; tu peux aisément l'imaginer.

Mais, parmi ces centaines d'oiseaux, elle avait vu, tout à l'heure, une hirondelle portant à la patte un petit fil d'argent, en cercle.

Était-ce la même hirondelle qu'elle avait recueillie et soignée?

La chose n'était pas invraisemblable; la patte blessée avait dû grossir, consolidant le petit anneau, l'incrustant en quelque sorte; et si cela n'était pour moi que le plus curieux des hasards, pour la jeune femme, pense donc, c'étaient tout le bleu de l'adolescence et du premier amour, et des rêves et des regrets, et des souvenirs à l'infini! . . .

Nous essayâmes d'apercevoir encore l'oiseau, mais, penché à côté de Lise Avrilée, dont je respirais le parfum, je ne distinguai qu'un fouillis de têtes égales, de pattes fines et d'ailes froissées.

Autant chercher une feuille dans les futaies touffues rebroussées par un grand vent. . . .

Je ne pus assister au départ des hirondelles et je n'ai plus entendu parler de Lise Avrilée. Voilà. . . ."

Je payai la bouteille de vin blanc à une ronde servante qui se peignait dans la salle, et nous repartîmes rêveurs, et les yeux à l'horizon lumineux où s'entre-croisaient des vols obliques.



THE FOLLIES IN THE SEATS

By George Jean Nathan

NOTHING ever increases my admiration for myself quite so inordinately as a study of the persons who make up the average Broadway theater audience. And I say this in full appreciation of the fact that I have also looked over the head waiters' annual ball at Terrace Garden, the Chicago stockyards and the writings of Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin.

Ever since that day some years ago when I began to furnish my palatial apartment with the proceeds from my critical quill, I have observed these audiences carefully and deliberately, and have marveled and wondered and speculated over the egregious impudence they exhibit in remaining alive. Loud-voiced, big-paunched, middle-class-mannered, with talcum powder intellects and opaque, indecent expressions, they sit there like so many fat portions of *pâté de foie gras*, complacently assuring one another that "the show is rotten," "the critics don't know what they're talking about" and "the managers are a bunch of crooks running the theaters in cahoots with the speculators."

Some month, when the weather grows cooler, I intend to demonstrate to you that the average New York theater audience is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the drama in this country; that such audiences should be excluded from the theaters, even if all the seats have to be given with altruistic liberality to New York's really intelligent bootblacks; and that, with such a herd spreading diseased opinions of the current drama by word of mouth among their neighbors, there is, indeed, a graver, more imperative need than ever for printed antidotal estimates of plays

and players that may be resorted to by that more human, more mental and less food-filled element of theatergoers whose abdomen is not engaged in constant and relentless conflict with the top pants button.

But this is warm, oozy spring, and the world has imitated the SMART SET in throwing off its old winter cover, so why be serious? Let me take this occasion, therefore, to introduce you to another branch of the same Broadway audience family, every bit as intrinsically pitiable and ineligible as the other, but a thousand times funnier. A monkey is always a monkey, to be sure, but we may look at monkeys in different ways. A monkey, when he sits at a society dinner table, for instance, in comparison with the people about him seems less a monkey than he seemed when you saw him in the Zoo. A theatergoing monkey who impresses you as a man eating gorilla at a serious drama seems just a plain, ordinary monkey at a musical show. This latter species of New York monkey has been propagating in such an alarming manner in the past month that I have felt called upon to devote a preliminary iota of my perfectly serious attention to it in these pages.

The opening of the Winter Garden, devoted to the Continental idea of *variété*, and the Folies Bergère, devoted to the Parisian proscenium idea of the spice of life, together with the exploitation of the Münchener idea up at the Schwarzen Adler, has set the New York monkeys to chasing their tails in dizzy circles. It has not been the attempted duplication of the foreign style of entertainment on the stages of these divers institutions that has caused all the ex-

citement, but rather the effort on the part of the several managements to inject the Continental form and spirit of behavior into the audiences.

The result may be more photographically imagined than described. If there is anything more ludicrous than the average New York audience trying to act "Continental," I never have seen it. Take the Winter Garden, for example. Here the audience, according to the anticipated purpose of the Shuberts, was supposed to lounge around the broad rear aisles, flop itself nonchalantly on the red sofas, look at the stage now and again while chumming with its neighbor, wear its top hat on the back of its jaunty head, loll at the tables, sip its absinthe and blow leisurely rings of cigarette smoke. Can you imagine such typical New York boulevardiers as Abie the bookmaker, Looie the broker and Gus the wine agent serving in this capacity?

Abie's idea of being "Continental" consists of a big cigar and an Old Dominion breath. Looie's translation consists of a fat cane and a seat in the front row, where he sits stolidly from eight fifteen until eleven in order to get his money's worth. And Gus's version consists of a "Tuxedo" and a point of vantage in the back aisle, where all the other Continentals from West Forty-fifth Street can bump into him.

At the Folies Bergère Abie and Looie and Gus sit at tables and watch the stage as closely as if it were the fifth race, meantime keeping Callahan, the *garçon*, on the Gallic trot after highballs. It is all very "foreign" and *so* Parisian! And up at the Schwarzen Adler one cannot be sure whether one is in a theater or a brewery. New York, in short, has become "Continental" with a vengeance. Soon we may expect to see it fighting duels at sunrise in the Bois de Broadway, setting off cannon crackers at a performance of a Bernstein play, becoming excited over Gaby de Lys or proclaiming "Marie Claire" a wonderful novel!

To turn from the stalls to the stages, we find at the Winter Garden a varied assortment of attractions ranging from

baby grand opera to a foil combat between two highly pulchritudinous young damsels clothed chiefly with courage. Other items on the bill that the audience may catch sight of in the periods between trying to be Continental are legs, Kitty Gordon, Harry Fisher, Stella Mayhew, many beautiful costumes, pretty scenery, some good looks and some bad jokes, an interesting chorus procedure with hat boxes and, best of all, the rest of the audience. The audience is worth double the Winter Garden price of admission. At the new Folies Bergère we encounter an ingratiating array of likely blonde and brunette chickens engaged in a diverting exhibition of leg and voice lifting, together with a skit or two and a skirt or two—not more. Ethel Levey is the captain of the team, and the evening goes quickly and very pleasantly. At the Schwarzen Adler we uncover a so-called vaudeville styled "Hettie Does Everything." The chief thing that Hettie did the night I visited her was to cause me to leave the theater in disgust long before the final curtain fell.

While this war has been going on along the boulevards, Mrs. Fiske has been presenting at the Lyceum a tranquil comedy by a new American playwright, Harry James Smith, entitled "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH." The chief genius that the new Mr. Smith reveals in his play is in having persuaded Mrs. Fiske to accept it for production, for although the comedy is not devoid of all merit, a well digested dinner compels the admission that the work, in the main, is at best a lukewarm piece of craftsmanship. It comes as something of a gentle shock to discover so eminent and acknowledged an artist as Mrs. Fiske employing her talents in a play of this kindergarten caliber, the general construction of which closely resembles the style of polite comedy architecture that found vast favor with the populace in the dramatic Stone Age. Even our great-grandma's old friends, the butler and the maid, greet our eyes and insinuate the household secrets into our ears in a manner that leads us to believe the author must have applied himself dili-

gently to a study of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Stageland." What interest attaches to the play is borne of its central character as nursed in the suave hands of Mrs. Fiske. This character, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, around which the comedy centers, is that of a woman of vulgar breeding who sets out to acquire what the gentlemanly barkeeper calls "classy manners," and who, after graduating with a pretty good imitation of the real thing, makes an effort to get into society and marry off her younger sister. She is handicapped in this campaign by her mother, who is of the sort that cannot politely inhale soup without blowing some of it out through the nose, and by old Pete Swallow, who knew her when she was just plain Della Sayles, of Missionary Loop, Indiana, and who turns up at the inopportune moment to tell Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's right name.

The scene between these two characters, in which the masquerading woman coolly lorgnettes the cocksure Pete into believing he has been mistaken as to her identity, is the one spine straightening episode of the evening, and is nicely translated across the footlights by Mrs. Fiske and Henry Dixey. Considerable unconscious comedy is loaned the play by the performers who are called upon to interpret the "society" roles. From all we are led to believe from the context of the play, the Rawsons, of Long Island, whom Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh and her family are visiting, could go around and borrow Mrs. Astor's lawnmower or clothes wringer any day, but the direct manner of the interpretations emphasizes the fact that one cannot see everything one believes.

In Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd's comedy, "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," with which William A. Brady dedicated his new theater, The Playhouse, the butler and maid are once more discovered on the job, retailing the boudoir incidents in their employers' lives, sitting around on the gilt furniture discussing the private affairs of the friends of the master and missus, and conducting themselves generally in a manner that keenly reflects the de-

ficiencies of the authors. The curtain had not been up five minutes before Hawkins had said enough about Mr. Constable and his goings-on with Mrs. Alloway and about "poor Mrs. Constable" to make it possible for me to outline the rest of the story in advance. Appreciating that Miss Grace George was the leading performer, and recalling "Divorçons" and "A Woman's Way," it required no particular clairvoyance to predict that "poor Mrs. Constable" would confront and silently challenge Mrs. Alloway in the first act; would chase off on the tit-for-tat principle to a man's rooms while hubby was in Mrs. Alloway's in the second act; and would win foolish husband back in the third act by letting him observe what an ass he had been making of himself. It was all as easy as falling off a log or writing learnedly about Ibsen.

The formula of a Grace George play by this time has become as familiar as that of a Leslie Carter play or a Robert W. Chambers story. The Kitty Constables, the Jeannine Bartets and the Ioles and Dulcimas are sisters under their respective cuticles. Kitty always finds husband slipping in Act I and manages to get the ashes under his feet in a sweet way by Act III. Jeannine always begins proceedings by taking a fall out of the seventh commandment and ends matters, Thais fashion, by becoming sanctified. And Dulcima, or whatever her name happens to be, always has as the goal of her ambition some such momentous achievement as a labial maneuver under water. The cases of Jeannine and Dulcima shall not concern me. I leave them gladly to the care of their keepers—shop girls, sighing, pining married ladies and submarine mentalities. But the case of Kitty shall concern me, for it augurs havoc in the possible further development of the art of one of the finest of American comediennes. In preciseness of technic without the frequently correlative sense of irritation that is projected by precision, in pleasant intelligence and gracious modulation of method, Miss George surrenders her well earned place on our stage to none of her sisters. To see this

talent cramped, therefore, in such unworthy revampings as "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE" is sincerely deplorable. It is to be urged upon Mr. Brady that he falter not in his contemplated plan to present this truly sterling actress next season in a series of the best comedies on which he can lay his hands. It lies in his immediate and authentic power to make The Playhouse a potent instrument for the promotion of native drama. And this writer, for one, will look over his right shoulder at the new moon and wish hard for the success of the commendable enterprise. But, mind, Mr. Brady, no more of these dramatic sauces for the geese!

Whenever we get a few under our belts, we love to let a tear creep into our left eye and begin discussing fondly the dear old home, the pies mother used to make and the little red schoolhouse. And the moment the effect wears off we begin to wonder how we ever were able to get along without electric light, elevators, steam heat, French pastry and taxicabs. In our sober hours nothing is so unsentimental to us as yesterday and yesterday's people and yesterday's institutions. None of us will admit it, but it is entirely true. Only old maids and the poor remain bound to the past in the onward marching years. The world kneels to kiss the newborn babe, and the same world struts unseeing past the gray relic with the tin cup outstretched at the busy street corner. We respect age as we respect the man who has had his legs shot off while serving his country's flag—but we are not particularly anxious to have either around. Both are venerable, but neither is pretty nor useful.

These confidences are merely to indicate a possible reason for the failure of Harrison Rhodes's and Thomas Wise's play, "AN OLD NEW YORKER." Just as it seems to be impossible in the theater to interest an audience in the love affairs of persons over forty; just as it seems generally impossible to arouse much interest in an audience in historical characters, because your audience, when the first curtain rises, will say to itself: "What if these characters are

going to be shown in perilous situations? We know they are dead and gone now, so it doesn't matter!"—just so does it seem a thankless task to attempt to arouse attention for leading characters who champion the "old days" as opposed to the new. Your audience, being fundamentally unsentimental and unsympathetic where the past is concerned, although it is not thoroughly aware of the fact, will dismiss the old characters, however lovable, with the charge of old fogyism. And with no operating sympathy at the outset, the play necessarily must founder.

Personally, I must confess to having found much in "AN OLD NEW YORKER" that pleased me. The leading error of the playwrights was the submersion of these pleasing episodes in a monotonous atmosphere of old-fashionedness, utterly unnecessary and not vital to the play, inasmuch as the action of the latter was laid in current times. The clash of old New York with young New York, personified by gray old Samuel Beekman and blond young Richard Corliss, might have been thrown with quite as much clarity against the modern, pulsing screen of Corliss as against the dull-tinted Stuyvesant Square-West Street background of Beekman. And the direct appeal would have been heightened twofold. I am speaking now not of "art," but of practicability in the direction of effect—though really one and the same thing in final dramatic analysis. Thomas Wise presented a delightful bit of acting as the old inhabitant of Stuyvesant Square who recalled the days when he and his cronies used to hang around the stage door waiting for Lydia Thompson, and William Rosell was pleasant in the role of the young junior partner. Much injury was done to the play through the amateurish antics of the actress who sought to interpret the leading woman character.

The resident impression left by "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT," the Bayes-Norworth musical starring medium, is decidedly ozawaldropy. The verb "to ozawaldrop," whence the adjective is derived, and which I hereby bequeath to the critical fraternity to fill a long felt want,

signifies "to indulge in an interminably protracted saccharine coo." Etymologically, the word is deduced from Oza and Waldrop, terms of obscure origin synonymous respectively with baby talk and giggle-gurgle, in combination representing the name of the Eternal American Soubrette. "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT," staged in nice taste by Messrs. Werba and Luescher and containing several songs of insinuating lilt pleasantly sung by Miss Bayes, is, beyond this qualification, nothing more than two and one-half hours of coy subterfuge. What story Mr. Hurlbut has provided—from a French source, unless I am in error—has to do with five or six young women who consume a lot of valuable time saying, "Oh, now you stop!" to five or six persistent young men, and who in the obvious end surrender their eagerly palpitating lips for the usual final curtain purpose. Two songs, "I've a Garden in Sweden" and "Mr. Moon Man," make a creditable impression. A special word of commendation is due the sponsors for the production's general "good form."

If I told you that the most widely known Shakespearean actor in the United States today is John Griffith—whose name you of the larger cities have probably never heard—you undoubtedly would not believe me. And yet I speak the truth—for Griffith has played Macbeth and Hamlet in almost every one-night stand in the Union during the last ten years, and his name is a byword in communities that do not know whether Mantell is a piece of furniture or a book agent or whether Sothern is a direction or a patent medicine man. I do not make bold, of course, to compare the Griffith talent with that of Mantell or Sothern; I mean only to suggest to you of the cities that beyond your suburbs there stretches a vast theatrical land of which you know little. This land, as you do know, is called "the road."

"The road" has many players like Griffith, and a curious episode of the month has been a second assault by one of these outland mummers upon the grim gates of New York. Employing as her weapon a historical melodrama by

Theodore Kremer styled "THE TRIUMPH OF AN EMPRESS," Miss Mildred Holland, queen of the one-night stands, dared the metropolis and, *mirabile dictu*, was not found dead in her bed the next morning. While, in all conscience, it may not be said that Miss Holland is quite so able an actress as either Madame Sarah Bernhardt or Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, neither may it be said that she is quite so invalid an actress as Miss Constance Crawley or Miss May Buckley or Miss Ruth Maycliffe or Miss Bernice Henderson. Say we of the city what we will, it takes work and worth to succeed on "the road" year after year, and if that worth is, forsooth, but comparative, it is none the less worth. You Gauls of the metropoli are more easily hoodwinked than the inlanders you despise. You fall on your knees and worship according to the size of the electric sign over the theater door. You mistake the products of Lucile for acting ability; you translate temperament from the shade of the hair; you blame deficiencies in enunciation on the architect of the playhouse; you accept a pretty profile in lieu of an entirely well schooled expression. You laugh your pity at hard working, sincere Mildred Holland, and then run around the corner and stand in line a couple of hours to pay two dollars to see some overdressed, overadvertised, overcapitalized female strut and simper and grope blindly for dramatic facility and adroitness.

Miss Holland is not a good actress, according to my standards, but she is a dozen times more proficient than some of her theatrical sisters upon whom the cities heap their tribute of geraniums and greenbacks. For her sincerity and honesty and struggle I give her my hand. The play in which this lady is appearing is an unmitigated compilation of the obvious. In construction it closely approximates the literary architecture of a "Drinking Song." Miss Holland essays the role of Catherine the Great, of Russia, for the knowledge of whose "human passions" the author in a program note acknowledges his indebtedness to Rousseau, Voltaire, Lanskoï, Schmueker,

Segur, De Ligne, Sudermann and Frederick the Great. Inasmuch as the chief "human passion" of the royal lady seemed to be for the frequent issuing to her court of a command to go to hell, it seems far more likely to this critic that Mr. Kremer is much less indebted to the authorities cited than he would have us believe.

Mr. H. T. Parker, critic for the Boston *Transcript*, says: "As some of us believe who spend all our working lives over the concerns of the theater and who hold it proportionately dear, what it needs in all America is less a tonic of morals than a tonic of intelligence, good taste and good manners." This was written after Mayor Fitzgerald, of the same city, pursuant to a report made to him by two lagerish policemen, caused to be barred from the Boston stage Eugene Walter's superb drama "THE EASIEST WAY."

What the theater in America needs is a tonic of intelligence, good taste and good manners applied to it, not from *within*, as Mr. Parker seems to infer, but from *without*! In equal proportion to the development of intelligence, taste and manners in the public—that makes up the audiences—will the drama in this nation advance in discernment, perception and deportment. The Fitzgeralding of a native drama of the power and perfection of that of Mr. Walter can exercise no healthier tonic effect on our theater than might a quart of castor oil on the Mayor's little son Andronicus. Bigotry, ignorance, insularity, intolerance and pose are the real enemies of the American drama and the American theater. Where the theatrical managers and producers are at fault once, the Fitzgeralds are at fault twice. My sixteenth witnessing of the performance of "THE EASIEST WAY" during its recent and second presentation in New York brings me to realize as more significant than ever, in the light of the occurrence in Massachusetts, the truth of the national fact that when politics comes in the front door both cleanness and clearness of thought usually sneak out of the back door.

By this mail I am sending Mr. Fitzgerald a marked copy of George Bernard Shaw's message to Arthur Bing-

ham Walkley and a large photograph of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. If he will read the former, he may perceive without pain that the drama may perchance merit the same thought that might be applied to the paving contracts for Pearl Street. And if he will tack the latter above his desk, he may foresee, probably with pain, that when, in the exceptional case, education and politics do enter the lists hand in hand, small morals and little heads are destined eventually to be dumped into the bay like so much taxed tea.

Klaw and Erlanger's latest musical product, "THE PINK LADY," is not only a vastly more propitious entertainment than any recently offered by these managers but is, as well, very much better in every way than "Madame Sherry," the two-tune play that preceded it in the New Amsterdam Theater. "THE PINK LADY" is full of good plot (adapted from the French of "Le Satyre") of pleasant, whistley music and of what Alan Dale calls "gells." And what "gells"! Ida Gabrielle, Alma Francis, Ida Adams, Olive Depp, Eunice Mackey, Trixie Whitford, Florence Walton, Erminie Clark—the whole lobster palace Blue Book. Look out for a panic in Wall Street! Hazel Dawn, an importation from London via Salt Lake City, and Alice Dovey, slim and salubrious, pace the beauty race in the leading parts. Being no soothsayer, I am usually unable to predict the plots of music shows, but "THE PINK LADY" has a story perfectly visible to the naked (or musical comedy) eye. It concerns a normal-pulsed antique dealer who is compelled to act as a wicked roué in order to get a young fellow out of trouble with his fiancée. After ten minutes' acting, the old gentleman begins to like it so much that he thinks he will buy it. A doctor and several songs solve the mix-up that results. Among the best tunes, manufactured by Ivan Caryll, may be mentioned "Saskatchewan," "The Kiss Waltz," "Donny Did" and "Beautiful Lady."

"THE LONDON FOLLIES" closed at Weber's Theater after a continuous run of 125 minutes—the New York record. 'Twas a dark and stormy night!

THE HORSE POWER OF REALISM

By H. L. Mencken

MR. HOWELLS, discoursing lately in *Harper's Magazine*, gave orthodox sanction to a doctrine I have long cherished in secret and occasionally maintained (somewhat faintly and timidly) in public: to wit, that a work of art, sub-department literature, is most impressive and memorable, not when it wanders farthest into the interstellar spaces of fancy, but when it sticks closest to the actual facts of life.

One day a priest in the Shakespeare shrine, scenting this heresy in some idle newspaper article of mine, came at me savagely with his sacred vessels and was for condemning me to gehenna. That is to say, he called me an infidel and an ass, and for a while his very vehemence half convinced me that he was right; but soon I was making a mechanical sort of defense, and by and by, as I fought on, I took heart and courage. In the end I reached such heights of confidence that I found myself bravely denouncing the first act of "King Lear" as a farrago of exquisite balderdash and the long scene between Lear and the Fool as an offense to the intelligent nostril, the while I gave extravagant praises to the searching last act of "A Doll's House," the whole of "El Gran Galeotto" and certain unforgettable chapters of "Huckleberry Finn." It was some comfort later on to discover that Leo Tolstoy had lambasted "King Lear" even more heroically. It is some comfort now to find Mr. Howells lauding that "stark outrightness" which he himself, at least of late years, has so prudishly avoided.

The book specifically discussed by the reverend dean of our scribes is Mr. Thayer's "ASTIR." The merit of this book lies, not in its poetic embellish-

ments, its felicities of phrase, its moral subtleties, for it is entirely bare of such things, but in its ruthless, downright realism—as Mr. Howells says, in its "breath stopping, hair raising, heart-to-heart frankness, its astounding intimacy." The actual incidents of the story are not often extraordinary—there must be incidents just as dramatic in the life of many another toreador of the counting room. But here, for the first time, such a story is set forth in cold blood, without the slightest effort to make it fit an affecting tune. When there is a success to describe the author doesn't hesitate to describe it, giving himself full credit, and when there is a disaster to record he is equally open-mouthed and equally appreciative of the victor. He gives names and dates, documents and witnesses. And withal there is artistic selection in the chronicle, as well as mere honesty. The trivial and unilluminating detail never intrudes. The sentimental man is not heard once, nor the dreaming man, nor the head of a house. It is a solo for business man *a cappella*.

It would be pleasant, says Mr. Howells, to have every man of mark tell his story in this forthright fashion—perhaps more so to hear the stories of a few men not of mark. And every story would break up inevitably into distinct and separate, and maybe antagonistic, sub-stories—one dealing with getting on in the world, another with affairs passionate, yet another with adventures spiritual, and so on. The true tale of one man's—of *any* man's—hazards and enterprises of the heart, for example, would make the world sit up. That true tale, of course, is not likely to be written. Only

a scoundrel could do it honestly—and scoundrels are seldom honest. Witness Benvenuto Cellini. We get a hint, toward the end of his incomparable memoirs, that he had a son, but who was the mother of that son? Where and when did Benvenuto turn aside from his murders and larcenies to woo and win her? What was her place in the hierarchy of his loves? Alas, the deponent saith not!

A more copious effusion of what might be called professional autobiographies would add to the richness and savor of life, for it would both increase our store of useful facts and decrease our store of distracting fancies. The novel of the day could not long survive such competition. Who would dally with Indiana best sellers if the true story of John D. Rockefeller's first million, written by the one man able to search out its last fact, were to be had for \$1.08? And how long would the literature of Zenda stand up against the confessions of Theodore Roosevelt? The trouble is, of course, that not many men undertaking such personal records are able to make them true. Who has the courage to pull his own tooth? Who, indeed, can cut his own hair—or describe his own nose—or shave himself as cleanly as the barber? With the best intentions in the world, the portrayer of self finds his hand shaking when it should be firm—and the results are bad drawing, opaque shadows, cross lights, false colors. Witness the wabby lines of George W. Smalley in his "ANGLO-AMERICAN MEMORIES" (*Putnam*), and the preposterous curly-cues of young George Borup in "A TENDERFOOT WITH PEARY" (*Stokes*).

Mr. Smalley is one of the greatest, if not actually the very greatest, of living journalists. He has stood by in the foundries of London, Berlin and Washington while history was being made; he has helped to cast the metal himself. He knew Bismarck, Charles Sumner, King Edward VII, Thomas Henry Huxley, Horace Greeley, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Empress Frederick—all the world figures of yesterday and the day before. He was a war correspondent during the Civil War; he was the first reporter to make large use of the

Atlantic cable; he revolutionized news-gathering in 1870. Not a great event of the years between 1860 and 1900 failed to find him with his eye glued to a key-hole. And yet this accurate observer and practiced writer, this professional teller of true stories, when he comes to tell the story of his own encounters with great men and his own part in memorable doings, goes careening to right and left like a high school essayist. Now and then, taking to the straight track for a moment, he achieves an engrossing chapter of genuine reminiscence. But at once he is off again, scattering pointless anecdotes, posing magnificently as a man of fashion, heading everywhere and arriving nowhere. In his 430 pages there are almost 430 disappointments.

Mr. Borup's book is even worse. The author, it appears, was fresh from the Yale campus when he sailed in the *Roosevelt*, and it is as the college man of vaudeville that he chooses to depict himself in his story. So he writes the whole thing in slang—not the natural, picturesque, colorful slang of a yeggman or a policeman, for he is neither, but the artificial, far-fetched, impossible, mirthless slang of the popular stage. I know of no more tedious business than a two hours' bout with such rubbish. Mr. Borup might have written an extremely entertaining book. He went North an alert and intelligent youngster; the whole drama of the struggle with the ice came upon him with great force; his impressions must have been vivid and startling; he himself was in the forefront of the fray; a great tale was there to tell. But what have we? Merely a childish effort to play the Katzenjammer Kid, to make high endeavor funny, to fit the Nibelungen with green whiskers and slapsticks, to turn the last of the epics into a vaudeville sketch.

But we had better leave such atrocities to the remorse that must needs follow them and get us at once to the novels, which arise on all sides in chromatic, almost indecent Himalayas and Singer Towers. The first half-dozen or so reveal nothing more laudable than a desire to fill three hundred pages and collar the money. Of this depressing species

"WHAT'S-HIS-NAME," by George Barr McCutcheon (*Dodd-Mead*), is a perfect example. Our hero is a stage husband, the humble consort of a Broadway star. No need to point out the dramatic possibilities in that pathetic figure. But Mr. McCutcheon, it appears, is too superficial and inaccurate an observer to notice them. His story is a mere collection of improbable anecdotes. With materials at hand for an incisive study of character, a mordant work or humor, he has fashioned nothing better than a third rate best seller. Of somewhat greater pretensions, but still a cheap thing, is "YELLOW MEN AND GOLD," by Gouverneur Morris (*Dodd-Mead*), the chronicle of a search for lost treasure. Mr. Morris, as everyone who has read his excellent short stories is well aware, is a writer of considerable skill. His characters usually have individuality; his dialogue is lively and he shows a feeling for form. But here he grapples hopelessly with a story so absurd that even fine workmanship cannot redeem it. In "THE GOLD BAG," by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*), "813" by Maurice Leblanc (*Doubleday-Page*); "OSRU," by Justin Sterns (*Theosophical Pub. Co.*), and "THE MAN WITH THE SCAR," by Warren and Alice Fones (*Badger*), we strike bottom. The first two are detective stories of the painfully elaborate variety now in vogue, and the second two are occult tracts disguised hideously as bad fiction.

Let us struggle through a bit more such tedious stuff before tackling the novels of a better sort. Here are some that, despite occasional flashes of merit, I have found it well-nigh impossible to read: "A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE," by Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey (*Putnam*), the gloomy story of a young woman condemned to celibacy by the menace of insanity; "THE CATSPAW," by William Hamilton Osborne (*Dodd-Mead*), a tale of mystery with syntax suggesting Henry James and a final curtain recalling "Salomy Jane;" "THE RIDING MASTER," by Dolf Wyllarde (*Lane*), an English novel of the horsey species, with a false heir and other aristocratic embellishments; "A WOMAN WITH A

PURPOSE," by Anna Chapin Ray (*Little-Brown*), a dull chronicle of marital infelicity; "A COSSACK LOVER," by Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi (*Duffield*), in which one follows the riotous love affair of Nathalie Mainwaring, the rich American girl, and Serge Ivanewitch, the dashing, devilish Russian hero; "THE RED LANTERN," by Edith Wherry (*Lane*), a tale of the siege of the legations at Peking, with a Chinese heroine who turns Christian and several intimate glimpses of the late Emperor and Empress Dowager; and "THE ROGUE'S HEIRESS," by Tom Gallon (*Dillingham*), in which that ancient favorite, the rascal redeemed by love, once more bears his romantic burden in the heat of the day. I do not say that these stories are not worth reading; no doubt there are plenty of readers, not insane, who will find them charming. All I do say is that I have been unable, save fragmentarily and by dint of great effort, to read them.

Now come better things—for example, "FORTUNATA," by Marjorie Patterson (*Harpers*), a study of crumbling aristocracy in modern Italy. The canned review supplied by the publishers says that this is Miss Patterson's first novel, which only goes to show that a canned review, even when it tells the simple truth, cannot escape the aspect of mendacity. Not often, believe me, do these fair United States see a first novel of such admirable design, such finished workmanship, such fresh and lively wit, such shrewd observation, such arresting individuality. Fortunata Rivallo, half decadent Roman and half crazy American, is a figure that Meredith himself might have delighted to slap upon his canvas. One gets beneath the talcumed hide of this entrancing brigand of the ballroom; one sees into her pitiful soul; one fathoms the compound of weakness and soaring that brings her to destruction; one regards her, toward the end, with the sneaking affection that all true rascals, once they are known intimately, inspire.

It is, in brief, a character sketch of quite exceptional vigor and vivacity that Miss Patterson has here achieved.

She shows, in her very first essay in the prose sonata form, a sureness of hand which not one novelist in a hundred ever attains at all. And Fortunata's rotundity and reality are not accidental, not mere signs of a beginner's luck, for the other characters of the story, down to the least important, have rotundity and reality, too—the leering old Princess Colibri, with her atrocious witticisms and her frank devotion to scoundrelism for its own sake (how Thackeray would have lingered over her!), the sentimental Contessa Antonio, tortured by her backstairs intrigues; the faint-hearted Luigi Decampagna; Lord Trevers, the English diplomat, whom Fortunata marries to escape the paleozoic Prince de la Tour Bichelle; even the children and servants. I do not know how accurately Miss Patterson has drawn the life of the Italian noblesse, besieged by rats and poverty in their damp old barns of palaces, but the picture, whether accurate or not, plainly hangs together. One rises from the book with the impression that one has lived for a while with real persons and that they have passed through real adventures. It is a book that reveals, not that mere impulse to write which is the sole excuse for most of our contemporary novels, but a genuine and distinctive talent for the art of fiction.

Other first novels that show merit, though in far less degree, are "ME-SMITH," by Caroline Lockhart (*Lippincott*), and "THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT," by Robert W. Service (*Dodd-Mead*), the first an elaborate study of a Western bad man and the second a tale of the stampede into the Klondike. Miss Lockhart occasionally grazes the Scylla and Charybdis of melodrama and low comedy, but on the whole her bad man is a very convincing fellow, and his motives, no less than his doings, seldom violate the probabilities. Mr. Service's story would be better if its machinery were not so elaborate. He himself, I believe, hoofed the Chilkoot in '98, and so his scenes of wild struggle and hot desire have the vividness of first hand impressions. Already secure in fame as the poet laureate of Arctic camps, it is pleasant to see him turning his hand to

the novel. Another story that may be called a firstling is Gustav Frenssen's "KLAUS HINRICH BAAS" (*Macmillan*), for Frenssen, though of high reputation in Germany, where his "Jorn Uhl" made a sensational success in 1901, has yet to win an audience in this country. "KLAUS HINRICH BAAS" will help him to that end. It is a painstaking and searching study of the commercial German—a story with cynical touches, but probably fair enough for all that. The ports of the North Sea are full of Baases—pushing, laborious, somewhat brutal fellows who have superimposed the cocksureness of the conquerors at Sedan upon the simple virtues of the old Hanse merchants. We follow this one through a thousand adventures, amatory and mercantile; the story is a structure of elaborate detail. But the thoughtful reader, once he has got past Klaus's nonage, will probably skip few of the 175,000 words, for in all that detail there is little tediousness.

From debutantes to veterans! Here is another posthumous volume by Marion Crawford—the third or fourth to appear since his passing to the beyond. It is called "WANDERING GHOSTS" (*Macmillan*), and it contains seven creepy yarns of the supernatural, all save one of which were published in the magazines during the author's lifetime. Needless to say, these stories are told with great skill. Mr. Crawford's aim was to startle, to horrify, to appall, and if you don't believe that he was equal to that trick just read "For the Blood is the Life" on some rainy, ghostly night. More supernaturalism is to be found in "THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD," by Robert Hichens (*Century Co.*), a tale of lost, or rather of borrowed, personality. The thing is done artfully and shows all of Mr. Hichens's customary mastery of stage business and particularly of stage lighting, but the principal incidents, at bottom, are utterly absurd, and that absurdity refuses to be concealed. The wrapper of the book is adorned with a twelve-point quotation from a fair critic who regards Mr. Hichens as "the greatest writer of fiction today." In this judgment I find

it difficult to acquiesce. I am firmly convinced, indeed, that George Moore and Joseph Conrad are just as good, not to mention Thomas Hardy, Johan Bojer, Leonid Andreieff, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, and Herbert George Wells.

John Galsworthy and Maurice Hewlett are also to be remembered. Both of them, it so happens, are with us, as it were, this evening. Galsworthy's story, "THE PATRICIAN" (*Scribner*), is drab and slow moving, and in a dim, remote fashion suggests St. John Hankin's plays. The two children of the Earl of Valleys—Barbara, his only daughter, and Miltoun, his son and heir—are impaled upon the pikes of love, Barbara's conqueror being one Courtier, political idealist and leader of lost causes, and Miltoun's charmer being Audrey Noel, grass widow. It is the business of the tale to show how passion gradually yields to the sense of duty—not Barbara's and Miltoun's duty to themselves, but their higher duty to their caste. It is not meet that an earl's daughter marry an enemy to all earls, however alluring his social graces and his merits as a man. And it is not fitting that the heir to a great name dally with a woman of dubious position, however clear her innocence and honest her love. So Barbara, her tears dried and her eyes to the front, goes bravely to the altar with Claud Fresnay, Viscount Harbinger; and Miltoun, accepting Mrs. Noel's dismissal, plunges into his life work at St. Stephens. If "THE PATRICIAN" were an ordinary romance, love would find a way and the curtain would fall upon an affecting tableau. But this is a book by Galsworthy, and the books of Galsworthy are not ordinary. In this one you will find an acute and sympathetic study of the caste ideal—an ideal which, despite the hot strophes of the late Mr. Jefferson, has yet a lot of vitality in it, not to say a lot of sober sense. "THE PATRICIAN" must be set above the author's last novel, "Fraternity." It has its thin places and its places of heavy going, but there are passages in it which recall the best of the character sketches in "A Commentary."

Mr. Hewlett—*Gott sei dank!*—goes back, in "BRAZENHEAD THE GREAT" (*Scribner*), to the Italy of the Renaissance—the Italy of turmoil and adventure, dreaming and romance—blest scene of "The Fool Errant" and other such galloping tales of the Hewlett of day before yesterday. Brazenhead is a figure out of Rabelais: liar, braggart, scoundrel, ever ready to knock out a citizen's brains or drink an abbot under the table, Third Murderer to the Duke of Milan, shaker of thrones, half god and half swine. He gets his high post under the Duke by murdering Lisciassanque, his predecessor. The Duke, at the start, doubts his talents, his technique, his ardor. Lisciassanque set a fast pace, a high standard; he must have killed in his day a thousand men. "But I," ventures the proud Brazenhead, "slew him!"

And so he is appointed and takes up his duties. "He was to kill daintily. . . . Imagination was to go into it; it was not enough merely to kill. He must be an artist; he must compose murders, give them a lyrical pitch. . . . The Duke was a virtuoso; he collected murders as other men bronzes." Of such tales of the grotesque and arabesque Mr. Hewlett has a natural monopoly. His involved and picturesque style, by Urquhart out of More, gives them life and color. Loud laughter is in them, and rough and tumble love making and joyous medieval blood letting. They belong to true romance.

And so let us have done with novels, taking a quick glance at half a dozen or more that remain: "ALISE OF ASTRA," by H. B. Marriott Watson (*Little-Brown*), a workmanlike Zenda tale, with the orthodox English hero and all the customary *weltpoliitik*; "OUT OF RUSSIA," by Crittenden Marriott (*Lippincott*), a chronicle of electric adventures by land and sea; "THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS," by James Oliver Curwood (*Bobbs-Merrill*), a romance of the Hudson Bay country; "TWO ON THE TRAIL," by Hulbert Footner (*Doubleday-Page*), another of the same sort, with a truculent newspaper reporter hero who goes gallivanting through the wilderness with

a pretty girl, fighting the villains who wish her no good and marrying her himself in the end; "ROBINETTE," by a syndicate of authors headed by Kate Douglas Wiggin (*Houghton-Mifflin*), a somewhat sugary tale of love making in placid Devonshire, with a heroine who is a widow, an orphan and twenty-two; "FORGED IN STRONG FIRES," by John Ironside (*Little-Brown*), an interesting story of the Boer War, with an unusual heroine; "CAPTIVATING MARY CARSTAIRS," by Henry Second (*Small-Maynard*), in which we see how a meddler in family rows may sometimes win a pretty bride as well as a black eye; "A PRINCE OF ROMANCE," by Stephen Chalmers (*Small-Maynard*), a record of patriotic and amatory adventures among the Jacobites of the bleak Scottish coast in the year 1810; "THE UNKNOWN GOD," by B. L. Putnam Neale (*Dodd-Mead*), a tale of missionary doings and hazards in China, with much serious and illuminating discussion of Chinese problems; and "MISS LIVINGSTON'S COMPANION," by Mary Dillon (*Century Co.*), a romance of old New York.

Two critical works of sound merit come together. One is Dr. Archibald Henderson's "INTERPRETERS OF LIFE" (*Kennerley*) and the other is Dr. William Lyon Phelps's "ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS" (*Macmillan*). Dr. Henderson, who is a professor in the University of North Carolina, deals with Meredith, Wilde, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and Shaw. In every one of his essays you will find proofs of earnest delving and shrewd reflection. He is no mere academic pundit, laying down the law with a lordly air. On the contrary, he has approached his work in a truly scientific spirit, alert for suggestions and equipped with sound knowledge, and the result is a very real contribution to criticism.

His study of Ibsen's social dramas is of especial value, for it is based upon an exhaustive examination of the notebooks published since the great dramatist's death. In these notebooks, which have not yet been done into English, one may follow step by step the embryonic development of each of the plays. "A Doll's House," for example, was begun

at Rome, on October 19, 1878, and the first page of notes was headed by this one: "There are two kinds of spiritual law and two kinds of conscience, one for man and a quite different one for woman. The two do not understand each other, but in practical life woman is judged by the law of man, as if she were not woman but man." Soon Ibsen was creating and naming the characters of the play and drawing up a sort of rough scenario. Nora Helmer, at the start, was Nora Stenborg, and the lugubrious Dr. Rank was Dr. Hank. On May 2, 1879, the actual writing of the play was begun, and three weeks later the first act was finished. While the second act was under way the weather grew so warm at Rome that Ibsen migrated to Amalfi, and there the first draft was completed on August 3. Three months sufficed for the final revision. On December 4 the most important drama of the century was published in Copenhagen, and a few months later all Europe was buzzing over it.

Why doesn't Dr. Henderson translate the whole of the *Nachgelassene Schriften*, as he has so admirably translated parts?

Dr. Phelps's excellent observations upon the stories of Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybachev, Andreev and Kuprin—I preserve his spelling of the names—are introduced by an essay upon the Russian national character. The educated Russian is inevitably a gloomy fellow; an incurable melancholy consumes his vitals; he sees the world as a wailing place. Dr. Phelps blames this depression upon a racial weakness of will. The Slav, he says, lacks the Anglo-Saxon's readiness to turn discontent into acts of rebellion; he is too apt to moralize sadly when the need of the hour is for the cracking of skulls. It may be so—but perhaps at bottom Russian pessimism may be of the intelligence as well as of the will. The whole country is steeped in misery; an ignorant peasantry, human only by ecclesiastical fiat, is exploited and oppressed by a corrupt aristocracy—and neither serf nor master knows contentment. What is the remedy offered? All the doctors, it appears,

prescribe democracy. But what has democracy done for England and the United States? The folk of Gorki's "Lodgings for the Night" are to be found on the London embankment as well as in the sties of St. Petersburg, in the Pennsylvania mining towns as well as in the villages along the Volga. The educated Russian, whatever his defects, is certainly not parochial. His gaze sweeps the world. And what he sees in the world is not apt to make an optimist of him.

Dr. Phelps regards Andreev (Andreyev or Andreieff) as the most important of the living Russian fictioneers, and to this judgment there will be few objections. Not for a long while has a more striking figure appeared upon the literary horizon. Superficial critics are in the habit of comparing Andreev to Poe, but as a matter of fact the two have little in common, and at the few places where they come together Andreev is plainly the greater artist. Read the best of Poe's tales of horror and then read Andreev's "The Seven Who Were Hanged." The one is artful, artificial, a pretty thing. The other is staggering. Poe was a romanticist—and romance, like a warm bath, is a thing to be enjoyed and forgotten. But Andreev is a realist—and realism sticks.

"THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOCIETY CLAIRVOYANT," by a mysterious Mr. S— (Lane), is a rambling and somewhat tedious chronicle of petty swindling. The author tells of sittings with various royal, noble and plutocratic fools, and betrays the scandalous confidences of certain clients of less exalted rank; but he makes the fatal mistake of trying to convince the reader of the genuineness of his magic. An honest confession, with clear directions for beginners at the graft, would have been far more interesting. English fashionable society, says Mr. S—, has grown so alkaline that almost every trace of what Nietzsche used to call moralic acid has disappeared. The doings at the average house party in the country would send a Broadway chorus girl galloping to the nearest Sunday school. The fair guest is protected by a benevolent con-

spiracy of silence. "She can be as immoral as she pleases; she can use her—" But you had better get the book and find out for yourself. Now and then the author philosophizes heavily. "A great deal," he observes in one place, "has been said and written about platonic love. My own belief is that it rarely lasts long." A wise saying—but unfortunately not a new one. In another place he sets it down as "a well known fact that the majority of people keep their private lives a dead secret from their relations." It is also a well known fact that ninety-nine per cent of all human beings are liars. But neither fact is sufficiently novel or startling to be solemnly maintained.

"GARDENS NEAR THE SEA," by Alice Lounsberry (Stokes), is a notable addition to the fast growing literature of garden building in America. Its specific theme, of course, is the floriculture of the coast, and it will be welcomed by a bewildered host of amateurs who have vainly attempted to teach Dame Nature new tricks. The city man in a garden is quite as legitimate a subject for humor as the countryman on Broadway, but he seldom accepts the role with good grace. Miss Lounsberry shows him the way of escape from his commonest pitfalls, and throughout her admirable book makes an effective plea for sanity and good taste. "A place to sit, a place to walk and to think, sweet water, a little tree"—so a Japanese defined a garden. Somewhere between this severe "arrangement," as Whistler would have called it, and the bizarre jumbles of color which affront the eye at every popular watering place, lies a happy medium America would do well to seek.

Anne Warner's new novel bears a title that piques interest and causes the reader to conjure up a vision of some lively doings between the covers. She labels this book "HOW LESLIE LOVED" (*Little-Brown*), and the way that fascinating and kittenish little widow did love her way along through a series of house party flirtations, from the very cut-uppish society of an English manor house, where the frivolous old ladies sat up till after nine o'clock every night

solving puzzles published in the newspapers, to a final visit to a stately, tumble-down old German *schloss*, makes a story attractive enough to lead the reader along without a stop to the end. Miss Warner has the knack of making her characters very lifelike. Leslie makes a hit with the reader early in the story by the very human, feminine way in which she rises above the terrible grief that threatened to make all of life a valley of desolation. She's rather a light, frivolous piece, after all, we conclude—but Hugo, who marries her in the end, is a pretty lucky chap.

Among other books that have come to me are: "THE GUILTY MAN," by François Coppée (*Dillingham*), a graceful and apparently accurate translation of Coppée's "Le Coupable," by Ruth Helen Davis; "THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM," translated by Isaac Dooman (*Badger*), a native Persian's ingenuous attempt to do better than Fitzgerald, full of excellent but unconscious humor; "THE THIRTEENTH MAN," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (*Dillingham*), an English best seller of the devilish variety, with a kidnapping, a secret marriage and many other thrilling doings in it; "THE SIEGE OF BOSTON," by Allen French (*Macmillan*), a straightforward and extremely well written account of the events which began with the so-called Massacre of Boston and came to a climax in the Battle of Bunker Hill; and "THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY," by James Mark Baldwin (*Badger*), a popular summary of the social theories that Dr. Baldwin has heretofore set forth at length in the works upon which his reputation is founded.

"HIS STRUGGLE MAGNIFICENT," by William Sidney Bond (*Cochrane*), aroused no enthusiasm. In the third paragraph the hero says: "I have been abroad is why I had not known it." I lack the courage to read further. Apparently the story deals with the stock market.

"HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING," by Mary H. Booth (*Winston*), is an extremely amateurish treatment of a subject which, after all, is probably not worth much serious study.

"A CYCLE OF SUNSETS," by Mabel Loomis Todd (*Small-Maynard*), is a literary curiosity. The desperate piling up of words soon grows monotonous, even to the author, and so she seeks relief in an inconsequential love story.

"WOOD WANDERINGS," by Winthrop Packard (*Small-Maynard*), is another of Mr. Packard's excellent collections of nature sketches, this time dealing with the woods and birds of autumn.

"SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY," by Sir Oliver Lodge (*Moffat-Yard*), is an elaborate statement of Professor Lodge's exceedingly bad reasons for believing that when his time comes to die his soul will go marching on. Of all the arguments for immortality that have appeared in the world during the past 2,000 years, this is one of the least plausible.

"MAURICE HEWLETT," by Milton Bronner (*Luce*), is an interesting description and analysis of Hewlett's work, with a brief account of his life.

"SUBCONSCIOUS PHENOMENA," by Morton Prince and others (*Badger*), shows a serious attempt on the part of the authors to reach a scientific definition of the word "subconscious," which has been much abused of late by the snide wizards of psychotherapy. "BENARES," by C. Phillips Cape (*Badger*), gives an illustrated description of the Hindoo Jerusalem, with many interesting glimpses of the daily life of its people. In "THE DREAM ROAD," by William D. Goold (*Sherman-French*), we find a lot of safe, sane and uninspired verse, bound in a pretty book. Then here is "Coco Bolo," by Sidford F. Hamp (*Badger*), which is a rather bad imitation of "Alice in Wonderland."



SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET

By Marion C. Taylor

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT will be glad to offer suggestions or answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of the SMART SET inquiring for names of shops where articles described are purchasable should inclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

JUNE is supposedly the month of weddings, and although April runs it a close second, to say nothing of October, June gets all the credit and is known as "the bride's month." Suppose, therefore, we chat a little about the brides, their trousseaux, their presents and the actual weddings themselves.

Years ago "trousseau" was a word to mention with awe—it meant often months of labor and included just hosts of clothes, to say nothing of linens and supplies. A bride went to her husband with just as many clothes as her parents could afford to give her and linens enough to last her for years—if they didn't rot in the closets. I have often thought that this must have been a dangerous plan for the future happiness of both young people. The first year she didn't need a thing in the way of clothing, and little to speak of the second. But oh, the awakening of the third—when her bills suddenly took a leap upward and he began to believe that wives were an expensive luxury!

But the modern bride has come to the point where she recognizes the absurdity of all this avalanche of clothes. It isn't alone the point that they get out of style, but it's the comical inference that she hadn't a decent frock or hat to her name until the trousseau came along. For surely no sensible woman discards a perfectly good season's wardrobe or the accumulation of garments which is bound to collect.

Consequently it is taken for granted today that the young girl has frocks, hats, boots and a suitable amount of underwear in her possession and that all that is needed is practically the usual additions which are made at the beginning of each season. This is especially true of the June bride.

June is what I call mid-season, speaking from the point of view of the world of clothes—which recognizes but two seasons, spring and fall. One gets most of one's wardrobe at this flood tide of importations when a full stock is on exhibition in the shops. "The season" in the fashionable shops ends the first of June and December, and I should say that it was at its height the middle of April and November. It follows that the average young girl has a pretty complete spring and summer wardrobe by the first of June, and with the addition of some midsummer things and personal selections here and there, a very complete trousseau is the result. The papers actually came out, in their accounts of a recent international wedding, with the statement that there was little to write about the bride's trousseau because her already complete wardrobe had called for but few additions. This showed the way the wind is blowing better than anything I can say, for when the daily papers admit that they haven't anything to write about it comes pretty near being the truth.

When I speak of personal selections I

have in mind the underwear, negligees and the really feminine accessories a bride loves to select, and which are a necessary part of any trousseau. Then there are a few frocks, hats, boots and other things that are essential, but outside of these and the linens little else is required.

The Wedding Gown

The first and foremost point to be considered, and the one upon which most thought is expended, is of course the wedding gown itself. Fortunately there are no rules regarding wedding gowns. The preference is of course given to white, and possibly the first choice of materials is satin, but even these ideas are flexible. However, for a formal wedding, in church or at home, there is nothing more beautiful than white satin. Many people prefer chiffon, lace, crêpes and other fabrics, but to my mind there is a dignity and a special significance about a simple but rich-looking white satin gown that makes it seem a part of a wedding ceremony and the most suitable selection. There is something dignified about custom; it seems to endow things with a special air all their own; and when you think of the millions of brides who have been married in white satin it seems to set the material apart for that purpose and invest it with a special significance.

The simpler a wedding gown, the more becoming it is apt to be, and if more brides would study their own individual style and choose a fashion which has proved to be becoming there would be fewer mistakes made and more really beautiful wedding gowns.

Fortunately the present styles are most elastic, and period costuming, oft-times really picturesque, is *de rigueur*. This leaves the matter open, and a bride this June can safely choose pretty much her own style if she but conforms to a few general ideas.

The satins, which come in many tones of white and should be carefully chosen—for a blue white which becomes a delicate blonde is fatal to a brunette with an olive skin—are very soft and pliable;

but the best choice is one with some body to it, especially if a long train is planned; those that are too soft do not make up so well for this purpose.

Speaking of trains, I think the knell of the court train has been sounded. It is getting a little tiresome and really, unless there is some real call for it, it is rather a foolish idea when you come to think of it. However, while it is suitable for a spring or fall wedding, it is a little too heavy-looking for June. The solution fortunately has just arrived in time, and is the very smart separate train so much a feature of the late winter and new spring models. It usually starts at the belt line, which may be high or low as is suited to the model chosen, and it may be narrow and straight or wide and a little full, but its length is not exaggerated as of old.

One of the very smartest wedding gowns I have seen, exactly my idea of what a wedding gown should be, was of a rich ivory satin, much like the old satin duchesse in appearance but very much softer to the touch. The waist was the simplest sort of a surplice, with little or no fullness but fitting loosely—no shoulder seams, and straight sleeves which reached to a little above the elbow. The V-shaped opening in the front was filled in with the very smart Milanese lace, delicate and beautiful. A soft fall of this about five inches deep also hung down over the satin. The yoke was rounded in front and cut a little low—the most popular fashion of the spring; and the satin came right up to the top in the back.

Undersleeves of the lace hung plain and loose and just covered the elbow. The skirt, slightly empire, has a simulated opening at the left side, marked by a satin-covered cord; down this to about knee depth hung a delicate fall of the lace. The only finish to the skirt was a cord at the waist line and a knot of lace at the side front, from which the ends hung. The train, quite separate, formed a back panel about fifteen or twenty inches wide and ended squarely. It hung beautifully, due to the body of the material, and lent dignity to the costume.

The Wedding Veil

As to veils, tulle and lace are in favor; the former generally suits the fragile, delicate blonde bride and the latter the tall, stately brunette. Of course if one is the fortunate possessor of a lace veil or if there is one in the family, by all means wear it and plan your gown accordingly. For instance, with a gown such as I just described, a lace veil gives just the finish needed and is a little smarter this season than one of tulle. A compromise is often effected by an edging of real lace to a tulle veil; this is especially good if one fears that a lace veil is trying and yet yearns for one.

As to arrangement, I say again: study your own style. Have your milliner, hairdresser or whoever is to drape your veil try different effects until you discover the most becoming. Low effects predominate, but certain high arrangements are still seen occasionally; and better any arrangement that is becoming than one chosen simply because it is in vogue. Orange blossoms are seen entwined, but these must be handled carefully and used sparingly. I do not favor pearl caps or anything extreme; the simpler the veil is draped the more dignified and charming is the result. As to the other accessories there is little change. A few smart brides have gone gloveless lately, claiming that the splitting of the fingers was a nuisance. Undoubtedly with a picturesque frock gloves are a discordant note, but I think this fashion is a little extreme at present. The slippers must be of white satin, of course, and the most popular stockings are of French openwork hand-embroidered.

Bridesmaids' Frocks

Here there is such a wide field that it is difficult to do more than offer a few suggestions. Last winter and this spring we have seen what I persist in calling boudoir caps on the bridesmaids at so many weddings that one has grown very tired of them. I saw recently some Dutch bonnets, much like a baby's cap, of wide mesh silver lace with a suggestion of color in some tiny made roses at

one side which repeated the tone of the frocks. They were very becoming and just a little different. But nothing is prettier at this season than large hats; nine bridesmaids out of ten like them and enjoy wearing them, as each can tilt hers to a becoming angle without spoiling the general effect. As to frocks, the more picturesque and artistically beautiful they are as regards color and model, the more impressive is the procession.

This year's quaint styles, especially the high-waisted 1830 fichu-trimmed frocks, lend themselves beautifully to this purpose, and the color combinations afford an almost limitless choice. Short gowns are very smart, and when by short ones those reaching the ground are meant, the effect is lovely; shorter than this I have never seen them successful. I remember well a very large, much exploited wedding of last season where the short frocks, with their over-trimmed tunics, were positively ugly. Trains are a safe choice, but if your maids can wear demure frocks choose them by all means, for they are the smartest thing and so much newer.

Negligees

If there is anything the average woman revels in it is negligees, and one does not wonder, for they grow more beautiful every season and are so becoming. A few mornings ago I enjoyed the privilege of viewing the season's collection at one of the smart Avenue shops, and found many of them ideally suited to trousseaux. One of the most bewitching was of a very soft rosy pink chiffon, a warm peachlike tone trimmed with maline lace. The coat which accompanied it was of shirred turquoise blue mousseline, held in at the knees, and ended with a ruffle of the lace and a garniture of varicolored rococo ribbon roses. Its fragile beauty was most youthful, and as the model walked the coat floated about her, creating an aura of mystic delicacy. Another, simply made of soft flesh color satin, had a baby waist extending just below the bust and finished simply with a cord. The chiffon coat of a violet blue tone was also simple, long

and loose, and had as a trimming a row of large flat blue fresh water pearls. It was quite reasonable for such a handsome one, and came in other color combinations equally effective.

But the most adorable thing I have seen this year in this line was a robe intended as a room robe to be thrown over one's nightgown. It was simply made, long and fairly loose, with short kimono sleeves. These sleeves and the edge of the gown were finished with a tiny white chiffon puff. At each side of the front, midway between the knee and ankle, the satin was held back and shirred into a puff which was finished by a spray of delicate pink ribbon roses, covered elastic holding the gown back. It was the most truly feminine and bridelike thing I have seen.

The original model, of which this is a copy, came in a soft rose pink taffeta, and was almost equally beautiful and of such a becoming shade.

At another shop I saw a line of much less expensive negligees and will describe a few of the prettiest. It is possible today to buy effective models in good materials at remarkable prices if one but knows where to shop. At the establishment where I saw these they make a specialty of good-looking negligees at moderate prices and consequently enjoy a tremendous popularity.

To begin at the bottom, I saw a delicate crêpe lounging robe simply made with bands of satin featherstitched on—white with pink and blue satin—for \$15.75. Also a very fancy, effective and pretty China silk negligee, the skirt plaited and the waist delicately trimmed with val lace, fastening with an arrangement of satin ribbons, that was very good for \$16.95 and really a "special" of exceptional value.

One of the prettiest was a white fancy soft striped crêpe lined with pink or blue, very plain but most effective, fastening like the French robes, of which it was a copy, with a cord and tassel. This was only \$27.50, and as it would launder beautifully was especially reasonable.

I saw imported ones as low as \$39.50. A very handsome fichu-trimmed one of

crêpe de Chine which might be used for informal dinners was only \$34.50. I must not forget one of the most useful things for the bride or anyone else who travels, the Pullman robe intended to be worn on one's trips to the washroom on the train or on shipboard. Of soft silk, in soilproof gray and other colors, with its hood attached and its accompanying bag into which it folds so compactly, it is only \$9.75. For steamer use and for lengthy traveling its uses are manifold. At this same shop they carry an extensive line of boudoir caps that are all very well made, most effective and range from \$1.95 up. At that price they are of *point d'esprit* trimmed with delicate ribbon flowers.

Stockings

Then the silk stockings—another thing the bride loves. And another thing she doesn't have to have a fortune to possess, although I really think a fine lisle stocking, possibly clocked, is often in better taste. There is one shop on the Avenue that is rapidly gaining a reputation for its stockings, and it is possible to get many splendid values there. For instance, to quote a few of them, a silk lisle with double garter welts and spliced heels comes in black, white and tan, thirty-five cents a pair, three pairs for a dollar. A triple clock lisle stocking that I haven't been able to duplicate elsewhere in town comes in white with black, empire green, light blue, pink and lavender triple clocking for eighty-five cents per pair, and with the single clocks for fifty cents. Black ones show triple clocks of black or white. A silk stocking that is guaranteed garter proof sells for \$1.75 and is of fine quality. A self-tone embroidered silk with lisle tops and soles comes in black, white, tan, sky blue and pink at ninety-five cents per pair. At this price also is a plain pure thread silk stocking with lisle soles and garter tops in black, white and tan in medium and gauze weight, that attracts many customers to the department and is a splendid value. This shop also carries a pure thread silk that, besides having mercerized lisle sole and tops, has

extra wide knees and tops—splendid for stout women. It sells for only \$1.35.

Underwear

One of the newest French ideas that should appeal to the prospective bride is the so-called *crêpe de Chine* nightgown. When I was told this by the buyer for a very smart shop, I said, "Crêpe de Chine?" and mentally pictured the kind we all know. But it's nothing at all like that. It is more like chiffon than anything else, or voile *ninon*, only softer, and is a delicate fragile material with splendid washing and wearing qualities. But it's the way it's treated that makes it most appealing. It is made up most effectively in a delicate flesh pink, straight and not too loose, with a wide hem at the bottom and some delicate very fine tucks, handmade of course. From the bust up and running straight across into the tiny sleeves, it is of *maline* lace delicate as frostwork. This is trimmed with tiny flat roses of the material which gave the gown its name—the "rosebud model." French underwear grows more delicately beautiful each season and the designs simply baffle description. There is one woman here in town who supplies most of the smart trousseaux, and has a splendid method of having her French garments made to American measurements thus insuring a much better fit than one can usually get in foreign goods.

But although one's heart may yearn toward these expensive delicacies, it is possible to get very attractive, yes, remarkably pretty underclothes at most reasonable prices, and not just at sales, either, although these do offer some great bargains. But to come down to inexpensive things, I have seen one of the most effective nightgowns anyone could wish for, simple, of a nice fine quality batiste, trimmed with a beautiful fine wide beading which showed a full inch of ribbon or material between the buttonholes, for \$1.98. This gives one courage to look farther.

Combinations, for a dollar more, come in several models, one of the prettiest of which shows a fine puffing of batiste at

the top and armholes through which the ribbon is run, and has wide drawers opening up each side and prettily trimmed set onto a yoke which makes it fit smoothly around the hips.

Sets may be had of gown, drawers and chemise or combination for \$3.95 for the gown and \$2.95 each for the others, that are very fine, very prettily trimmed and most effective. In fact, for \$3.95 there is a splendid collection of very good-looking gowns. A very handsome combination trimmed with quantities of val lace in long points was \$7.95 and a most elaborate petticoat to match was only \$10.95. You can see by this how many things are possible with only a little money.

Another department, equally attractive as regards values, contains the Italian silk underwear so popular at present. The best quality vests are sold here much cheaper than most shops offer them, and the department offers several beautiful models in underwear that are quite exclusive. Plain vests of a well known brand start at \$1.45 and in the better quality are reinforced. Hand-embroidered ones of a splendid weave are \$4.50 and \$5.50. I also found here something very few shops carry—a line of vests to wear with evening frocks, negligees, etc., having ribbon straps over the shoulders. These start in silk lisle as low as fifty cents. Also a splendid combination which came in lisle, was reinforced and had a delicate buttonhole hand-finished edge and knee length drawers for \$5.50. Fine-ribbed cotton or lisle combinations with open or plain knee length were only \$1.00. In the Italian silk, knee length, plain, they were \$3.75, embroidered only \$3.95, and embroidered with a hemstitched ruffle \$4.95.

But the prettiest thing, and ideal for the bridal outfit, are the Italian silk ones with knickerbockers finished with a wide white satin garter and a bow, with a delicate torchon edge at the top. These are \$18.50. Still handsomer in a way, and made exclusively for this house abroad, is a fitted combination with a tight knee, finished at the top with beautiful Cluny lace and insertion and wide satin rib-

bons tying over the shoulders, the most delicate and beautiful effect, for \$14.95. The plain Italian silk knickerbockers come from \$2.75 up, and finished with the pretty ribbon garter they are \$3.95.

Accessories

The new "palm"-shaped parasols, which come in colors and the smartest white enamel or ebony sticks, are only \$6.75. Still newer are the velvet ones with chiffon lining or those in satin lined with mousseline. The latter, in black satin lined with white mousseline with a white stick, is only \$8.75 and imported at that.

The smartest and most bridelike new purses are in white moiré with a strap at the back; they come in various smart shapes and are only \$4.50 to \$5.50. By all means have one of the white pigskin at \$5.50, which clean beautifully. New patent leather belts, the unbreakable kind, have belting of white or colored moiré run through them. The black and white looked especially effective. White satin crush belts four inches wide have oblong satin covered buckles that are very smart.

A new pin for the back of the collar shows a circle of brilliants, splendid imitations and one's monogram in the center. Hat pins are smaller, and pretty ones for summer have heads of pearl balls set in a circle of brilliants at the base.

Shoes

There is nothing much to talk about in shoes except possibly to recommend going to a good bootmaker even if you have to make it up elsewhere. Many a woman's entire costume has been ruined by poor footwear. It is such a give-away, and yet every day one sees otherwise well-dressed women around town with poor or poorly taken-care-of shoes. For dress the patent leather, buckled (silver or cut steel) Colonial tie with French or Cuban heel (the former given the preference) is still the thing; for morning high black or tan button or lace boots or dull kid buckle ties with preferably a plain buckle; for evening a buck-

led slipper matching the gown with the buckle preferably of rhinestones, steel, plain or gilded, while for lingerie frocks white satin pumps often trimmed with a rhinestone buckle are best. Any eccentricities in footwear are hopelessly bad taste, from high satin shoes down to stripes, checks, etc. But outside of these general ideas there is nothing to say.

Stationery

Now for stationery, a most important item. A visit to all the smart stationers in town gives the following results:

The newest forms of engraving are the shaded Spanish script, a long graceful lettering developed from the Caxton, which was new last season, I believe, and the shaded Roman, which gives a lighter and more delicate effect to the Roman lettering. All the styles of the last few seasons are in use, and the plain script is not by any means to be discarded. To my mind it is the choice of all, for it always seems to me better taste not to strive after effects in anything so obvious as a wedding invitation. The correct size is $5\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, and the wording "request the honor of"—leaving a blank for the guest's name to be written in—is the preferred form, as it is slightly more personal.

Regarding personal cards, there is a new style, quite large, in fact three by four inches, that is sanctioned by one of the smartest Avenue stationers. In looking over their books I saw that many of the most prominent women in town are using them, but I cannot say I am personally in favor of them for the same reason I gave regarding the eccentric styles of engraving—it seems as if one had not arrived, and was striving very hard to have something different. However, I realize that this is a very personal point of view and confess it is open to refutation. The size that is ordinarily sanctioned for cards this season is as follows: For the joint card of man and wife $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$; for a married woman's card $2\frac{7}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{8}$, and for a miss's card $2\frac{3}{4} \times 2$, while a man's card is $2\frac{7}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$. These are small matters, but it's just as easy to be correct.

Bridesmaids' and Ushers' Gifts

The following are just a few novelties I have noticed lately that appeal to me for this purpose. For the maids there are very smart new gold or silver mesh purses intended to be worn on a chain. They are about the size and shape of a silver dollar, and the prettiest ones have a rim of stones around the edge and a tiny cabochon stone in each clasp. Another suggestion is a bar pin set with two different kinds of stones—one kind in the middle, the other on either side. The middle ones are flexible and may be pushed up into a semicircle forming a pin for flowers. Smart new enamel pins set with semi-precious stones are a good choice and come at all prices. Enamel locketts are the prettiest things, too, and beauties come very reasonable. In fact I saw one the other day in one of the best establishments in a delicate enamel and platinum set with a diamond. Here I also saw a new idea in a velvet bow for the neck with diamonds set in a bar at each end and in the middle for only \$40.00. Any of these things, by the way, would make an equally good gift for the bride.

For ushers one of the newest and smartest things—with the added charm of being very reasonable—is a cigar (or cigarette) case of white, black or gray for afternoon or evening use. It is oblong in shape, just like a pocket, opening at the top, and has along its upper rim a smart clipped gold edge. At either side are tiny gold knobs which are all that show of the little rod running down each side and holding it taut. With a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch vertical monogram nothing could be more acceptable.

A very new bill purse shows a clever idea. It folds three times, but when open, the inside flap, which holds the bills in place, extends only two-thirds of the way and leaves the bills showing at the other end so that one can select the denomination needed or discover at a glance the state of the "bank roll." These come in suede and leather and also show a clipped edge of gold.

Vest buttons are another splendid choice, and come from the simplest

white pearl with black enamel rims to the handsomest jeweled ones.

Presents

The habit of returning wedding presents is indeed deplorable, and many brides carry it to extremes nothing short of bad breeding. On the other hand, if one receives seven electroliers and nine cut glass pitchers, as two friends of mine did, there is no other solution but to return some of them.

One of the largest and best known silverware and jewelry houses in New York has a system that does much to obviate such repetitions. A list is kept of all the presents sent (without the names of the donors, of course) and this is furnished the salesmen, in the case of large weddings, or is held at the office otherwise. The salesmen are instructed, in case a customer is about to buy something that has already been sent, to inform him of this, so that he may select something else instead should he so desire. It is a splendid idea, and the little extra trouble caused the house is more than compensated by the small number of gifts returned. If people would only give the selection of gifts a little more thought there would be fewer obvious things sent and more gifts of real choice. The manager of a large Avenue concern told me that many brides return quantities of the silver and such stuff sent them and select jewelry instead, and I think the custom of giving it is a growing one. Antiques, odd vases, bronzes and the like are also a popular choice; even furniture, frequently antique, screens and such things are oftentimes given.

Among the new things I have seen in jewelry that ought to be acceptable where money is not an object are exquisite small watches. A handsome one, oval in shape, was of fine chased repoussé platinum in a rose design set with diamonds. The tiny face of the watch was but twelve millimeters wide. Very smart new bowknots show the centers of pearls and the edges of diamonds. Seed pearls are coming back in style in new settings which get their inspiration from old fashions. Smart hoop

earrings of platinum are graduated in width and set with pearls. A smart new scarfpin of platinum is a delicate monoplane swooping downward set in diamonds and sapphires. In silverware an especially beautiful centerpiece was a graceful Georgian basket of pierced silver, and four candlesticks, also beautifully hand-pierced, quite unusual in design and workmanship. A Japanese coffee set of silver had an inset of dark blue enamel and was most Oriental in design. A breakfast set *à deux* was of a delicate Colonial design and had a coffee pot and one for hot milk, a sugar bowl, cream pitcher, salt and pepper, butter plates and egg cups on a tray. A *tête-à-tête* coffee and liqueur set showed one of the new trays with a handle on top. The newest and prettiest liqueur glasses come in different shapes, each graceful and unique. Each guest is served with a different one. The stem and base are silver and there are various color deposits at the bottom of each glass to correspond with the cordials, amber, violet, green, etc. Individual tantalus bottles with their lock and key are another novelty which were introduced at this year's famous Third Panel Sheriff's dinner and made such a hit. They are splendid for either perfume or liquor.

Muffin stands are now fitted in various ways—for coffee and cordial service, highball sets, and with three silver plates of graduated sizes. By the way, why not consider the circumstances of the young couple and send them something they can use and not put them in the predicament of certain young people who, although of wealthy parents, started quite simply and had to put a gold service sent them in the safe deposit vault for several years? There are many things like the few described that can be used in the most simple establishment and yet make handsome presents. But if the young couple intend starting upon a large scale the choice is of course limitless and embraces such things as a gold and transparent enamel coffee service just devised by one of the extra smart establishments. It is one of the most exquisitely beautiful things imaginable.

Photographs and descriptions of any of the articles shown in this place may be had upon application, a system much more satisfactory than a catalogue, which is bound to miss the newest things between issues.

But many times the most appreciated gifts are the small things which cost little but are constantly used. Among these may be mentioned a beautiful hand-pierced flower basket of the Georgian period or a rock crystal and silver bowl done in a strawberry design that pleased me.

Worth Knowing

Some months ago I had a letter asking if I knew of a dressmaker who could make over frocks successfully. After much searching I found one who proved to be so very satisfactory that I thought the news might be of value to other readers. She also makes gowns, wraps, and waists, but the fact that so much pains is taken with remaking and that the work is done artistically as well as reasonably, is what makes her unique.

This Month's Records

Here are some of the popular ones. "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," sung by John MacCormack, is one of the prettiest things from "Naughty Marietta." "Two Little Bees," from "The Spring Maid"; the ever appealing "Mighty Lak' a Rose," sung by Mrs. Dunlap; a swinging melody, "Lovey Joe," sung by Elizabeth Brice in "The Slim Princess," and "The Birth of Passion," the successful waltz from "Madame Sherry," are the most successful.

Tetrazzini has some glorious opera numbers, the most spectacular on the list being "Ah, Fors' E Lui" from "La Traviata," and another good one, "Carceleras," a Spanish air. Scotti sings another appealing Spanish air, "Luna Nova," and is accompanied by a chorus.

The much talked-of Russian orchestra have several very interesting selections on their list, and last but not least is a "Banjo Song," by Sidney Homer, beautifully sung by his wife, Louise Homer.



SOMETHING PERSONAL BY THE PUBLISHER

"FOOL," instead of the more conventional "Dear Sir," was the beginning of a letter which came to me a few years ago in response to an advertisement. I had retired from active participation in the management of *Everybody's Magazine*, but feeling that after my holiday was over I would get back into the publishing business, I had an announcement styled, "Wanted—A Man," inserted in the newspapers. I stated that somewhere there was a man who in a measure combined the writing ability of Edward W. Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Arthur Brisbane, editor of the *New York Journal*, and Thomas W. Lawson, and that I wanted to find him. I received many replies from men of talent; one answered by sending a series of booklets; another, still more enterprising, prepared and printed two large pages of editorial matter on current events, and did me the honor to name his would-be weekly "*Thayer's*." I am not done yet with the men who wrote then, but that will be another story. The man who began, "Fool," and continued: "Fool that you should think of starting a new publication, fool that I should dream I have the ability you demand," made it plain to me that whenever I again became a real publisher *my first issue* must be no makeshift of a publication but a real magazine, right from cover to cover.

So it was that years ago I began to formulate the plans which will begin to find expression in this issue of the SMART SET. As I write this I realize that my frontispiece has not yet been received

from Paris; that the plates made from it in Vienna are still on the ocean; that the English art paper for the larger edition ordered has not been delivered; and that there are many high grade advertisers—some of them from Missouri, who must be "shown"—who do not wish to have their announcements in the first issue under the new ownership. But, *knowing that the contents are all right*, I am fairly well satisfied with this number, and I ask our readers to look at it with me as an earnest of a future well worth facing.

But let us face it together. My suggestion in the first of these talks that we make this little corner a clearing house of ideas has met with a warm response. Latterly the letters have dealt with one theme, many of our friends seeming to share the alarm of the *New York Evening Post*, which, in discussing the change of ownership, declared that "as publishers' enterprise seems to run to covers, we are in some trepidation over what may be meditated by the new owner." Thus, an "old reader," who likens our name, "The SMART SET, A Magazine of Cleverness," to "the cherry in a cocktail, dainty and delightful," cautions us about changing the design:

Please be wise and do not yield to the idiotic ideas of any modern dauber. Improve it if you can, but remember by its distinctive cover we readers know the SMART SET. In a word, touch lightly, lest you destroy rather than build up.

The foregoing letter of protest confines itself to the practical side of the matter, but sentiment plays its part in magazine making more than is com-

monly supposed. Witness, for instance, this touching petition:

DEAR GENTLEMEN:

Please don't change your dear old cover—at least, not until I cross the Great Divide, for I—well on in my fourscore years—love the dainty creatures. My children all hunt for a bookstall when they are due. Let us see those dear joyous youngsters every month. Rest assured that you cannot beat them, and
Oblige yours sincerely,

Some might say: "That is a woman's point of view. What about your masculine readers?" Well, here is a man's letter—four thoughtful pages:

DEAR SIR:

I have just bought the May issue of the SMART SET and read what you say on the front cover about having tolerated for ten years the cover design, and was rather hurt by the word "tolerated." Can you imagine the feelings of a squatter who has lived on a piece of land for ten years, grown up on it, seen his loved ones grow old on it and carried away to their last resting place from it; married on it, brought his wife, with his heart full of pride, to it; seen his children come into the world and grow up on it; and then have someone with a more lawful title to that land come along and dislodge him?

That land may not be very good; the house may be old-fashioned and in need of lots of renovating; but the tender memories and sweet associations have made that the dearest spot on earth to him, and so it is with the cover of the SMART SET to me. When I go into the store I don't have to read different titles when I want the SMART SET. I just look for the old familiar cover and am happy when I see it.

The cover may be hideous in the minds of many, but if they have gone into a store every month for nearly ten years, as I have done, and seen that hideous-looking cover, its very hideousness would have endeared itself to them because of the tender memories and sweet associations connected with it. But, you say, that's all sentiment. Yes, I'll grant you, it is sentiment; but take all sentiment out of life and what's left won't amount to much.

Some of these freak cover designs—the Magazine (which I take on account of a combination) for instance—only suggest a child's kaleidoscope, and were I to judge it from its cover, it would never enter my house. However, there are those who think these freakish productions are "the best ever," which most certainly demonstrates the truth of the old adage, "Many men; many minds," and so it's a matter of opinion after all, but a man's opinions are

far dearer to him than those of the most eminent authority. But you have the legal title, while I'm only a squatter, so I suppose the change will be made. And you will have the reality while I have the memory.

I have considered the SMART SET well worth the extra ten or fifteen cents because of the superior excellence of its contents and the fact that because of that excellence it did not have to pad with advertisements, good, bad or indifferent.

When a man has a good thing he does not require the help of other good things to make the public see it, and the poise and dignity of the SMART SET has always commanded my admiration, respect and money. What more do you want?

If you do, and I suppose you will, change the cover design, I hope it will be the same each month—get a good one and maybe at the end of the next ten years we will part with it (if we have to) with just as great regret as the prospect of parting with the present one is occasioning. Anyhow, don't give us a kaleidoscopic nightmare each month.

Sincerely yours,

I believe that most people who compare our new cover with its predecessor will agree that we have "touched lightly." Most emphatically, it is our aim to build up, and we rely greatly on these friendly letters from SMART SET readers to aid us. So be frank with us—as frank as you like, on any subject you like. And just now we shall be glad to have your candid opinion of our departments. Do you prefer to have many books reviewed, or a few and only those emphatically worth while? As to our department called "Shopping for the Smart Set," other publications of course, particularly fashion journals, have a similar feature; but we believe that the SMART SET handles it in a manner out of the ordinary and of wide appeal. Do you agree or disagree?

If you offer us a valuable piece of criticism—favorable or unfavorable—you may find your letter here. But you will not find your name. To print signed letters without permission is one of the cardinal sins of publishing—a sin so cardinal that I have never found a satisfactory red to match it in the color box.

John Adams Thayer



Civilization—from Signal Fire to Telephone

THE telephone gives the widest range to personal communication. Civilization has been extended by means of communication.

The measure of the progress of mankind is the difference between the signal fire of the Indian and the telephone service of today.

Each telephone user has a personal interest in the growth of the whole telephone system.

He is directly benefited by every extension of his own possibilities. He is indirectly benefited by the extension of the same possibilities to others, just as he is benefited by the extension of the use of his own language.

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Wider
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Other

They are better than all others because of their peculiar construction—rigid in parts, flexible only where needed—guaranteed rust-proof, invisible, washable and durable, sanitary and easily adjustable.

Covered with pure silk floss, they cannot injure the skin.

For sale at principal stores. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, write, enclosing ten cents, for a sample package of three supports.

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Every section and state of the nation are represented, along with some foreign countries. It is unimpeachable evidence of a great success. If You Suffer, Write Us. For over 35 years we have successfully relieved men and women of their most common afflictions, those treacherous Rectal and Pelvic maladies, including Rupture. The permanent results of our Special System of Treatment are attested by Judges, Ministers, Bankers and Farmers in our 900-page cloth-bound book, sent postpaid for the asking. The book also contains much information about the Sanitarium, its equipment and methods. Write today. If we cannot help you we tell you.

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For Occasional or Habitual Constipation



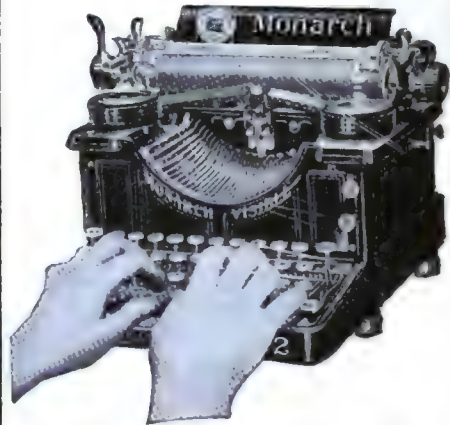
Bottled at the Springs, Buda Pest, Hungary

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A Typewriter Test that Means Something

Blindfold yourself. Have ten typewriters of different make placed in a row—a Monarch somewhere among them.

Try each keyboard in turn. The machine with the lightest touch will be the



Monarch Light Touch

and you can locate it every time no matter how its position be changed.

Just as the proper tools produce the best work, so does a responsive key action increase the efficiency of a stenographer. It saves her strength. Therefore, she has a better grip on her work, is more accurate, more rapid, gets a greater quantity of work done. There is no "three-o'clock fatigue" where the Monarch is used, and a few days' trial will convince you of this fact.

Send for Monarch Literature

Learn the reasons for Monarch superiority. Then try the Monarch, to the end that you may know that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.

Representatives Wanted

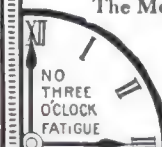
Local representatives wanted everywhere, also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

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The Best Cocoa of them All.

MAILLARD'S COCOA
is displacing coffee and tea at thousands of American breakfast tables. Housewives realize how much more nourishing it is.

MAILLARD'S VANILLA CHOCOLATE
is the basis of a most delightful beverage. It is rich in real food value. A household necessity for 60 years.

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Sample Can Maillard's Cocoa Free on Request

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(Without Cushion)

With Arm Rest and Magazine Pocket

Size of seat, 20 in. x 20 in. Height of back, 34 in.

(Shipped on receipt of Money Order or N. Y. Draft)

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In the heart of New York, but secluded from its noise.

Adjacent to the principal shops and theaters.

A refined family hotel with all modern conveniences at moderate prices.

Attractive, ample, tastefully furnished suites for permanent or transient guests.

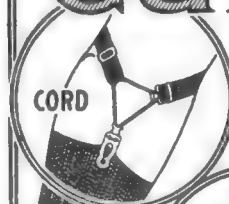
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EDW. PURCHAS
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Room with Bath
\$2.50 to \$5.00
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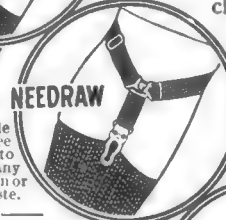
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(for two)
With Bath
\$3.00 to \$6.00
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Boston Garter



Velvet Grip

is highest grade—not only fits the leg, but will wear well in every part—the clasp stays securely in place until released.



Made in three types, to suit any season or taste.



Boston Garters

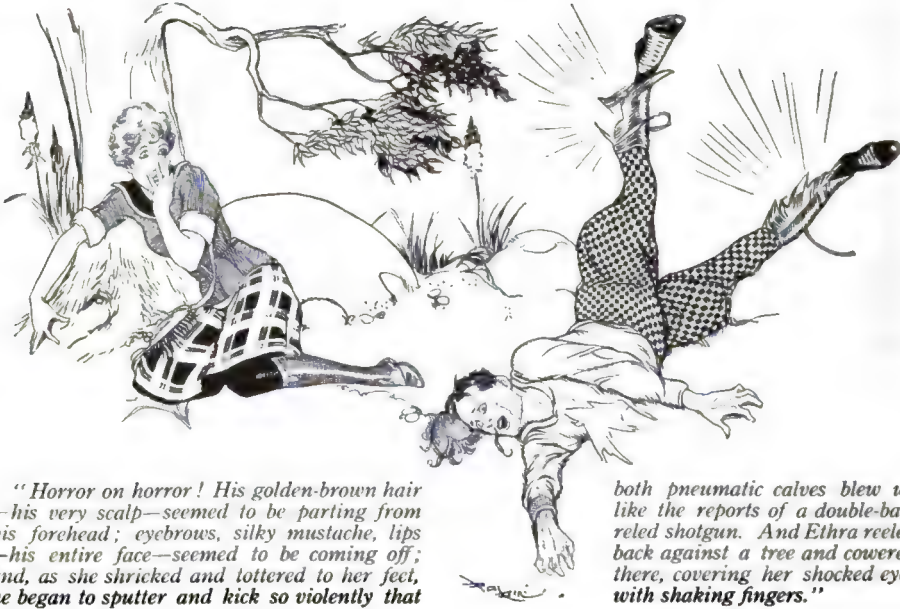
Sold in Shops the World Over and Worn by Well Dressed Men.

Sample Pair. Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c.

Mailed on receipt of Price.

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"Horror on horror! His golden-brown hair—his very scalp—seemed to be parting from his forehead; eyebrows, silky mustache, lips—his entire face—seemed to be coming off; and, as she shrieked and tottered to her feet, he began to sputter and kick so violently that

both pneumatic calves blew up like the reports of a double-barreled shotgun. And Ethra reeled back against a tree and covered there, covering her shocked eyes with shaking fingers."

A Brand New Girl

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